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Esse Non Videri

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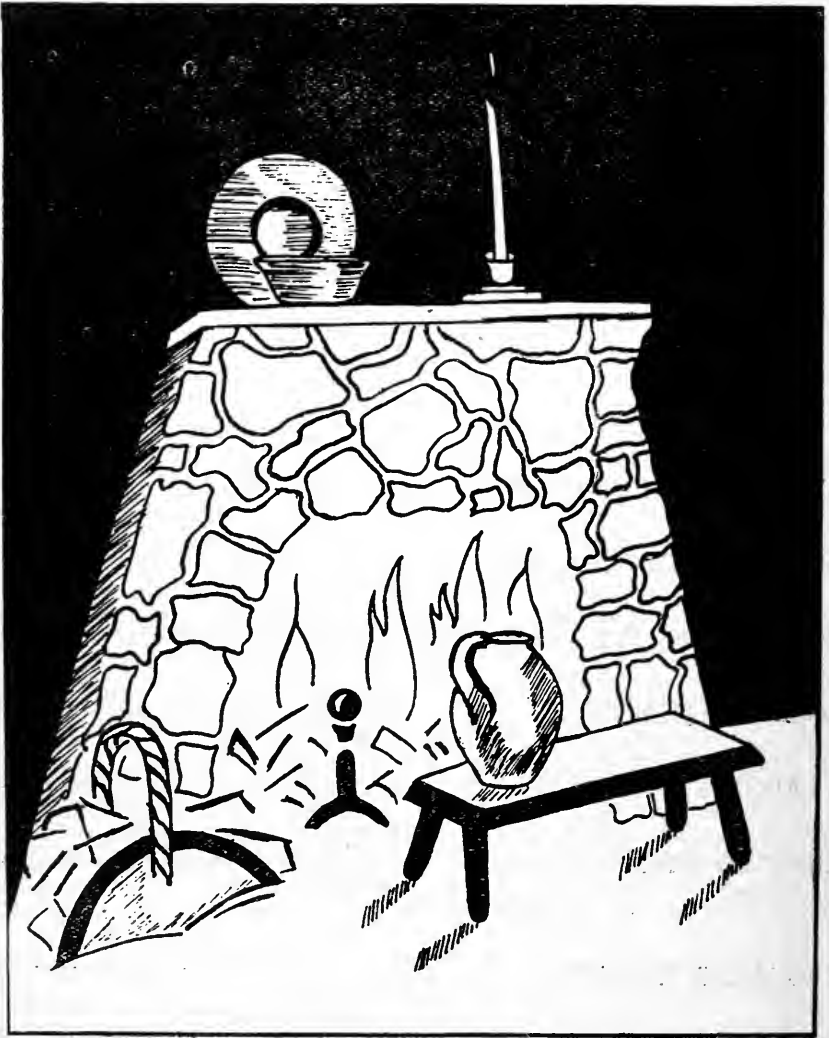
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*Sit by the ingle, when
The sear fagot blazes bright.*

FANCY—JOHN KEATS

You Come Too!

Rosemary Glimm

*I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I shan't be gone long.—You come too.*

WITH THIS INVITATION, Robert Frost takes us from "North of Boston" to "West-Running Brook." All the while he seems to be the poet on New England minutiae, a singer of Yankee moods, but he is far more. His intuitive faculty for understanding the motivation of simple minds has made him deeply representative of all mankind. James S. Wilson describes this faculty by saying: "He is a most American poet who universalizes everything he touches."

Whether his power is great enough to demand the recognition of the world is a question to be solved by the future. But his recognition certainly as the finest New England poet, and most probably as the finest American poet is promised. He has done more than picture this locale; he has sympathetically and physically become a part of it. Frost is never the observer; he is the partaker. Such familiarity as

*My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder round.
I free the ladder sway as the boughs bend;*

and from the same poem

*I cannot rub the stranger from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.*

is not from observation but from practise.

This sympathy and familiarity does not arise from a social obligation to be aware of rural life and its difficulties. It is not an interest that proceeds from an aesthetic appreciation of nature but it is an understanding that arises from personal contact and family background. While Frost himself was born in San Francisco his father was of New Hampshire stock and soon after his death the widowed mother returned with her family to New England.

Frost attempted college at Dartmouth. After an unsuccessful beginning he taught for a while and finally settled down as a farmer in New Derry in 1900. For the next eleven years he tried to wrest a living from the stubborn and rocky New England soil.

In 1912 he was forced to seek a change in environment. With his wife and four children he sailed for England. There he moved, for the first time, in a purely literary circle with Lascelles Abercrombie, Rupert Brooke and Winifred Gibson. But it was from an intimacy with Edward Thomas that his strongest literary impulses arose. Here, in this congenial atmosphere he wrote most of his longer narratives. A few of his lyrics, he collected and submitted to a publisher. It was a few months later, in 1913, that his first volume, "A Boy's Will," appeared.

"A Boy's Will" was followed by "North of Boston" where Frost first revealed his great power in the blank verse form. In these poems he successfully captures his intonation of New England speech in a metrical pattern as well as capturing the peculiar elements of New England life. His poems are chiefly people talking.

In line with his aim to capture speech patterns and also with his own personal sincerity and simplicity, we find little use of conventional poetic devices. His similes and metaphors are elaborated but little more than in ordinary conversation. They are striking when they do appear for concreteness of experience.

*... a little, little boy,
As pale and dim as a match flame in the sun;*

or in describing blueberries,

*And after all really they're ebony skinned,
The blue's but a mist from the breath of the wind.*

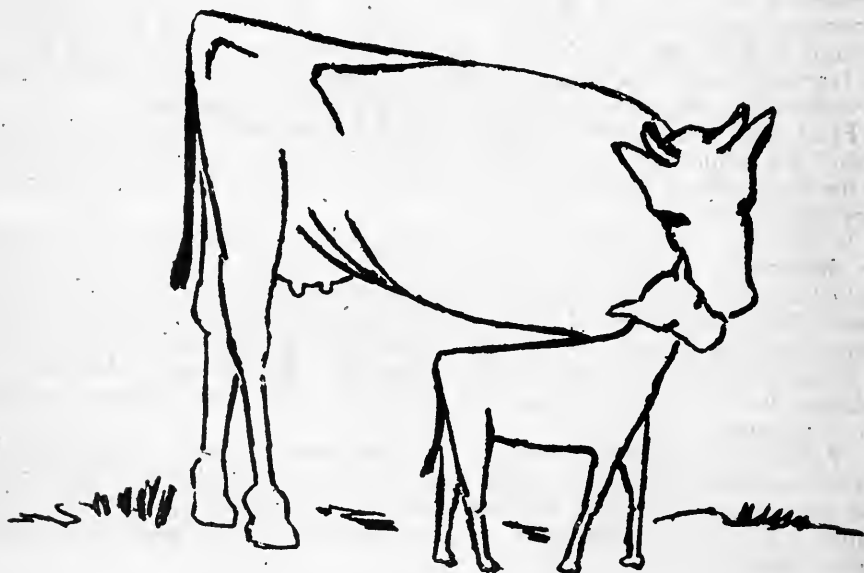
But more than his adoption of local idiom, his representation in a verse pattern of New England speech, Frost's fine genre pictures have credited him with being a great American poet. He has reached beneath sectional differences and probed into the deeper consciousness of people. In "The Hired Man," "The Black Cottage" and "Home Burial" he has gently caught the fleeting moment, the single event that epitomizes the struggles of these simple people.

With Frost, however, one is apt too easily to forget his lyric qualities in a preoccupation with his mastery of blank verse. There are the lovely poems "The Runaway," "Two Look at Two" and the finest of all "Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening" to illustrate his lyric magic. It is the last stanza of the latter poem which sums up his entire philosophy.

*The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.*

The world is too preoccupied with externals, with "promises to keep." Frost calls us back from artifice and fashion and materiality to nature. He wants to get to essentials, "to strip speech as well as things of vain delusion and false heightenment." So it is he says

*I'm going out to clean the pasture spring ...
... You come too!*



Un-Modern Modern Art

Audrey Sorrento

ORIGINALLY, this article was to be written on "Modern Art—Today," but to write on modern art alone is an impossibility. Art is in a constant state of evolution and all art is related basically and fundamentally to the art of the past.

Startling enough, but true, is the fact that "modern art" is not something new. It is not a product of the twentieth, or of the nineteenth, or even of the late eighteenth century. Modern art had its beginning in the fourteenth century with the birth of the Italian Renaissance.

The Giotto who broke with the traditions of countless ages, who expressed with clarity and poetry what he had to say and showed with native Italian dramatic instinct a new power of coming to grips with reality was one of the earliest so-called moderns. Giotto's paintings bequeathed to the Florentine school a tradition of effective rendering of space and form, of monumental dramatic composition, composition of two dimensions rather than three, with slight depth.

Masaccio, of the early fifteenth century was the first anatomist. He made figures plastic and gave them life. Deeply significant was his adoption of *chiarascuro*—the treatment of light and shade—so as to articulate his compositions, keeping certain parts in the background and accentuating others. Realism and solidity of structure were Masaccio's contributions. The success of Masaccio's reform was due in part to Fra Angelico, who adhered to the three dimensional standards, but who surpassed his master in his tender and meditative treatment of his subject. "One of the greatest masters of movement that there ever has been, and one of the ablest interpreters of the human body as a vehicle of life—communicating energy and exalting power" was Antoni Pollaiuolo. He gave grace and taste to the human form. The so-called realist of the fifteenth century, Masaccio and Pollaiuolo deliberately put themselves to the task of working out the fundamental principles of their craft, and made possible the later accomplishments of Leonardo, Raphael and Michelangelo.

Fra Filippo Lippi combined the tenderness of Fra Angelico with the strength of Masaccio and set an important example for those who followed him. His greatest pupil, Sandro Botticelli, shows the same lyrical qualities. Botticelli has exquisite melodic lines and great power of facial expression. In his composition he uses the simplest essential elements only to express an interpretation or a mood. Late in life, Botticelli came under the influence of Savonarola, the reformer, and some of his work reaches the pitch of hysteria. Then, as now with our moderns, social systems have their effect upon art.

Richness and harmony of color were present in the earliest works of Giovanni Bellini, and he strove, with success to perfect color technique. In Giorgione, the expression of mood reaches the highly lyrical, even approaching music in its emotional appeal. He arrived at this by the simplicity of his design and by greater breadth in composition. Titian shows dynamic force, love of life and of movement—portrayed perfectly.

In Titian's portraits we find a penetrating vision and an intellectual grasp of the character and psychology of the situation. Tintoretto sought and found in violent contrasts of light and shade effects unknown to his predecessors. Tintoretto and Bassano, one of the creators of the modern landscape, have greatly affected our moderns through Goya. Titian inspired Rubens and Reynolds, who in turn have had their effect upon the art of our time.

Leonardo da Vinci, Michaelangelo, and Raphael—the giants of the Renaissance, perfected the techniques worked out by their predecessors. Leonardo perfected chiarascuro, Michaelangelo, the Sculptor, was a dynamic anatomist and Raphael was the greatest illustrator who ever lived.

In seventeenth century Spanish art, we see the beginning of the sharp cutting of planes and highlights sharply patterned against dark spots, like strokes of lightning. El Greco, a Cretan who settled in Spain, has an intensity in his work which dominates him and found expression in his array of lines, planes and color masses and his leaning towards abstract design. He used his lines, planes, colors and chiarascuro to express emotion, rather than form and structure.

Some of the earlier modernists went back to Giotto and put enormous emphasis of line. With Goya, the realist, came the culmination of the centuries-long search for scientific truth of statement. He grasped the full meaning of plastic structure. The hidden rhythm of Titian and Tintoretto, the extreme spiritualism of El Greco were studied by Cezanne and followed by him and the impressionists. Out of their own vision and out of their study of overlooked values in the primitive Giotto and the outlaw El Greco, a few interpretive artists became convinced that transcription from objective life was of secondary importance and that even distortion of nature was justified of plastic grandeur and rhythm were realized.

From the early struggles to recapture nature on canvas, to achieve three dimensional effects, to give life to the human figure, art has developed steadily in a truly evolutionary manner until today the modernist denies that "art is imitation." He denies that the artist's task is primarily the mirroring of nature. To him, art is the interpretation of a scene or event. The work of art, to the modern artist, is a symbol—"a visible symbol of the human spirit in its search for truth, beauty and perfection."

Recipe for Autumn

*Blood-red pattern
On a purple hill,
Tardy swallow
On my window-sill;*

*Pungent incense
Of bright-burning leaves,
Sharp, dry clatter
Of the naked trees;*

*Witching moonlight,
Golden apple cider—
You beside me
By an open fire.*

S. M. R.

The Atlantic Community

Dolores Usischon

THE Atlantic Community is the term given to the area facing the Atlantic Ocean. It includes quite conspicuously England, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Holland, Denmark and Norway. It excludes Russia and China because of their Eastern viewpoint and because they do not face the Atlantic Ocean.

The existence of this community is not a new discovery such as Columbus' discovery of America. The novelty of this proposed community lies only in its recognition which came as a result of World War II. Previously we had indulged in political isolation. The Monroe Doctrine with its theme of America for the Americans was the first attempt at isolation by the United States after her independence. However even before this England tried segregating the American colonies by prohibiting trade with other countries. Yet no matter how aloof we tried to keep from European affairs our government nevertheless felt the impacts of her struggles. International trade was hampered by the wars "across the seas" and controversies were evident in our newly developed newspapers. Following the period of Napoleonic upset the United States looked imperialism namely the Good Neighbor Policy. Yet this was still isolation only towards her southern neighbors and embarked upon a policy of protective on a larger scale—that of hemispheric solidarity. Even World War I and its consequence, the ineffectual League of Nations did little to bring home the inability of isolationism to function in an adequate system for world security. For in World War I our participation consisted in the mere reinforcement of Allied Armies. Wilson in the peace that followed conspicuously disregarded regionalism with the result of a recurring war. The recognition of the failure of political isolation came only with World War II and its global extension. The invasion of North Africa, the opening of the Mediterranean, the aid to Russia and England and the final subjugation of Germany and Japan brought into focus the reality and truth of two worlds dependent upon each other for security and survival. So aware of this relation were the United Nations that even in the midst of battles negotiations were being made for world peace at Dumbarton Oaks and later at San Francisco.

It was at Dumbarton Oaks that attention was first given to the formation of "regional agencies". These agencies were to be based on common interests. Certainly then there is a validity for the formation of the Atlantic Community. of states grown up from Western Christendom organized and headed but not The Atlantic Community in reality would be a political world of democracy belligerently so by the United States and Great Britain. Is such a community permissible under the United Nations? Yes, since the Security Council exempts from its jurisdiction "regional arrangements directed against renewal of aggression." Russia under this clause united her satellites against German aggression. Why, therefore shouldn't we unite against Japanese renewal of aggression in a community of common interests and bonds? In this way Germany and Japan would recognize the futility of aggression against not two armed camps but rather two citadels of world peace. Through these communities, aid could be given to France and Italy and negotiations with Russia would become less strained minus the fear of Russian domination. All in all the Atlantic Community would be beneficial to its members, to its associates outside of the Community and for setting an example for posterity.

Mother Cabrini: Modern Apostle

Gloria M. Sileo

ON JULY 4, 1946, His Holiness, Pope Pius XII proclaimed to the city of Rome and to the whole world, that a new name had been added to the glorious roster of saints. His voice echoed sharply through St. Peter's as he invoked the words of canonization. "In honor of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, for the exaltation of the Catholic faith and for the increase of Christianity by the authority of our Lord, Jesus Christ, of the Blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, after mature deliberation and having implored the divine assistance, the advice of our venerable brothers, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, the Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops present in this city, we decree and define as a Saint, we inscribe in the catalogue of Saints, Maria Francesca Xavier Cabrini, decreeing that remembrance of her should be celebrated every year with pious devotion throughout the universal Church."

* * *

Incredible to believe, is it not, that only a few years ago, a saint—a modern apostle, "without staff or scrip," labored in the backyard of New York's metropolitan district?

"Each human soul is a mission in itself," Francesca Cabrini was told as a child. "You will go out into the wide world, my dear, and you will meet people of all kinds and conditions." The child grew up with this belief. She felt her soul consumed with an overwhelming love for God and His creatures. She culled the virtues of prudence, fortitude and temperance and holding them aloft like blazing torches, she lighted her way through difficulties at which the strongest man would have flinched.

To read her story is to read something simple and humble. In 1889, Pope Leo XIII sent the little Mother Superior with her newly formed order, the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, to New York to work among Italian immigrants. The odds against her success were overwhelming. The Archbishop of New York, himself, was inclined to be dubious. But little Mother Cabrini remained steadfast in her purpose. "Here the Pope has sent me and here I shall stay!" was her curt reply.

Thus, the little Mother and her Sisters took a tumble-down house in the poorest district where Italian immigrants were herded in great numbers. Squalor was everywhere! It lurked in ugly tenement houses squatting on dark streets, in narrow passage ways and broken sidewalks. How different from the fertile fields of Italy where the people worked the land, kissed by a warm sun in a heaven-blue sky!

Yet, the Italians had left their sunny country because they had been told that America was a "land of plenty." Some immigrants were simple enough to believe that gold could be picked up like pebbles from the street. But the slums where they had settled, warped the characters of the immigrants. Their bewilderment at a new language and new customs marked them out as prey to unscrupulous men. Helpless and lacking leaders from their own ranks, the

immigrants were sent out to work at hard labor and then deliberately defrauded of their starvation-wage earnings. Even the children were exploited and made to beg in the streets to line the pockets of their greedy employers.

Despite the discouraging conditions, despite the intense pride of the poor immigrants and material efforts which sought to drive them away from the Church, Francesca Cabrini soon became the angel of the "Little Italy" section. The Italians were jubilant that a religious community speaking their own language had finally arrived within their midst.

But the tasks that Mother Cabrini set out to perform were not the easiest things in the world to do. "Not the possible! The thing to do is the impossible," the little Mother told her Sisters. So, almost penniless, they built convents, schools and kindergartens. Money to pay bills? Mother Cabrini would say, "Look in your pocket, Sister" or "Open the left hand drawer of my desk!"—and always the correct amount was found. "Always the impossible!"

Schools were not enough. There were many parentless children among the immigrants. Poverty, the cold climate, different food had taken their toll of mothers and fathers, leaving small children as burdens for others with little enough of their own to keep on living.

By now, Catholics of wealth were interested in Mother Cabrini's activities. In her own intrepid way, she was gaining benefactors for her cause. The beautiful property of Manresa at West Park, overlooking the Hudson river, was purchased. Here, hundreds of undernourished orphans found a haven from the squalor of the slums.

Hospitals were urgently needed too. At first Mother Cabrini and the Sisters would make visits to the sick, reading and writing letters for those Italians who were illiterate. Then when she realized that the people needed solicitude for the soul as well as for the body, she had Columbus Hospital built, a monument to her sublime faith. To the Italians, this hospital was a bit of home where personal affection, a part of their warm nature, was bestowed upon them. After a while, the immigrants refused to be taken elsewhere.

There were other hospitals . . . orphanages, convents and schools too, in Louisiana, Seattle, Denver, Chicago, New Jersey and throughout Europe and Latin America. No part of the world was too small for the little Foundress. When prospects were dim, she would say, "Courage, Sisters! The palm of victory is not given to him who begins the battle, but to him, who, fighting bravely, knows how to stand firm, constant, and unshaken to the end."

Armed with faith and prayers, fighting side by side with the best elements of civic leadership, she dissipated a vicious system of political corruption, misery, poverty and enslavement of immigrants. Mother Cabrini visualized the immense importance the Italian race was to become to the United States. To further her work, to link her institutions more firmly to this country, to show her people the road to opportunity for themselves and for their children, she became an American citizen. Because of her worthy example, the Italians grew to be useful and important citizens of a land they had adopted for their own.

Francesca Cabrini died in America where she had been sent and where she accomplished her apostolate of religious, moral and civil good. It was only right then, that her body should remain in the land that had been blessed by her labors. Today, she lies in state, beneath the chapel altar of her memorial high school at West Park—Mother Cabrini: Modern Apostle!

The Middle Way

Ann J. Doyle

*"I came to a country,"
said a wind-bitten vagabond,
"where I saw shoemakers barefoot
saying they had made too many shoes.
I met carpenters living outdoors
saying they had built too many houses—"*

CARL SANDBURG in his book, "The People, Yes," has characterized succinctly the ever-present contradiction of scarcity amid abundance, a system created by the profit motive and remedied by Communism. Because he saw clearly the evils of an economy wherein the cobbler had no shoes and the carpenter no home, Karl Marx conceived the idea of the all powerful state which shod and housed the people while it enslaved them. And yet freedom without security is empty, for at a time when theorists mouthed empty phrases in praise of Democracy, Democracy was dying from lack of substance. Principles of democracy can have little meaning for the factory worker who sees the mill gates shut in his face. And of what import is the phrase "the dignity of men" to men who have lost all self-respect as peons to the economic system?

Amid the abundance of 1928, the fisherman, farmers, and miners of Nova Scotia were sunk in poverty. Communism was gaining a strong foothold. The fishermen, with boats mortgaged had become sharecroppers of the sea. Farmers were losing the land and the pittance earned by the miners was barely sufficient to keep their families from starvation. Five years later when the rest of the world was submerged in depression, individual communities like Dover and Antigonish had revived sufficiently to boast of a new economic system and to spread the principles of cooperation throughout poverty stricken Nova Scotia.

Part of this modest miracle belongs to Father Tompkins of St. Francis Xavier University in eastern Nova Scotia who never lost faith in the common man. Perceiving that his dream to have graduates carry a new philosophy to the people failed year after year, he went to the people himself. As pastor in the community of Dover, he met them in groups on the street, talked to them in their homes and disproved the ancient adage about old dogs and new tricks. His purpose was not to stir motives of revenge or heighten the inflammable hatred in their breasts. He wanted them to see the evils of the profit system that was strangling their initiative and in so doing to let them find their own way out of the economic morass. Out of this informal method of adult education a group of fifteen fishermen gathered to form the nucleus of an educational experiment. While grievance of exploitation were aired, a constructive plan for self help through cooperation began to take shape at these meetings. A year later, a canning factory was actually built as a testament to cooperation and the living faith of a priest. In the first year of its operation the cooperators more than doubled their income. Father Tompkins saw his dreams materialize. He had talked wherever he found people in terms of lobster prices or of the cost of fishing gear and food. He had continued to expose the illiterate to the ABC's. He had led them inexorably toward the point he saw they would reach when they began to think for themselves, constructively and intelligently.

Yet the story of Dover is but one segment in the whole of the Cooperative movement which today flourishes in countries all over the world. While different forms indigenous to the country or people are manifest, the basic philosophy

growing out of the primary need for security is the same. Although the canning factory of Dover represents cooperation from the producer's level, the movement in its actual inception at Rochdale, England in 1844, took the form of a consumer's group. Twenty-eight hungry weavers had struck for a living wage and as a consequence found themselves without employment. They met to find a way out of their difficulties and even in their dire need saw the necessity for possessing the tools of production—of being owners. Like the men of Dover they made a small beginning and with a combined capital of only a hundred and forty dollars, on Christmas Eve they opened a grocery, owned and operated by themselves. The pioneer of the English movement, Robert Owen, had taught them that they must own the factories and the stores. But the Rochdale weavers had discovered a more significant approach. "Let those who use what is sold from a store or made in a factory own the store and factory. The humble store in Toad Lane has grown to be England's biggest business and is known today as the Cooperative Wholesale Society. It owns 150 manufacturing plants which make a great variety of products, ranging from bread to automobiles and does a banking business second only to that of the Bank of England. And to whom does this great business belong? To a few rich? No, rather to the twelve hundred local cooperative societies whose membership totals six and one half million families. During the depression when Americans were forced to curtail drastically in the very necessities of life the Cooperative movement of England returned to its members six hundred million dollars with which to buy more bread, more shoes, clothing, radios, and automobiles. These profits, ordinarily considered to belong to the industrialist or banker are viewed in Cooperative circles as an overcharge to the consumer and are returned on that basis.

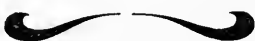
Without pre-established plan the Rochdale group were inspired to lay down some hard and fast rules which are today accepted as the primary principles of consumer's cooperation. The underlying philosophy of the movement is democratic, and democratic in its true sense. Just as the millionaire and the pauper in a democracy are allowed a single vote, so the man who owns ten shares or a thousand shares is allowed but one vote in all elections of the society and in all questions. In an ordinary business firm or corporation the man with ten shares has twice the number of votes that a man with five share has. Further, the whole profit motive is subject to great restrictions in this system wherein dividends on investments are always limited, the major part of the profits being returned to the consumer as rebates due to an overcharge. The basic principle of cooperation is production for use and not for profits. Another important factor is that of membership which remains on a voluntary basis and without restrictions at all times. It is a fellowship of consumers, and as such cuts down all the artificial barriers people may erect to satisfy their vanities.

People unfamiliar with the principles and techniques of the Cooperative movement often have a peculiar slant on its aims. They say, for example, "Prices at the Cooperative are just as high as any place else. I don't see why that is." Prices should be just as high because it is neither the purpose nor in the capacity of the Cooperative to undersell and thereby set in motion a wave of cut-throat competition. Cooperatives don't have sufficient capital reserves to win a price war.

Another thing some people note is the lack of advertising in any cooperative enterprise. "If this is such a good thing," they say, "why don't they advertise it?" Perhaps because people must not be cajoled into the movement. As Father Tompkins saw it, they must understand the movement intelligently and this can only be done through education. For an intelligent participation, the consumer is expected to bring something to the movement. Perhaps another important reason is that advertising is expensive. Profit organizations can afford

millions of dollars each year to foster a product. In the mind of the cooperator this is money ill spent for it is taken out of the pocket of the consumer and lessens is buying power. The movement also suffers for an active, intelligent membership is not promoted in this way and only by the spirit, work and knowledge of its members can cooperation continue to grow. Instead the society allocates some part of its profits for literature and reading rooms which promote the principles and techniques of cooperation.

Paul Douglas, an eminent economist, stated in an article written in 1937, "The severity of this depression has convinced all but the blindest reactionaries that the economic structure which prevailed during the twenties needs to be modified and reformed." He goes on to point out that Americans are faced with a choice between rugged individualism of the twenties and the dictatorship of a Communistic regime where the state takes over. Cooperation or the middle way is his solution. It is a system that can distribute among the many the gains which would otherwise go to the few, and hence effect a greater degree of equality in the distribution of the national income. It can help to break through buying and selling monopolies, which has actually been effectively accomplished in Sweden where a margarine trust and an international incandescent lamp trust have been broken and competition restored. Moreover, the system protects the citizen from the terrors of alternating depression and inflation with which America is already too familiar. We have already learned the insecurity of relying on the state and allowing our own initiative and resourcefulness to atrophy. The cooperative system can spring from our native soil for it is democratic in nature and christian in spirit. Cooperation in essence, is Christianity applied to economics.



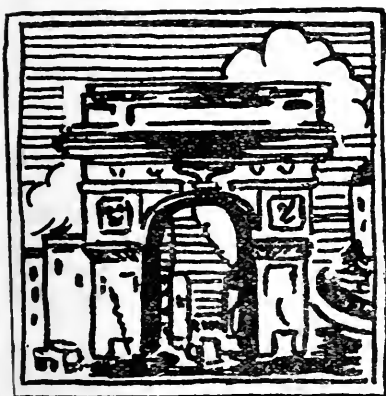
The River

*Whene'er the rain in torrents falls upon my icy waters,
My spirit swells; my passion wakes, no calm thoughts do I foster.
The mighty winds by Aeolus called do whip and slash my form.
I roar, I hiss, how soon I catch the fierceness of the storm!
I rush, as though a frenzied one, along my wintry bed;
All living things that know my strength, with haste my shores have fled.
With hands made rough I rip away the boughs which have decayed,
And withered leaves I quickly sweep into a watery grave.
On both my banks the forests high look down with somber face.
The rocky crags, so gray and bleak, frown down upon my race.
Oh, mighty spirits of the storm, what can thy marks efface?*

Mary O'Keefe

The Cradle of Bohemia

Alice McCarthy



liveries into libraries!"

Almost simultaneously the unconventional moral standards, for which the section is famous, became publicized. In 1906, the Russian author Gorki brought a woman with him to New York. While fashionable uptown hotels refused admittance to the couple, Club A at 3 5th Avenue welcomed them. The club, whose members included Upton Sinclair, Mark Twain, and Jack London, gave its first gala dinner in honor of Gorki.

Publicity about the standards of the Village and the very accessible studios brought artists and students from all over the world. Reconverted stables in MacDougal Alley housed a group of artists from Paris. Here they found the same picturesque quality which had characterized their Latin Quarter in Paris.

Native talent were fascinated by the gothic buildings which were rented out by New York University and which surrounded Washington Square. Many of these houses became known because of people who had lived there. Number 61 Washington Square south was called "House of Genius" because many of its inhabitants, among whom was Willa Cather, became famous.

More than in the studios or boarding houses, the real atmosphere of the artistic was seen in the restaurants. O. Henry called them "literary landmarks." Indeed they were. It was on the walls of "The Mad Hatter," that Hendrik Wilhelm Van Loon illustrated his points for the "Story of Mankind."

New ideas in art, literature, theatre, politics, psychology and economics were discussed at such places as Romany Marie's. Even today Marie has reserved a back room in her Grove Street house for the "real villagers." Writers sold their works for food and wine to anyone interested. This was such a common practice that one man wrote "the millenium will arrive when the uptown laundered go to the counter and order a soft boiled lyric or sonnet with cold rimes. Then Art will not only meet but eat at Huberts' (another restaurant)".

Just as forceful in building up the legend of Greenwich Village were the little magazines. These magazines sprouted, lived for a day, then passed into fond remembrance. Each of them contributed much to literature before their ephemeral existence was terminated. In 1908 the "Bohemian" published Louis Untermeyer's poetry, George Jean Nathan's impressions of the theatre, and

CANDLES IN BOTTLES — gypsy music — and unconventional living! These are the things which come to our mind when Greenwich Village is mentioned.

It was in 1900 that this aura of Bohemianism became associated with the Village. Previous to this, the area had passed through stages of being a farming community, a fashionable center of New York society, a suburban and a tenement district.

The advent of the automobile in 1900 made the Village the byword and legend which it has become. Stables became impractical. So overnight, the motto of the Village was "Stables into studios, and

Theodore Dreiser's stories. Another periodical, the "Little Review" had an interesting day, giving voice to Vachel Lindsay, Dreiser, John Galsworthy, the Imagists, and Dadaists. Its career was abruptly ended when they were brought to trial for publishing James Joyce's "Ulysses." A nice contribution was given by "The Seven Arts" which produced the works of Van Wyck Brooks, who "introduced a method for dealing with our cultural history," and gave room to Sherwood Anderson.

What the magazines of the Village did for the writers, the Little Theatre movement did for the artists of the theatre. They had a chance to show their wares, and were brought to the attention of the country.

Members of the Liberal Club, of 135 MacDougal Street decided to go to Provincetown the summer of 1914. Here they produced "Constancy," and the next summer a work of the young man O'Neill, who would sit on the floor "perfectly silent, listening intently — a striking figure, his young face gaunt and taut-mouthed, his eyes burning —". This last play, "Bound East for Cardiff," was such a success that the Provincetown players decided to carry on their work in the winter in New York.

To meet their needs the group bought the bottling factory next door to their liberal club. At the suggestion of O'Neill they called it "The Playwright's Theatre." Their aim was to establish a stage where playwrights of sincere, poetic, literary, and dramatic purpose could see their plays in action and superintend productions, as well as to afford an opportunity to actors, producers, scenic and costume designers to experiment with a stage of simple resources. From their brave experiment have come O'Neill, Paul Robeson and Bette Davis, and Robert Edmund Jones, the stage designer.

After the Provincetown players became part of the commercial theatre, the "New Playwright's Theatre" was started. 1924 found this group at the Cherry Lane Theatre, a reconverted barn. Edna St. Vincent Millay and Evelyn Waugh founded this group.

Various other groups such as the Washington Square Players and Eva La Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre on 14th Street, carried on in fine tradition. The first group mentioned had to move uptown to accommodate the vast crowd which thronged to see Lord Dunsany's "The Glittering Gate." Later on, this group reorganized as the Theatre Guild and were joined by Eugene O'Neill. The latest result of this partnership is to be seen currently on Broadway in "The Iceman Cometh."

When such wonderful masterpieces and people were produced from Bohemian Greenwich Village, it must be true what one critic observes:

"It was more than a place where there were cheap rents, more than a place where struggling artists and writers lived. It was more, and less, than a place where people were free to be themselves. It was among other things, very conspicuously to an outsider, a place where people came to solve their problems."

In the light of this idea, it may be seen that people in the Village, who pride themselves in quaint or charming back gardens, in startling homes, in Bohemian restaurants, and in original art and literature, are people seeking for the truth. It is because of this elusive attempt subtly infiltrated into their life that makes us unable to forget the magic of the Village.

If, in the last analysis, we find they have not reached ultimate truth, we should no less respect their endeavors. Their literature is actually the history of an endeavor to capture the spark of life and preserve it for posterity.

Humor of William Shakespeare

Anne Henry

*His voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends . . .
For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, v.ii. 83-92

THE CHARACTER and spiritual history of a man who is endowed with a capacity for humorous appreciation of the world must differ throughout, and in every particular, from those of the man whose moral nature has never rippled over with genial laughter. At whatever final issue Shakespeare arrived, after long spiritual travail, as to the attainment of his life, that precise issue rather than another was arrived at in part by virtue of the fact of Shakespeare's humor. And Shakespeare's humor lay in his seeing life more wisely and widely than any other of the seers. And he could laugh. That is a comfortable fact to bear in mind—a fact which serves to rescue us from the domination of intense and narrow natures, who claim authority by virtue of their grasp of one half the realities of our existence and their denial of the rest.

As a first consideration, the humor of Shakespeare, like his total genius, is many sided; for he does not pledge himself as dramatist to any one view of life. Further, he abounds in kindly mirth; he receives an exquisite pleasure from the alert wit and bright good sense of a Rosalind; he can dandle a fool as tenderly as any nurse qualified to take a baby from the birth can deal with her charge. Yet with Jacques he can rail at the world and can turn upon the world with a rage no less than that of Swift. For Shakespeare recognized both our human imperfection and our human greatness; he denied the one as little as the other; hence his enthusiasm is not suppressed by, but at one with, his tenderness, his pity, his pathos. He lays the measuring-reed of the infinite by the side of what is finite, and he perceives how little, how imperfect, the finite is. And he smiles at human greatness, while yet he pays loyal homage to what is great; he smiles at human love and joy, while yet they are deeply real to him; it is Prospero's smile upon seeing the new happiness of the youth lovers:

*So glad of this as they I cannot be . . .
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more.*

And he smiles at human sorrow, while he enters into the deep anguish of the soul; he knows that for it, too, there is an end and quietus. The greatest poetic seers are not angry or eager or hortatory or objugatory or shrill. Homer and Shakespeare are "too great for contest; . . . men to whose unoffended, uncondemning sight the whole of human nature reveals itself in a pathetic weakness with which they will not strive, or in mournful and transitory strength which they dare not praise.

But it is not alone Shakespeare's humor and the laughter of Shakespeare, which are significant. There is something to be discovered from the history of his laughter. Every man must be aware that in his own case his laughter has had a history, and that if the history were faithfully made out, a good deal

would necessarily be ascertained respecting the development of his whole moral nature. We have documents which contain the history of Shakespeare's laughter during a period of almost twenty years. Surely from these something about the growth of his intellect and character must be ascertainable.

To begin with, we know from John Aubrey's monograph on Shakespeare in his "Brief Lives," that as well as following his father's trade (that of butchering), he also inherited his father's own happy spirit of repartee, the same urge to make humorous sallies and shine in public. Further, young Will was known among his contemporaries as a town wit, the youth with a noted gift of gab and facile repartee. He must then, too, have been at least a little vain by nature and something of a braggart "for when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style and make a speech"; and when attacked quick to give an answer. A note in the Plume manuscript describes his father, "a merry cheeked old man," in his glover's shop saying "Will was a good honest fellow, but he durest have cracked a joke with him at any time." Thus like father, like son.

In Shakespeare's life as artist, however, we may distinguish four periods in the history of the development of his laughter. First of these is the tentative period, the years of experiment. Thus, in this tentative period, the comic and the serious, tender or sentimental, elements of the drama exist side by side, and serve as a kind of criticism each upon the other; the lover serves to convict the clown of insensibility to the higher facts of life, and the clown convicts the lover of blindness or extravagance of passion. Yet in his, his first period, "kind Shakespeare, our recording angel" gives us in Bully Bottom a patent caricature of himself. For with the "natural wit" of an ex-Stratford butcher's boy, Bottom does not fear to correct the highest. When Theseus remarks, "The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again," Bottom at once picks him up.

BOTTOM: *No, in truth, Sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is this boy's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy on her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.*

All this is the fine mockery of a poetic temperament that has had contact with the obtuseness of the players, and particularly with that dominating bump-tious personality among the players, Will Shakspeare. Bottom is not an exact portrait, Bottom reflects the Poet's (William Shakespeare's) relations with Shakspeare. He is the Will Shakspeare that the Poet had most to struggle with, the Will Shakspeare of the leveling mind, that mind that will allow no fantasy or poetic expression. 'Man is but an ass if he goes about to expound his dreams.' Just as this vulgarizing mentality was not to be easily vanquished, would push its way through to results by the sheer force of its vitality and experience, and possibly sometimes offered solutions that were better than might at first appear, how often must the Poet for his art have had to say, like Quince, 'Well, it shall be so.' In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, we discover Will Shakspeare among his fellows. Thus did he live and strut among them. And, on the other hand, thus too, like Bottom, was he agent to Philostrate and Theseus." For Shakespeare's humor has in his identification of part of himself with Bottom, shown us the great lesson he, as a man, has learned, and learned to enjoy—Shakespeare can laugh at himself and enjoy the laughter. Moreover, in "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," Shakespeare's humor has enriched itself by coalescing with the fancy. The comic is here no longer purely comic, "it is a mingled web, shot through with the beautiful."

As, for example, the idea of Puck or Queen Mab, or such a passage as the following:

PUCK: *How now, spirit! whither wander you?*
FAIRY: *Over hill, over dale,
through bush, through briar,*

Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green:
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots you see,—
 Those be rubies, fairy favors,
 In those freckles live their savors:
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
 Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

PUCK: *The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
 Take heed the queen come not within his sight.*

FAIRY: *Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
 Called Robin Goodfellow: are you not he
 That frights the maidens of the villagery;
 Skims milk; and sometimes labors in the quern,
 And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
 And sometime makes the drink to bear no harm;
 Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
 Are not you he?*

During the second period of the development of Shakespeare's humorous genius, he was gaining a sure grasp of the positive facts of life. This is the period of the histories. At first, impressed, perhaps, by a sense of the dignity of the historical drama, Shakespeare held his humor aloof. But not for long! Shakespeare could suppress his sense of humor for only one play, "Richard II," and then the abounding vitality of a filthy old ruffian broke through his short-lived but dignified restraint. One wink from Falstaff and Shakespeare succumbs at once and gave this "filthy old ruffian" such a gaiety of spirit, such nimbleness of wit, such a varied flow of imagery, such perfect pose and self-assurance, that he is more than a man. Falstaff is the incarnation of the Joy of Life, and as such is essentially a poetic creation; he is a thing of beauty, even if "he hath a monstrous beauty, like the hind-quarters of an elephant." "He is a man at once both young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier without either dignity, decency or honor." The greatness of the characterization of Falstaff lies in fact, too, that Shakespeare's earnestness here is at one with his mirth: there is a certain sternness underlying his laughter; mere detection of his stupendous unveracities leaves Sir John just where he was before; the success of his lie is of less importance to him than is the glory of his invention.

At the close of the second period, the brightest and loveliest of Shakespeare's comedies were written. Shakespeare had quite life behind him his spirit of clever "young mannishness"; he had come into possession of himself and his own powers. He had not begun to prosecute his prolonged investigation

of evil. If ever there was a time when Shakespeare's laughter would be clear and musical and free, would be filled "with tears and laughter for all time," it was this time. Comedy, which had been involved with the grave matters of history, now disengages itself, and appears as something widely different from the tentative comedy of Shakespeare's earliest period. If we compare Touchstone with Speed, Rosalind with Rosaline, we shall have a measure of the distance traversed.

The third period of Shakespeare's development is that which contains the great tragedies. Shakespeare's laughter now is more than pathetic—though pathetic it is as it has never been before—it is also tragic and terrible. Of unalloyed mirth, of bright and tender fancy, we can now look for none. In Hamlet, the humorous figures of the court are all a little contemptible and odious. "The grave-diggers have a grim grotesqueness, each a humorous jester in the court of Death; hail-fellow-well-met with chap-fallen skulls; a go-between for my lady Worm and him she desires; a connoisseur in corpses; a chronicler of dead men's bones." And so it is with the knocking in Macbeth, the bitter humour of an Iago, the awful fragment of titanic burlesque of the Comedy of Errors. There is the quality in Shakespeare himself during this his third period, a dominant feeling of bitterness—a deep and fierce complaint against the insufficiency and cruelty of the world, a revolt against the base facts of life.

Most of us surrender to the world, sign a treaty of alliance with engagements of mutual service, and end by acquiescence. It is remarkable that Shakespeare's revolt against the world increased in energy and comprehensiveness as he advanced in years. If he attained serenity, it was by some procedure other than that of selfish or indolent acquiescence.

And serenity Shakespeare did attain. Once again his mirth is bright and tender, as in the last plays which are the last we have of him. He finds himself once again, this time for keeps, in the Life of the Enchanted Island:

*Be not afeard—the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not;
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again—and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
I cried to dream again.*

* * *

*Be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air,
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temple, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: we are such stuff
As dream are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*



Liturgy of Advent

Mary Sparrow

POUR DOWN DEW, O ye heavens," rang-down the dragging centuries, the plaintive cry of a people weary of waiting. With those words from the Introit of the second Wednesday of Advent the Church goes back and tells with David its yearning for the Saviour. The old testament is called into play to give in the early parts of the Mass the prophecies concerning His coming whereas the Gospels show how they were fulfilled. And the prayers of Son for the Redeemer are taken over as our prayer of preparation for His Birthday. With Isaïs "we take courage and fear not, behold our God will come and will save us" and "He shall judge the Gentiles and rebuke any people — nation shall not lift sword against nation." "And behold a virgin shalt conceive and bear a Son and His name shall be called Emmanuel."

Gone from the chasuble, maniple and stole are the glittering embroidered whites and golds of joy or the hopeful greens of the Sundays following Pentacost. There is now no need for hope because "the Lord is nigh," and the church makes itself ready with the purple of penitence. St. John, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness — Make straight the way of the Lord," is introduced to us for the first time in the ecclesiastic year on the second Sunday of Advent.

Here we have before us the very incarnation of penance and humility — the figure clothed in the rough garments of the recluse and feeding on the insects of the desert. What could better display his complete severance from the world; his total pre-occupation with the coming of Him — "the latchet of whose shoe I am not worthy to loose"! It is not until this second Sunday that advent declares its purpose. Before that, the Church must make clear that that Kingdom of God that came before us with the birth of Christ is "still at hand." Every day He descends from heaven "for us men and for our salvation," and He can be our daily food if only we will prepare for Him. But again in the words of St. John "There hath stood One in the midst of you whom you know not."

On the occasion of his introduction there is paid to St. John a beautiful tribute recorded in St. Matthew's gospel. It is Christ Himself speaking "This is he of whom it is written: 'Behold I send my angel before thy face who shall prepare thy way before Thee'." From then on the stage is set and until the bells peal forth the glad tidings of Midnight Mass, the lead is played by that "Voice crying in the wilderness", he who will give way to the voice that will make the world tremble with its mighty echo. The Introit announces the catholicity of the doctrine of the coming Christ—"People of Sion, behold the Lord shall come to save all nations." It was a warning that should have enlightened the people of Israel, expectant of a King — a power that would exalt them and confirm them in the possession of a mighty earthly realm. It was our promise of salvation — the foreshadowing of the Epiphany, when the Divine Infant claimed us as His own.

If St. John is the main character of the Sunday gospels, it is our Lady who claims less spectacularly the attention of the weekday Masses of Advent. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the gospel records not her birthday but Gabriel's message of the unique part she was to have in the birth of Him on whom her sinlessness depended. Again on the Wednesday of Ember week, the annunciation is told, but this time it continues to give Mary's replies, her confusion at the thought that she was chosen to be the mother of the Incarnate God and her sublime act of humble resignation — "Be it done unto me according to thy word." God's promise that He would "put enmities between thee (Satan) and the woman and between her seed and thy seed" was fulfilled. Eve's proud disobedience gave way to Mary's humility and the children of Eve had a new and sinless Mother. St. John as an unborn infant established a very close relationship with Mary by sharing sanctifying grace before he was born into the world. On that occasion Elizabeth was given to know that there stood before her the Mother of God — "Whence is it that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" and Mary answered in the words of the Magnificat; words of the Bible she knew so well; words that were perfectly applied to her, "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour." From the Mass of Christmas Eve, we learn of St. Joseph's consternation and the apparition of the Angel who dispelled his doubts concerning his young wife "for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a Son and thou shalt call His name Jesus. For He shall save His people from their sins."

And now all is ready, the time of waiting is past and in the first Mass on Christmas Day we can hear again the heavenly choirs sing "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." It is the Birthday of Christ — the Savior of Men.

The Minstrel Show

Joan Doherty

IT IS TYPICAL of our own glamour loving United States that the most distinctive form of native entertainment should bear a name charged with all the romance and imagery of medieval minstrelsy. We have applied the name of "ballad" to every sentimental song, regardless of its narrative qualities. We revel in a "melodrama" which is far removed from the classic union of spoken words and musical accompaniment, as practiced in ancient Greece. Even "burlesque" no longer suggests actual parody or dramatic caricature, but rather the delicacy of the feminine leg, and a machine-gun fire of obvious double entendre.

Yet of all these characteristic institutions of the American theater, minstrelsy alone has done credit to its name. It's a long way, perhaps, from the minstrel of the Middle Ages to the burnt-cork circle, centering in the pompous Interlocutor, and flanked by Bones and Tambo. Yet both the music and the quips produced by the traditional minstrel show have something in common with the extemporaneous efforts of their colorful ancestors.

*"Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar,
As he was journeying home from the war."*

This old song sums up the spirit of minstrelsy for all time in those much-quoted lines. The minstrel has always been a fighter as well as an entertainer, first in the service of an individual master and later in the service of the public at large. Originally, he was literally a "minister" or servant, and it was probably the old law of human nature, that "no man is a hero to his own valet", that turned the ministering menial into a jaunty and indispensable jester.

As early as the Fourteenth Century, minstrelsy was a recognized profession in all the civilized countries of Europe. Its members were known variously as troubadours, jugglers, bards, and glee men, in addition to the generic term "minstrel". The spirit and habits of these young men were shared to some extent by the Minnesingers of Germany and even the more stodgy, "formula-worshipping" Meistersingers.

"In those good old days", a minstrel had to develop his technique with a sword in one hand and a lute in the other. His dance steps were very likely to carry him literally among the lancers, with only the smiles of court ladies as a reward. The serenader of those days had to be doubled in steel armor as well as brass. And his head-dress was quite as likely to be a visored helmet as a mask of fashion or comedy. A "doleful ballad to his mistress' left eye brow" might alternate at a moment's notice with a vengeful back-stroke at his enemy's left ear.

Minstrelsy in the Fourteenth Century, as in the Nineteenth, was no child's play, but a hardy man's game, full of danger and adventure. The gallant vocalist in doublet and hose, with a rapier on his left hip and a lute slung under the right shoulder, ever ready for a fight or frolic, typified the priceless combination of romance and daredevilry, which was later reproduced in their modern descendants. That is, the pioneering blackbirds of the minstrel road shows, equally gallant in their brave display of finery, and struggling against enemies and adversities quite as definite as those of the Middle Ages.

It has often been said that the most outstanding characteristic of American minstrelsy is the "black-face". And it was just one hundred years ago that

the Virginia minstrels at the Bowery Amphitheater, introduced Manhattan to this new art form conceived in black-face and dedicated to the proposition that the white man could equal Negro comedy, song and dance.

The classical minstrel show consisted of three acts. In the first part the flashy company of "coons" marched to their seats in a large semi-circle on the stage. In the center the Interlocutor pronounces the inaugural "Gentlemen be seated."

After a ballad or two, the Interlocutor addressed the show's comic artists, who flanked the semi-circle and were known as end men. And because they originally played the tambourine and bones, the end men were known respectively as Mr. Tambo and Mr. Bones. The Interlocutor's "Good evening, Mr. Bones" is enough to bring the whole audience to the edges of their seats, for they know that this simple greeting will inevitably lead to some side-splitting response from this "rat-tat-tat comedian."

And what a ready wit Mr. Bones possessed, to be sure. How infinitely superior his homely phraseology to the studied correctness of Mr. Interlocutor. When the latter asked his conventional, "Well Mr. Bones, how do you feel this evening?" the reply might be, "I feel just like a stovepipe." You quivered with the anticipation of mirth, as poor blind Mr. Interlocutor walked right into the trap with his obedient, "You feel like a stovepipe? How is that Mr. Bones?" Then came the explosion, with the end man's tasty answer, "A little sooty!" A cosmic jest in its day, but defying analysis! Of such was the kingdom of minstrelsy.

Mr. Bones, on the right end, is balanced by Mr. Tambo on the left. Sometimes they make a special entrance, with comic business, and sometimes there are two of them on each end. But the principle is the same.

A sample dialogue between the two men:

"Why is a journey round de world like a cat's tail?"

"Cuz its fur to de end of it."

Mr. Tambo, I disagree wid you; suppose dat de cat's tail should be accidemtally singed?"

"Oh, in dat case, it wouldn't be so fur."

The final "walk-around" rises to a frenzied pandemonium of rhythmic sound. Bones and Tambo, leaning at angles of forty-five degrees, and holding their noise makers high in the air, sustain the climax as long as body and soul can stand the strain. A final triumphant chord from the band, and the curtain drops on the first part.

The second part usually done before a curtain while the first act scenery was changed, was a type of vaudeville known as the "Olio." A regular feature was the "stump speech" by the black Demosthenes on such timely topics as "Carrie Nation, the Masher."

The third part or "After piece" remained a free fantasy, consisting of individual specialties, sketches, and often elaborate parodies of current plays. The after pieces often had a plot of the triangle type, and the woman in the case was, of course played by a man, and therefore frankly burlesqued.

As in the traditional college shows, the mere fact that a husky, deep-voiced male impersonates a female seems to have an irresistibly comic implication, and the more exaggerated the burlesque femininity, the more the audience likes it. The traditional climax of mirth has always come when the simpering "lady" suddenly displayed a pair of huge feet, emerging from dainty skirts, and preferably topped by unmistakably masculine trousers.

The ability to play a "wench" (the regular term for female impersonations) was a real asset in the minstrel business, and most of the great comedians included some such parts in their repertoire.

Dan Gardner, a comedian who starred as early as 1836, is credited with having played the first blackface "wench." In the later *After Pieces* of the big minstrel shows, female characters of all kinds are common. A favorite seems to have been the termagant landlady, whose discomfiture the rest of the company always enjoyed with more than a professional enthusiasm.

Another never to be forgotten quality of American minstrelsy was the parade. The actual parade was nothing more than the outgrowth of the various circus habits. It was soon realized that such advance publicity had a practical value, and long before the troupes grew to the size of "Forty, Count 'Em! Forty!" a parade from the railroad station to the local hotel was an established ritual.

The shrill pipe of a small boy, "Hey, fellers! Minstrels comin'!" was a better advertisement than a three sheet poster. A group of youngsters was usually at the depot to see the 11:40 come in with its precious cargo. Later most of the town girls managed to be somewhere along Main Street to see the parade go by, with much giggling and nudging of each other and an occasional exchange of bold glances with the gallant paraders.

The Silver Cornet Band always headed the parade, and the minstrels themselves marched four abreast, like the animals entering the Ark. Each man wore a long-tailed Newmarket coat of startling pattern, with lapels of red silk. In front of the band marched the drum major, wearing a short red coat liberally encrusted with gold braid, and crowned by a towering shako of imitation bear skin. He juggled his brassknobbed baton continuously, throwing it in the air and catching it in the manner of his ancestor of the *Chanson de Roland*.

The town boys lengthen their stride to keep up with the parade as it marches through Main Street, their faces sparkling with excitement, for to every small boy the minstrel is a hero. At the Mansion House the parade comes to a halt. The band lines up at the door for a valedictory gallop or quickstep, and then follows the troupe into dinner. The crowd of boys and girls, with a sprinkling of adults, disperses gradually, and the afternoon is spent in finding ways and means of attending the evening performance.

We are now at the Opera House, and it is nearly 8:15. The band has been tuning up in the basement. The minstrels have completed the process of blacking up, to the usual accompaniment of jokes and personalities. Out in the auditorium the audience is waiting expectantly.

The call-boy back stage makes his rounds with an "All up for the first part!" The bands takes it place on a raised platform in the rear of the stage, while the minstrels stand in front of their allotted chairs in the semi-circle.

The stage manager takes a quick look around to make sure that every man is in his place, rings a bell for the flyman, and up goes the curtain. There is a burst of applause from the audience. As it subsides, the man in the exact center of the circle raises his voice in sonorous tones: "Gentlemen, be seated!" ... And so the show has begun.

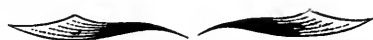
But it is the demon of self-expression that has goaded on these minstrels, both old and new. The eternal combination of the temperamental and the practical has always urged men, and will always urge them to travel through the world singing their songs, loving their ladies, and fighting their battles.

There is an old song that was first sung by Roger Hammond in the Fourteenth Century that sums up the spirit of minstrelsy for all time. It was the code

of Villon and Blondin. And Bones and Tambo. It was the creed of Cyrano de Bergerac and the pompous Mr. Interlocutor. And the song of the future Bergeracs and Tambos was this.

Stranger give us a song. If it be a jolly one, we shall laugh with you. If it be a sad one, we shall cry with you. If it be a song of wine, we shall drink with you. And if it be a ballad of a fair and false one, we shall sympathize with you. . . . But if you sing it out of tune or time, we shall damn you to uttermost perdition!

. . . And this is the kingdom of minstrelsy!



The Wall Street Speculator

Jane Gill

THE VISITORS' gallery of the New York Stock Exchange was filled to capacity that day.

The straw-hatted, slow moving out-of-towner peered down upon the "floor" of the Exchange with unabashed amazement.

"This looks like the bazaar we had in our town last winter—of course, on a much larger scale," a corpulent Westerner naively remarked.

However, the slight, well dressed gentleman standing in back of the Westerner was not so placid. He was a New Yorker, a Wall Street New Yorker, who frequently stood on that balcony. He darted gingerly from the left side to the right side of the stout man in front of him. After several bird's eye views of the translux ticker prices projected on the screen on the opposite wall, he patted his brow with clean white linen handkerchief from his breast pocket, sighed, smiled (his stock had gone up two points) and moved to the exit.

The "gentleman-investor's" place was immediately occupied by a vivacious looking white-collar girl. Enthusiastically waving her white gloved hand, she signalled to someone on the "floor." He saw her; they smiled intimately at one another for a long minute, then each returned to Wall Street's business.

The Westerner had departed now to other tourist delights, and in his spot stood a little boy with serious brown eyes. He watched the rushing, swirling whirlpool of action below him. His brown eyes slowly, deliberately covered everything—the ticker, the telephone booths (one for each member), the horse-shoe shaped trading posts. He pondered a moment more; his hand, grimy with perspiration, tightly clutched some crumpled greenbacks.

Then the nine year old turned to the venerable guard in the visitors' gallery and solemnly asked: "Where do I go to invest my money, please?"

Candle for Democracy

Marie Mallon

EVERYWHERE today we hear about democracy and the rule of the majority. Does it work? Yes, it can be made to work even in a playground. At five a child is not too young to understand that if ten children want to hear a story and two want to play a game the story has first place. Children learn by watching, but they also learn by doing.

This summer, I was a kindergarten teacher in a vacation playground on the edge of the Williamsburg section, made famous by Betty Smith's novel. This section is, for the most part, a poor one, and today it is a melting pot community. All types and nationalities came to the playground. There were Spanish children, Negro children, Italian children and Jewish children, but they had in common their youth, their loneliness, their desire for affection.

Perhaps in a different social set-up the children might not have spent so much time in the playground, but because they had little place to play they regarded it as their second home and were more willing to abide by the rules there than at home. I remember one particularly aggressive little fellow who in his first day at kindergarten was quite a bully, but after a few weeks I saw him speak up to someone older than he because he was "crowding out" a little girl.

Then there was the Morales family, three boys—Louis, six, Carlos, five, and Edwin, three—all of whom had fierce tempers but affectionate dispositions. The first day Louis spit in my face because he was not allowed to run on the tables, but the pressure of the group taught Louis to control himself. By the end of the first month Louis and his brothers were bringing their eighteen months old baby sister, Carmen, to the playground. She was too young to be expected to stay the entire morning without an accident. When I would discover that she needed something dry on, I would only have to call "Louis." Following a regular ritual he would call in his broken English, "Carlos, the bloomers," and the younger boy would be off and back in seconds with dry ones.

All of the things I had to deal with were ordinary, some were amusing, some were rather sad for life is a combination of both.

Children love a party. One day I brought several pieces of fruit, a paper plate and a knife into the school yard. We all sat down on the ground, and I told the children that we were going to have a party. All that I did was cut up the fruit and give each one a small piece. The children were in high glee because even the mention of festivity stimulates them. I am quite sure that if I could have given each one an ice cream cone it would not have made either me or the children so happy. It is the little things that count.

The incidents I have mentioned are merely a cross section of a normal day in a public playground. Opportunities for infiltrating the principles of Christian living are unlimited. Conceded that the average young woman is not always consumed by a flaming desire to influence, direct and uplift the next generation; granted that at times eight hours of caring for forty or fifty children, from one and a half to seven years old, drives all thoughts but those of a cold shower and a rest from your mind—yet, just one show of their affection and gratitude is enough to show that the flame is worth the candle.

Americans and the Nobel Prize in Literature

Marie Anne May

NEW AMERICANS realize how many different literary prizes are awarded annually. Still fewer know the recipients of these awards. It is astonishing that the majority of Americans are conscious of little more than the name of even the greatest of all literary awards, the Nobel Prize. And yet over a period of eight years three American authors have been worthy of this international honor by the Swedish Academy in Stockholm. If, then, the whole world has been affected by their work, it seems only logical that their own countrymen be aware to a certain degree of the influence of their own American authors upon the world of literature.

Greatest in value and honor, the Nobel prize is an expression of the almost passionate desire of Alfred B. Nobel for peace among nations. With this purpose in mind of promoting peace, he decreed in his will that the interest on a fund of \$9,200,000 be annually disposed of in the form of international awards to those persons who shall have made the greatest contributions to humanity in the fields of peace, literature, medicine, physics and chemistry. Each award amounts to approximately \$40,000.

As to what shall be considered in determining the winner of the literature prize, Dr. Nobel's will states that it shall be awarded "to the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency." Literature here means any writings "which may claim to possess literary value by reason of their form or mode of expression."

These requirements have been met in recent years by three Americans—Sinclair Lewis in 1930, Eugene O'Neill in 1936, and Pearl Buck in 1938.

The first American winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, Sinclair Lewis, began his writing career as the editor of the literary magazine at Yale, from which college he was graduated in 1908. After working at various unromantic, ill-paying jobs, by the time he was thirty he was sellin' enough short stories to earn his living by free lancing. Published in 1920, "Main Street" was Lewis' first significant novel. By this time he knew the formula for successful writing, but he was sufficiently aroused by all he had seen and read to determine to write an honest novel, one in which he would speak exactly as he felt even though the book might not sell. But surprisingly enough "Main Street" did sell—it sold 500,000 English copies besides translations in almost every European language.

What is the reason for the popularity of such critical, relentless, satirical writing? (And the popularity of his style need not be judged on "Main Street" alone because every one of his subsequent novels follows the same pattern—"Babbitt" (1922), "Arrowsmith" (1925), "Elmer Gantry" (1927), "Dodsworth" (1929), and others are all social satire.) The characters are so typical and clear cut that they cease to be realistic, and yet they are still believable. This is what appeals to people, incredibility made credible. Lewis' skill in depicting types of characters has given to his works the idealism and perfection necessary to merit the Nobel prize. The inscription accompanying the award specifically and tersely states that it has been made to Sinclair Lewis "for his great and living art of painting life with a talent for creating types with wit and humor."

In his painting of life, Lewis did a true job. Though it meant criticism of his own land, he depicted society as he saw it. A Swedish newspaper, "Stockholms Tidningen," ran as a headline this epithet of him, "A just judge of the United States". In the same paper Prince William of Sweden, whose literary judgment has much influence in his own country, said of Lewis that "he has pictured the average American in an altogether splendid manner." The entire European press approved the choice of Lewis, not only because of his literary achievement, but because he explained America to a Europe that had a very false conception of just what America and Americans are like. Most Europeans thought of America as some fairyland possessive of everything in the world worth striving after. They had heard of her rapid growth, her wealth; they tried to imitate her production, her skyscrapers, almost anything that was considered a standard of America. Sinclair Lewis broke down this illusion in writing that made a large portion of the United States self-conscious besides awakening Europe. In "Etudes," a Paris fortnightly, Joseph Mainsard wrote the following ironical commentary of Lewis' work:

"If one is to believe the official pronouncements of the United States, no country has ever more submissively followed Emerson's advice: 'Hitch your wagon to a star!' In no part of the world has idealism, in all its forms, been more emphatically praised, and it would be a great consolation to more corrupt peoples to think that virtue, driven from their soil, had been able to find, overseas, so comfortable a resting place. Unfortunately Mr. Lewis has destroyed this rosy illusion. His works form an encyclopedic compendium of American life; each book studies it in a new aspect and destroys some portion of our dreams."

Lewis gave his own succinct characterization of America in his address before the Swedish Academy on December 12, 1930. He said, "It is my fate in this paper to swing constantly from optimism to pessimism and back, but so is it the fate of any one who writes or speaks of anything in America—the most contradictory, the most depressing, the most stirring of any land in the world today." He concluded the same address on a note of optimism, which bespoke his love and veneration for his native land despite the contrary opinion that some may have formed as a result of his satirical attitude toward some forms of American life, particularly the provincialism and smug narrowness of the small town. His final words were a salute in which he urged those authors of independent courage "to give to the America that has mountains and endless prairies, enormous cities and lost far caverns, billions of money and tons of faith, to an America, that is as strange as Russia and as complex as China, a literature worthy of her vastness."

Thus we can see that it was not a disdain of his country that called forth Lewis' censorious works. It was rather his earnest effort to be honest in his portrayal and judgment that led him, in the words of T. K. Whipple, to "study American society like a Red Indian stalking through the land of his enemies." He wrote down exactly what his study showed him, for which perfect reproduction of facts J. Donald Adams has termed him "the greatest photographer in fiction that we have produced." It is difficult to understand how any American even faintly interested in the world about him could have been wholly untouched by and unaware of an author such as Sinclair Lewis, whose works have caused a stir in almost every corner of the globe.

Like Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, the second American winner of the Nobel prize, wrote a literature which was carried across the sea to leave its influence on the people of Europe as well as on those of his native land. In another way, too, his writing was similar to that of Sinclair Lewis. O'Neill was not concerned with making his plays pleasant or with bringing to an edifying conclusion the problems and situations involved in them. And yet he never dealt frivolously

or profanely with affairs of the heart. This the most offended spectator would not accuse him of doing.

Eugene O'Neill grew up in the atmosphere of the theatre, his father being the celebrated actor, James O'Neill. After only a year at Princeton, Eugene was suspended and began working in a New York mail order firm. Ever restless and dissatisfied he married and shortly procured a divorce; he made a futile journey to Honduras prospecting for gold and returned broke; he tried out as assistant manager of his father's company but did not make good. He finally shipped as a seaman to Buenos Aires. This voyage was important for him, however, because on it he unconsciously laid up impressions which were to become apparent in such plays as "Bound East to Cardiff" (1919) and "Anna Christie" (1922).

On his return to the States he took a job as a cub reporter on the New London "Telegraph." After six months here a misfortune occurred which marked the turning point of his life. O'Neill was found to be tubercular, and he was sent to a Connecticut sanatorium. This enforced period of quiet gave him a chance to ponder life and determine what it was he wanted. When he left the hospital he went to Harvard for some technical training, but though he got little out of the course as such, he determined to be a playwright.

And a playwright is exactly what he became. Bernard De Voto in a "minority" report on the awarding of the Nobel Prize to O'Neill said:

"He has an inherited instinct for the theatrically effective . . . a restless and extremely energetic intelligence. . . . His experiments were to confuse and confute him. . . . He is a fine playwright who is not sufficiently endowed to be a great dramatist but who has tried to substitute for great intelligence, imagination, and understanding a set of merely mechanical devices."

Strictly as a playwright, however, he excelled. His plays had the appeal necessary to make them highly acceptable to the theatre-going public at home and abroad. He has proved the most vital influence on the American theatre in the past twenty years. In the "Theatre Arts Monthly" there appeared an article which stated:

"With the exception of George Bernard Shaw, there is probably no living writer whose plays have been performed on the stages of more countries than have raised their curtains for "The Emperor Jones" (1921), "Desire Under the Elms" (1924), and other O'Neill favorites. There is a direct, universal, dynamic quality in O'Neill's writing and characterization that seems to have broken down with unusual ease the barriers of language and custom that might have been expected to stand between O'Neill's highly special, iconoclastic; bitter dramas and the approval of foreign audiences. "The Hairy Ape" (1922), "Anna Christie" (1922), "The Sailors of S. S. Glencairn" (1924), even Nina Leeds and the three men of her "Strange Interlude" (1927) have all crossed the ocean again and again, and the Nobel award for literature is—in a way—the cargo they bring home to their creator."

Although on the whole critics and commentators at home and abroad seemed well satisfied with the award to a dramatist, some few are responsible for the buildup of the novel at the expense of the play. They say that drama does not enjoy the unrestricted scope of the novel. What then have they to say of the scope of "Oedipus" (429 B.C.), "Antigone" (442 or 440 B.C.), "Hamlet" (1604), or "Romeo and Juliet" (1597)? George Jean Nathan challenges the critics of O'Neill, ending thus:

"Let us have done with all such critical juggling of novel and drama virtues. The day of vaudeville, whether in the theatre or in criticism is over—or should be."

As a result of the form which Eugene O'Neill's work took, that of the play,

perhaps a greater number of Americans are familiar with his works than with those of either Sinclair Lewis or Pearl Buck. Here again, however, there is not the understanding that there should be of an American author by his own land when we consider the enthusiastic reception his plays have received on foreign shores.

Unlike the first two American winners of the Nobel prize, whose themes were American, Pearl Buck has written almost exclusively of China, where she lived the greater part of her life with her parents, missionaries in that land. Pearl, born in West Virginia, grew up in China, speaking Chinese even before English. Living in China did not, however, retard her education, and in 1914 she was graduated from Randolph-Macon College where she had made Phi Beta Kappa. Three years later she married the Rev. John L. Buck and began long service as a missionary and teacher. From this actual contact Pearl Buck grew to understand the Chinese people almost as one of them. It was not only for her accurate and complete presentation of the outer life of the Chinese, but for her comprehension of their very nature that Pearl Buck was judged deserving of the Nobel Award in 1936. The citation to Miss Buck reads, "For rich and genuine epic portrayals of Chinese peasant life, and her masterpieces of biography."

Again unlike the two other American winners, the award to Pearl Buck did not crown a lifetime of achievement. Her book, "The Good Earth" (1931), is, however, a masterpiece deserving of recognition. In all probability it belongs among the permanent contributions to world literature. "The Good Earth" is the first interpretation in English of the Chinese type of human nature to reach and stay in the Western imagination. Usually considered so distant and so different from the Western world, they have been penetrated to the depths of their human hearts by Pearl Buck in novels that have given to us in Europe and in America a feeling of brotherhood with the people of China. Henry Seidel Canby calls her book "a document in human nature."

This quality of intimacy in presenting the people of China to the Western world seems to be the "idealistic tendency" which Alfred Nobel specified in his will should appear in the works of prize winners. Her works further seem in harmony with his purpose of promoting peace because of the understanding and spirit of fellowship which permeate them and which they carry to all parts of the world. Thus though Pearl Buck's work is no series of novels each fitting into a pattern of achievement which has become a part of durable American literature like Sinclair Lewis', nor is it like Eugene O'Neill's, imaginative work setting up new points of view and new techniques of expression, under the high but flexible standards of the Swedish Academy, Pearl Buck's work was deemed worthy of recognition. The people of Europe were particularly interested in Pearl Buck because of her attacks on dictators and her tributes to the common people of China. This, together with an increasing interest in America, explains to a certain extent Pearl Buck's reception of the prize as an American, and also the latter reason accounts for the generally increasing number of Americans who have been awarded the Nobel Prize in all five fields.

The effect of the Nobel Prize upon international literature has been great. It has aroused both curiosity and aspiration among writers and readers. For both it has served "to promote broader interests and sympathies, more earnest study of standards and aspirations in widely separated races". We in America have representatives of whom we can be proud. Realizing this, we ought not to be less well acquainted with them and their works than is the rest of the world. We should know and understand Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, and Pearl Buck even if we know no other modern American writers.

Stage Door Conquest

Helene Lane and Marilyn Tallon

THE DANCERS took their last bows, the golden curtain of the Metropolitan Opera House closed for the last time, we gathered up programs and opera glasses and dashed for the stage door. Arriving there, we timidly approached the stage door guardian (whose battered brown hat lent atmosphere to the scene) and inquired if Mr. Eglevsky (whom we were bent on interviewing) had left the building. With an understanding smile, he asked —

"Do you know Mr. Eglevsky?"

"Well, no," we replied hesitantly.

"I mean, do you recognize him when you see him?"

"Oh, of course."

"Then don't worry. He'll be out soon," he reassured us.

Relieved, we settled back to watch and wait. As we stood there, we discussed Andre Eglevsky, whose mastery of the art of dancing had completely captivated us when we first saw him two years ago. We knew Eglevsky the dancer, but Eglevsky the person, without the elaborate costumes and the make-up, Eglevsky walking as you and I, rather than gliding or flying through space, we did not know. It was hard to conceive of him as a mere mortal. This very afternoon he had carried us from the intrigue of the eastern harem with his passionate portrayal of the negro slave in "Scheherazade," to the moonlit clearing of "Swan Lake," where he was the gentle, heart-broken prince. We remembered other times when we had seen him as the non-cholant muscular Paris of "Helen of Troy," or as the soaring phantom of young love in "Le Spectre de la Rose." These reminiscences only multiplied our difficulties in attempting to think of him as a complete entity.

Before we had time to collect our scattered thoughts, an athletic figure in a tan sports jacket, whom we recognized as Eglevsky, passed us. Frantically recovering from our reverie, we hurried after him and explained our mission. In turn, Mr. Eglevsky explained his to us — he was on his way to dinner. However, he asked if it would be convenient for us to return at eight that evening. It would be.

After spending two hours in anticipation and excitement, we returned at 7:45 to find the stage door deserted. We paced back and forth for several minutes, finally plucked up our courage and entered. Immediately we were confronted by a big sign —

ABSOLUTELY NO ONE BUT EMPLOYEES
ALLOWED IN THIS PART OF THE BUILDING

With one eye on the sign and with the other searching for the friendly doorman, we walked toward a group of people who were engaged in conversation near a bulletin board. A man with a cigar detached himself from the group and sauntered toward us. In answer to his queries we informed him that we had an appointment with Mr. Eglevsky. He disappeared for a moment, then returned and directed us to dressing room 14. The door was ajar; we heard a murmur of voices as we approached. In response to our knock, a voice called "Come in". We entered.

Seated at a dressing-table, dabbing himself with pancake make-up, was Andre Eglevsky. His dressing-room portrayed nothing of the personality which was to unfold itself to us. It consisted merely of the dressing-table and bench, one chair, a couch and a wardrobe. Several gentlemen conversing in a foreign language were crowded into the room.

Without disengaging himself from the conversation of the group behind him, and continuing to apply his make-up, Mr. Eglevsky emanated such charm as to make us confident of a successful interview. The inflection in tone was the only hint of his foreign background. Besides his very cultured American, Mr. Eglevsky speaks French and Russian. We heard a sample of the latter as he conversed with his friends.

We began the interview in the usual way — by discussing Eglevsky's life to date. Sired of a military family, Andre Eglevsky was born in Moscow December 21, 1917. In endeavoring to overcome the ravages of pneumonia which he had contracted when he was three years old, he took up boxing, tennis, and finally, ballet. At the age of eight he began to study ballet in the south of France. He continued his work in London under Nicolai Legat, teacher of Vaslav Nijinsky, one of the world's greatest ballet dancers. In 1933 Leonide Massine (famous Russian chorographer and dancer) invited him to join the corps de ballet of Colonel de Basil's Russian Ballet Company. At this time David Lichine was first male dancer of the company. Six months later he sprained his ankle and Eglevsky replaced him.

Eglevsky rose to fame due to his lithe grace and breathtaking control. His pirouettes, slow, steady and topline are a source of continuous amazement. His technical ability is enhanced by the feeling and expression he shows for the part he is portraying. The grace of his hands and the magnetic quality of his smile makes for an audience contact unlike that of any other dancer. Due to all these qualities, when he was only 15, Eglevsky was dancing with the famous ballerina, Alexandra Danilova. Since then, he has never relinquished his position as premier danseur.

Having gathered the necessary biographical data, we questioned Mr. Eglevsky concerning the habits of a ballet dancer. Noting the importance of physique to the ballet, we inquired after the diet of a dancer. Mr. Eglevsky ruefully confessed that ballet dancers are always hungry, due to their strenuous work. Steaks and fruits comprise a large part of the diet, but starches are definitely forbidden. The irregular schedule of rehearsals and performances prevents a fixed meal-time. Because of the physical exertion involved, the dancer can not eat for three hours before the performance.

The variety of costumes displayed by a dancer in an evening caused us to wonder who supplied them. We had noticed the difference in costuming of the "Bluebird" between that of Mr. Eglevsky and one of the other dancers. Laughingly, he told us "I just happen to have my own "Bluebird" costume. However, the company supplies our costumes unless we wish to wear our own." Shoes are also furnished by the company. The shoes must fit very tightly, to prevent accidents. Mr. Eglevsky has his shoes glued to his feet. On the average, a pair of shoes lasts for only five performances, since they stretch or split very easily. Old shoes can be used for practicing.

Appearances in front of the footlights are only a small part of the ballet dancer's life. When not dancing, the company rehearses five hours a day; when dancing, two hours a day. Mr. Eglevsky explained that this applied only in the United States where the ballet artists belong to a union — American Guild of Musical Artists. Formerly, in foreign companies, there were no rules to protect the dancers. They might rehearse all night if the dance master thought it was necessary. Even now, a dancer can not be sure when he will be required to rehearse. If, in the opinion of the master, a certain performer danced badly, he will be called for an extra rehearsal. No excuses are accepted.

Touring, especially in these times, is very difficult. However, there is some compensation in the form of a \$10.00 increase in salary to every member of the company.

As we had completely succumbed to Mr. Eglevsky's audience appeal, we were anxious to know how other audiences reacted. Greatly amused, Mr. Eglevsky explained that the ballet was new in America when he first danced here in 1933. As evidence, he cited the fact that in Texas there was a great furor over the appearance of male dancers in tights. Since then, America has become more appreciative of the art of ballet. New York, Los Angeles, and all girls' colleges are particularly demonstrative audiences. With a sparkle in his green eyes, Mr. Eglevsky recalled the very warm reception from the Waves at Hunter College. Like Mortimer Adler, Mr. Eglevsky stressed the fact that knowledge leads to a more satisfying audience participation.

Though immersed in his art Mr. Eglevsky is unfaithful to any ballet from season to season. Right now he likes "Scheherazade" best, because it requires constant concentration and demands the bodily expenditure he finds so satisfying. Besides all this — "It's fun!"

A ballet dancer receives only a short vacation. Mr. Eglevsky will spend a few weeks at his home in Massapequa, pursuing his avocations which are numerous — hunting, fishing, photography (which he claims he does badly), stamp collecting and planting trees. The coordination of a ballet dancer's muscles prevents him from indulging in any overt physical activity.

By this time Mr. Eglevsky was ready to don his costume for his appearance in "Constantia." Our mission being completed, we thanked Mr. Eglevsky for his very wonderful cooperation and departed. As we were leaving we encountered the friendly doorman who said: "Are you happy now?" We were!

The Laughter of the Lord

Anne Henry

IT SO happened that Abraham was seated at the door of his tent in the very heat of the day when there appeared before him three young men. Now these three young men were angels of the Lord, and Abraham, knowing this, welcomed them and set before them the best of his own for their use.

And when they had eaten they asked for Sara his wife, who had prepared the meal, saying that Sara, who had been barren, would soon conceive and bear a son. Which when Sara heard she laughed behind the door of the tent for they were both old, and far advanced in years, and it had ceased to be with Sara after the manner of women. And so she laughed secretly, saying: "After I am grown old and my lord is an old man shall I give myself to pleasure?"

And the Lord, knowing what was in her heart, said to Abraham: "Why did Sara laugh, saying 'Shall I who am an old woman bear a child indeed?' " And then the angel said to him: "Is there anything hard to God? For according to appointment I will return to thee, life accompanying, and Sara shall have a son." Now Sara, hearing him speak in this wise, denied her laughter for she was afraid. And the Lord said to her "Nay; but thou didst laugh,"—as much as to say, "Now, old woman; my eyes are not closed to you,"—and left it at that.

And so it came pass that the Lord visited Sara, as He had promised and fulfilled what He had said. For she conceived and bore a son in her old age. And Abraham called the son Isaac which means laughter. And Sara, seeing this, said: "God hath made a laughter for me between us: whosoever shall hear of it shall laugh with me.

And so they prepared a great feast. And all people hearing their story laugh with them.

Enchanted Realm

Dorothy Bloodgood

ONCE UPON A TIME in northern Europe there lived a race of beings midway between our life and the life of inanimate things. Every wood and cave, every glen and river was the home and hiding place of a tribe of creatures, remote from man, yet intimately concerned with him and credited with possessing almost unlimited powers of magic and enchantment.

These were the fairies, and about them grew the fairy tales which are our first introduction to literature, abounding with enchanted princesses, heroic youngest sons, talking animals and horrid monsters; a literature which fascinated our early years, supplies our craving for the marvelous, and which we accept without question. Eagerly listened to at our most impressionable age the fairy tale lingers with us throughout life. It holds prominent place among those cherished memories of childhood which stored in the unconscious mind, come back to us at odd, sometimes at critical moments of existence.

Now the fairy story is not just a fluffy puff of nothing which can be airily blown aside, nor is it merely a tenuous bit of make-believe. It is really much more substantial than that; more like a big living plant or tree. What we see today, of course is the "fairy" part of it—its magic trunk and branches and blossoms and leaves. But its roots are real and solid, reaching back into man's past, into ancient mythology and religion, and into the lines and customs of many peoples and many countries.

Woods and forests are the background of about a quarter of the tales. It is in the forest that witches, dwarfs, wicked kings and murderers nearly always dwell. It is in the forest that the magical meetings take place. The forest is weird, immense, but at times it may be cozy and friendly. The storyteller sometimes sketches the landscape in a few strokes of unimportant detail—perhaps at moments when he or she can think of nothing better. Often the forest itself plays an all important part in the action, foreboding danger to the hero. "It was as quiet in the woods as in a Church. There was no breath of wind, no murmur of brook, no bird sang and no sunbeam pierced the thickly leaved boughs." You can almost feel the terror approaching.

On the edge of the woods or in its midst stands the enchanted castle. Sometimes there is what looks like a common inn, but inside it is as eerie as elsewhere in the magic realm.

Surrounded by fairy trees, gazing into the fairy well, drinking at the magic fountain, in cottage and hut, in inn and castle, the heroes and heroines move through these fairy tales. Who are they? What do they look like? What is their purpose in life? They are, in fact, nothing but children, or rather children's pictures of children. Beautiful as daylight, golden-haired and blue-eyed, they have no character at all though they are sometimes kind to animals and to beggars. Like all children and like all primitive peoples, too, they have not the slightest idea of knowledge. Their purpose in life is a propitious marriage, an enlargement of power, above all to live happily ever after. The ages of the actors are blurred. In the beginning of the tale of the "Frog King" the little princess is playing with her golden ball; a few hours later she takes a prince for a husband.

The legend of enchanted princesses, "The Sleeping Beauty," "The Swan Maidens," redeemed by the trials and sufferings, the constancy and courage of the loving and devoted prince are very beautiful stories to be found in many lands, and with every variety of magical detail. Stories often take the form of a fairy who weds a mortal. A typical instance is that of Melusine, the famous Countess de Lusignan, who married Raymond of Provence. They

lived happily and she presented him with beautiful children, till one day he dared to violate a condition which she had imposed and discovered that she had the power of changing herself into a mermaid, and really was akin to the fairies of the sea. She was never seen again, but sometimes in the darkness of night the nurses would hear her weeping and busying herself about her little children.

Certain principles govern these stories. He who enters fairy land and partakes of fairy food is spellbound. He cannot return for many years, perhaps never, to the world of man. This may have been a solution often welcomed in days when news traveled slowly, or was never received at all, concerning those who in times of war or in travel disappeared from the knowledge of persons to whom they were dear, never to be heard of again. Fairies are grateful to men for favors conferred and resentful for injuries. They never fail to reward those who do them a kindness, nor do they forget to revenge themselves on those who offend them. To watch them when they do not wish to be seen is a mortal offense. Their magical powers are represented as unbounded. They make things seem other than they are, they appear and disappear at will, they make a long time seem short, and short, long, they change their own forms, and cast spells over mortals.

Now the fairies have all gone away and even children seem in danger of forgetting their story, but in old times they were so commonly seen and so universally acknowledged that it would have seemed idle to doubt their existence, or to think that the rough country people who described them, could have imagined beings of such delicate and fantastic grace. And their presence once recognized, there was no difficulty in finding traces of them, their midnight revels left dark green circles on the dewy grass, their gossamer garments floated on the autumn air, their invisible flight could be traced across the waving barley.

So the fanciful, circumstantial, fantastic beliefs went on, almost up to our own day, dying hard, gathering around them every strange detail, ministering to the pleasure of the weak and helpless by the thought of the protecting power that championed the forlorn.

Many chroniclers have tried to trace whence they came and discuss and disagree without finding out, but to children and a few others it is given to know whence they really came and whither they are gone back to dwell. It is that country beyond the worn gate, where King Arthur was carried after the fatal battle; the land whither the Fairy Queen carried true Thomas of Erceldoune; in which seven years seemed but seven days, the land

*"Where falls not hail, or rain, nor any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy fair with orchard laws
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."*



The Man and the Moon

Lillian LaBarbera

TWO sailors were keeping watch on the bridge of the *Martinique* as her full sails drove her through the black waters of the Mediterranean. Each had been preoccupied with his own thoughts, but now the younger made an attempt at conversation.

"I've never seen the moon so bright and round in all my life," he said, looking from it to the first mate.

"That's because you've never been to the Indies," replied his companion. "Down there the moon lights up half the sky so you can't even see the stars to steer by. I knew a sailor once on the *Saint Malo* who told me about a witching moon down there. But he was a superstitious fellow, and he'd just come through a hurricane, so I didn't pay much attention to his story.

"After the sea calmed down, he told me, they put into port for repairs. The cap'n gave them a holiday so they could get over the jitters. They were all glad to get off that ship. My friend, Gaston, was the first one down the plank. He stopped on the wharf to light his pipe when he heard hurried steps and a loud voice behind him calling. . . .

"Gaston, my old friend, Gaston!" There was a note of power in the voice and Gaston could not help stiffening his shoulders as he recognized it. He wheeled around to face a tall, corpulent man.

"Bidreau," gasped the astonished sailor. He wondered what this meeting meant, but there was now the powerful figure that towered over him.

The other did not notice the fear in Gaston's voice. He even seemed glad to have met him. Clamping his huge arm around Gaston's shoulders, Bidreau led him to the nearest tavern.

It was over the second round of drinks that Bidreau broached the subject that was uppermost in his mind. He tried to introduce it casually. "So your friend, the captain, cannot pay you until you reach France? That is too bad," he said glancing at Gaston, who made no reply. He tried again. "You should earn some money, you know."

Gaston became interested. "How?" he asked.

"Just do me a little favor." Bidreau motioned to the barkeeper. Before Gaston could ask any questions, Bidreau took a bulging billfold from his pocket, and laid it ostentatiously on the table as he drew forth a bill for the barkeeper. As Bidreau had foreseen, this action had a marked effect on Gaston, who rarely, if ever, saw so much money at once.

"All I want," said Bidreau, getting to the point, "is some papers from the Adjutant's office. A very simple matter for a man of your ability." Gaston said nothing, so he continued. "The papers are in a desk in the Adjutant's bungalow at the end of the road by the river. There is quite a bit in it for you if you do it tonight"

After making a few arrangements and haggling over the price Bidreau left the tavern. Gaston drained his glass and followed.

The moon had reached its zenith when Gaston turned off the road into the Adjutant's bungalow. Its lights flooded the yard. Gaston frowned; he hadn't counted on so much light. He slipped under the trees and crept from shadow to shadow till he reached the building. He looked about him once, then circled the house until he came to a loose screen. He pried it open deftly, pushed up the window, and climbed through.

Opposite him the desk was flooded in light. He ran to it and started search-

ing for the papers. They were there just as Bidreau had said. Seizing them Gaston nearly laughed; everything had worked out perfectly. What a fool he was to fear. Even the moon had been with him; he didn't need to light a single match. He straightened up and turned toward the window to salute the moon that was shining through, but something was wrong!

"Mon Dieu!" he choked. There on the moon was a cross . . . a cross where only a few minutes ago there had been nothing. Was it a sign? Yes, his tingling spine and trembling hands told him so.

Gaston did not hesitate. He shoved the papers back into the drawer and sprang through the window. His only thought was to get back to the Saint Malo, out of the power of that moon and Bidreau . . .

As the sailor finished his story four bells rang on the Martinique. The older sailor smiled to himself. "There's always a cross on the moon," he said, "when you're looking through a screen."



Cancer Research and Treatment

Dorothy Huckle

FOR MANY years research work has been carried on in an attempt to discover the origin of cancer. Despite the study of thousands of case histories little advancement has been made in arriving at the cause of this disease which contributed to the deaths of 160,000 Americans in 1945.

Cancer is the general term applied to malignant new growths which develop in the body as a result of perverted growth of body cells, and which may ultimately lead to the death of the person in whom they develop, unless corrective procedure is employed.

Cells are the fundamental units of living substances and they are principally of two types. Those which line the outer surface of the body, the mouth, stomach and intestines and those which form the general framework of the body, muscles and bones.

Occasionally one local group of cells shows a capacity to exceed its appointed limits, to encroach on and surplant its neighbors, to appropriate the nourishment which belongs by right to them and thus destroy parts necessary to life. Such a predatory group of cells is termed a cancer. When this process occurs among the connective tissue cells the formation is termed a sarcoma, while a similar change in the type of cells which line the intestines and cover the skin is called a carcinoma.

Scientists and medical men know that a great many agents called carcinogens can produce this malignant growth of cells mentioned previously. A carcinogen may act at once, or be succeeded by another carcinogen and there are modifying conditions which help or hinder the production of a cancerous growth.

Many theories have been advanced as to the cause to this dread disease. One school believes that there is an actual living organism called a filter—passing virus which invades the body and causes the disease in the same way that other germs cause disease. Dr. W. E. Gye, a pathologist, and J. E. Barnard, a skillful amateur microscopist devoted much of their time to this theory. They discovered in malignant tumors a living organism which they believed in the presence of a chemical substance in cells of mice, chicken or other animals was capable of producing a tumor.

Closely associated to this theory we have the enzymevirus theory of cancer, which proposes that cancer is the result of competition between a normal enzyme protein and a cancer protein lacking certain specific catalytic properties possessed by the competing normal protein. The cancer protein could be the result of a variety of processes: it could rise spontaneously as the result of a mutation or be produced by the action of a carcinogenic chemical, or be introduced preformed as a virus. By assuming that the cancer protein was the cause of the changed enzymatic activities which were observed in cancer tissue as contracted with normal tissue, it was possible to construct a theory which would integrate most of the important facts about cancer as well as to formulate the stages of cancer development.

Cancer is also believed to be due to some non-living cause, either chemical or physical or a combination of both. Although not too much is known about this theory it is generally allowed that chronic irritation has an important influence in producing cancer, though this only applies to certain tissue.

As a result of building experiments in mice there is an increasing belief that genetic factors play an important role in human cancer.

At Cancer Research Laboratories of Fordham University Dr. Henry R. Wachtel turned to the pituitary gland at the base of the brain in his search for cancer cause. This gland secretes a powerful substance which has a far-reaching effect on all body chemistry. The result of Dr. Wachtel's experiments with mice bear out the theory often advanced, that chemicals normally present in the body such as hormones produced by glands may promote the cells with growth.

These are successful treatments of cancer even though its exact cause has not yet been determined. Radioactive phosphorus (P-32) a by-product of atomic research, was reported by Dr. Bertram Low Beer, as practical for treatment of cancer. Although P-32 could not be applied to deepseated tumors it did work on two types of skin—cancer—basal cell carcinoma and hyperkeratosis neither of which spread rapidly.

Radium is also used in the treatment of cancer. It is applied by seeds, needles or plaques. The best method is to put the radium container on the surface so that the rays will spread out in all directions—

Treatment of Coley's method has obtained many good results in the hands of its originator. Coley based his treatment upon the fact that some cases of sarcoma got well after an accidental attack of erysipelas or other streptococcus infection. The fluid used was a sterilized culture of the streptococcus pyogenes and micrococcus prodigiosus in bullien.

In spite of the fact that no cures are as yet known for cancer, early recognition and treatment can save the lives of cancer victims.

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Editorials

LORIA is the publication of the students of St. Joseph's college. Yet it has been questioned whether LORIA is really by the students and for the students. To be truly a publication of the students it must express the thoughts of a representative group, and its contents must have sufficient worth to have value for all. Its purpose is not to be a vehicle of self-expression for a few who enjoy writing; it exists for the readers. If it is not read and worth reading it may as well be abolished. Unfortunately, we must admit that LORIA sometimes has failed you; sometimes it has had little to offer that had both substance and interest for the majority. This is not really so much LORIA'S fault as it is yours!

The interests of five hundred students are naturally varied. It is not, and should not be, the responsibility of the LORIA staff or of the English department to supply all the material for the college magazine; nor should they make their narrow field its scope.

In a liberal arts college operating on the elective system no one student has a thorough knowledge of all fields. Yet it is an essential note of a liberal education that we all have some concept of significant ideas in each field. That a history major has no inkling of the meaning of electronics, or a French minor has never heard of Cervantes is the fault of the members of the science and Spanish departments rather than of the history or French. LORIA could serve as a medium of communication for all the departments. It should be a common meeting ground for the exchanges of ideas. That it is a literary magazine should terrify no one for it means only that the information and ideas expressed in LORIA should be clearly and forcefully presented.

It is a mistake to think that no one outside of your field is interested in what you learn. Science, history, philosophy and mathematics do matter to us all. We are all living in a world that is being fashioned by scientists, mathematicians and philosophers; we are watching history in the making. If an idea is really worth your consideration it must have value for us all. It is up to you to help us to better appreciate significant developments in your field.

We are not implying that we will ever exclude informal essays, poetry or short stories. Purely creative writing has its place in a college magazine as has art work. Both are interpretations of the world about us. Both help us to better understand and appreciate life and the loveliness of the world. Certainly this, too, has its value.

Our aim is to make LORIA what you want it to be. We want to interest you and to give you something worthwhile. If LORIA is to become more truly a publication of the best of student thought for a wide and interested audience it must receive the cooperation of students in every department. Without your help we can do absolutely nothing. Our goal cannot be reached in one issue, probably not in a year, but we hope that with your generous help we may take a step in the right direction.

OUR LIBRARY exhibit for Catholic Book Week emphasized the slogan "Pillars of Freedom—Christian Books." It is a slogan which offers some hope to a world which is struggling to build a lasting peace on the shifting sands of erroneous and conflicting philosophies. Christian principles, set forth in Christian books, must become the pillars of freedom by setting forth clearly for all to see those truths which the world has been struggling to attain for centuries.

The library exhibit displayed such books as "The State and Catholic Thought" by Rommen, "Truths Men Live By" by O'Brien, "Marriage and the Family" by Schmiedler, and "Three Theories of Society" by Furfey, which are striving to bring about a better world by showing us those truths which can make us free.





Joy

GEORGES BERNANOS

"When you come out of the confessional you're supposed to be in a state of grace. Well—nobody would think so. We're wondering what you do with the Grace of God. Should it not be shining out of you? Where the devil do you keep your joy?" "A Diary of My Times", Georges Bernanos.

The joy of which Bernanos speaks in this remarkable novel springs from Grace; it is the joy of the saint. The theme of sanctity fascinates the author. Both "A Diary of a Country Priest" and "The Star of Satan," books which gained the author the reputation of being among the outstanding contemporary French novelists, have heroic priests as their protagonists. The main character of "Joy" too is a saint, this time a young girl, Chantal.

In spite of her extraordinary mystical experiences, Chantal goes on leading as simple a life as possible, running the household of her father. Her one desire is to communicate some of her joy to the people around her. Tremendous and unexpected are the effects of this attempt on the people of her environment.

The joy of Chantal calls for a note of explanation. It is not to be confused with a sort of sugar-coating spread over the rough edges of life. This joy does not preclude very real sorrow, even anguish, as the book fully shows. What it does preclude is a surrender to sadness. It is a rock-bottom below which sadness cannot penetrate.

To the people around her, Chantal's joy and simplicity is a constant reproach. Her father, a historian whose primary concern is to hide from the world his shallowness and whose absorbing interest is the state of his nerves finds her serene candor irritating, for he feels it to be a challenge to the petty scheming and plotting which is his life.

There is also Chantal's deranged grandmother, ever holding on to her useless bunch of keys and to the illusion that she is still ruling the house, while in reality the servants insult her to her very face.

Professor La Perouse the eccentric psychiatrist sums up his view of the world by saying that "you can look at life any way you please, from any angle or upside down, it is always the same pile of filth." But Chantal's sincerity even breaks through the armour of this cynic.

Even the sophisticated Abbé Cenabre cannot escape Chantal's influence. This priest whose scholarly writings have stirred the intellectual circles of France has lost faith but never actually given up his position in the Church.

Fiodor, the strange and evil chauffeur is eventually driven to despair and the story ends with his crime.

"Joy," like Bernanos other books presents the drama of life as essentially a drama of the soul. This psychological viewpoint accounts for the remarkable conversations of the characters, conversations in which they speak from the inmost depth of their being. It is regrettable that the author sometimes becomes rather obscure in these attempts to reveal these unplumbed depths. The narrative is characterized by an intensity comparable to that achieved by El Greco in painting. There are passages of grand spiritual insight, for example Chantal's remark that "God grants you remorse, but He doesn't want you to make a habit of it."

For those in search of pleasantly light reading the warning is "hands off." The book is definitely not "light" and certainly not "pleasant" in the usual sense, and "Joy" is not recommended for bed-time reading. On the contrary, the sensation most likely to be produced is one of shock, leaving one wide awake to the mystery, the peril and the splendor of life.

R. C.

The Flight and the Song

L. M. ANDERSON and
SISTER MARY CATHERINE

Once in a while, in the ever on-rushing stream of critical, intellectual and analytical books, or in the frothy faith of our modern day novels there comes a book in which to "sit awhile and rest." Such is this sad, joyous tale of Robin, a beautiful sunny-haired boy born late to his simple hearted parents. It finds its setting in the 16th century old Devon at the time of the dissolution of the Monasteries and gives a touching picture of this period as viewed and felt by the Dartmoor village folk.

The mind of the dark-eyed, olive skinned Robin did not follow the normal road of growth as did his body but rather turned down a delightful sidelane, somewhere in his childhood. The tiny wild animals, the very young children, all innocence and joy in nature seemed closer to him than the sturdy superstitious farm people of Devon. Indeed, throughout the book, this charm of his puts one in mind of Saint Francis' appeal for wild things.

Robin wandered about the village and the bare beautiful moors singing the lovely songs he created—songs with such delicacy and aptitude at times that they bespoke a mystic quality. This strange boy with his beauty and his elfin ways was thought at first by the ignorant townspeople to bring them good fortune but strong as they held this belief so were they as instantly credulous of his dealings with Satan and the world of sin. His story bears true testimony to the fact that rumors of evil fly faster and are more readily received than are those of good.

The authors' delightful airiness and extreme delicacy in their tale of the Dartmoor Village, pixies, and yeth-hounds, the heart catching bleakness of the English moorland, the fruitful Benedictine life of the monks and nuns and most of all in the tender, gay, sweet Robin, have wrought a fragile, delicate skein of fantasy and truth that twines itself around the heart and weaves a beautiful memory case.

H. M.

Woman of the Pharisees

FRANCOIS MAURIAC

Francois Mauriac has written the story of a woman's struggle for perfection in the service of a God she has fashioned in her own image. Madame Brigitte Pian's influence, drawing its strength from the surface piety with which she cloaked her life, was potent enough to bring ruin to all whom she was so willing to help, on her own terms.

Mauriac is fortunately a good novelist as well as well as a good Catholic. He knows the full meaning of true piety, but he is not selling any great truth of his religion, boiled down for easy consumption in novel form. He is writing a novel; his characters are Catholics, but this is not, for Mauriac, the opportunity to tell all he knows about Catholicism. Undoubtedly, he will be suspected of this by readers who neither accept nor understand the background of Christian belief that is his. One reviewer states: "His problem is good and evil. . . . Its causes are not to be sought in society or in psychiatry. It exists independently. . . . Our bad actions belong wholly to us." This is one of the basic truths of Mauriac's philosophy. He accepts it quite naturally and uses it in his interpretation of life. It is something that must be understood to fully appreciate Mauriac's work, but it is not an idea which he is trying to drive home to the reader. He is a novelist; his theme has profound spiritual significance, but he is not a propagandist. Never does he, as do some well-intentioned Catholic writers, use mere shadows of reality which may be manipulated by the author to sell a noble idea.

The task of the novelist is to create real persons from whose interaction arise real conflicts. Mauriac has done this superbly. His characters are developed subtly, but surely and clearly. One will not soon forget the righteous Madame Pian who was forever paying for her scruples at somebody else's expense. Such an accusation would have shocked her for each day she found "stronger reasons for thanking her Creator that He made her so admirable a person," but she would have turned the other cheek, protesting that it was well she should be thus misunderstood and vilified. It was in this way that she added links to her armor of perfection and merit.

That the people Brigitte Pian dealt with according to their merits met with disaster—her husband, an untimely death; the Puybarauds, with poverty, sickness and separation by another untimely death; the young Jean de Mirbel, a most unfortunate scandal with a woman twice his age; the abbe Calou; with shame and degradation—she felt strong proof that God agreed with her judgments. Never once did she suspect that love might have something to do with religion.

For all his penetrating analysis of Madame Brigitte's complex and basically evil motivation, Mauriac is never cold towards his characters. He is detached in his judgments, but still has a tenderness for a pitiable, unlovable creature.

This story of the complex intermingling of lives unfolds rapidly because Mauriac is an economical writer. Although he is not abrupt, each sentence has its purpose, etching a character more deeply or swiftly furthering the action. Yet, the book has an unhurried air because of an occasional moment of reflection or explanation by Louis, who tells this story of his stepmother. These brief asides, rather than detract from the effectiveness of the story telling, seem to draw the reader into the very midst of life at Larjuzon. Each page adds to the realization that "Woman of the Pharisees" is the work of a great literary craftsman.

A. D.

The Miracle of the Bells

RUSSELL JANNEY

At the age of sixty-one Russel Janney has turned from the role of play producer ("The Vagabond King") to novelist. And it is in "The Miracle of the Bells" that Mr. Janney once again proves that a showman can also write a novel.

This is the story of Bill "White Spats" Dunnigan, a Hollywood press agent who could not resist spending his last dollar to have all the church bells in Coaltown ring in Olga Treskovna's honor—starting at sunset four days before the funeral. The consequences of this "bellringing act" were far reaching.—Indeed, they were far reaching enough to transform a mining community from spiritual poverty to a wealth of faith and brotherhood.

Mr. Janney's success lies in the warmth of characterizations. Such personages as Bill "never say die" Dunnigan, Olga "the breaker-girl" whose unspoiled beauty startled Hollywood, and Father Paul, the humble priest, who saw in St. Michael's of Coaltown his opportunity, his life work become very much alive to the reader. Around them we have such lesser characters as Father Spinsky, once proud and arrogant, but now humble, Mary, his grundyish sister, who at one time thought more of her chocolate cake than she did of her soul; and Jan Rubel, once a bruiser and an atheist,—now a defender and believer. These and many more were touched by "the miracle of the bells."

It is true of course that Janney's style lacks the grandeur and subtlety of a Waugh. However Janney's complete but dramatic simplicity is so engaging, and is of such a nature that it proves not only to be adequate but charming as well.

"The Miracle of the Bells" is indeed enjoyable reading, even if it is not great. J. D.

Speak the Sin Softly

CY CALDWELL

According to the jacket of this novel, Cy Caldwell has led a spectacular life—as banker, Army and commercial pilot, editor of *Aero Digest*, radio commentator, and novelist. That he tries to make his writing spectacular is also evident. This isn't a crime in itself—if there is such solid material which one can grasp and munch contentedly meanwhile.

For his subject matter, Caldwell chooses a topic that is not new—in large, the priesthood and the world. Probably the author made the mistake of assuming that because he deals with Catholicity and its ministers, he is absolved of following, too closely, a fairly decent standard of rules for the well-made (and well-executed) novel.

In content, the narrative follows the path of Padre Salvatore Nicotera a young, handsome, un-worldly priest setting out on his first mission from his native Italy. In traveling to the Indian village of Jipijapa in Ecuador, and during his subsequent stay there, and in surrounding towns—he meets perplexing problems revolving about a sphere of whirlwind emotions, political intrigue, and "one-track-minded" people. The simple curate is equally tempted by physically good-looking women, bothered by the inhumanity of brute bandits, and perplexed by the actions and the thoughts of his own fellow-priests.

While the story shows a certain honesty of purpose, there seems to be some defect in the mind of the author—that produces non-continuity of thought, and leaves him, his characters, and his readers with nothing attained in the final summation. Most likely, Caldwell liked his Padre Nicotera—sympathized with him, saw vividly into his troubled mind. But he leaves the young priest with no adequate solution of all the events that confused him, and with an inaccurate philosophy of life that is lamentable for one who evidently is of honest character, good priestly background and intentions—and who is intelligent, though sensitive.

Captain Robles, assumed to be a bit of Caldwell himself, proves to be a casual onlooker of life. In his recital of his opinions about the world, its past—present—future, there is enough evidence cited to prove that Caldwell isn't giving too truthfully a picture about past ecclesiastical history, and its full import.

The people in "Speak the Sin Softly" are well painted, for just one pose, one viewpoint, and we see Padre Delgado is a priest of compromise; Padre Ximines is only a wily manager of political intrigue; Lili and Florecita are women of single purpose—getting the men they wanted. The bandit, Ricardo Salina, in contrast, is a character presented from a few conflicting viewpoints. In handling his people, Caldwell places them too obviously in their circumstances, instead of letting them act because of what they are. An example of this is the obvious way in which he steers Salvatore into a brothel twice, when it is not necessary to the action or development of the plot.

Comparing this with Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory," which is not too kind perhaps, we see that Caldwell has not the complete understanding of the majesty of the priesthood, he deals with delicate matters with less restraint and refinement, rather dotes on them for their own effect. While the priest in "The Power and the Glory" actually gives in to temptation in quite a worse manner than Padre Nicotera, yet his priesthood carries him on to a glorious and triumphant reconciliation with his own soul and with God. Greene's is a novel of faith—Caldwell's seems to be one of superstition.

G. W.

That You May Live

L. F. CERVANTES, S.J.

"Saul, why persecutest thou Me . . . Me . . . Me?"

Over and over again, it pulsed through the weary brain of Saul.

" . . . Me . . . ME?"

"Why had he said ME and not My Church?" Saul asked himself.

Saul found the answer, received the Christ-life into his soul, and, as Paul, the Apostle, brought knowledge of this life to all parts of the known world. The answer was the Doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

"That You May Live" presents this idea as it developed in the heart and mind of St. Paul—a doctrine as modern today as when it was first formulated, needed by mankind now, more than ever before in history.

First, Father Cervantes gives a stirring biography of the "conqueror of the world's conquerors"—Paul of Tarsus. "Despised-race Paul, hooked-nose Paul, bow-legged Paul, bald Paul, short Paul, Paul the scourged, Paul, the ship-wrecked bragging-of-his-weakness Paul—that is Paul stripped of Christ." But, the author goes on to say you cannot separate Paul from Christ. Paul, the messenger of the Mystical Body of Christ, had the most interesting and active life that can be recorded. In "That You May Live" this life is reported graphically and well.

The most controversial chapter, "Paul to the Modern" discusses capitalism, communism, birth control, imperialism, plans for world peace in the light of the Mystical Body. It is a thought-provoking, stimulating discussion of these problems.

The actual sharing in the Divine Life of God by the members of the Mystical Body; the fact that we are not asked to die that others may live, but to live intensely, as Christ asks us to live, that others may have a "fuller" life; the reality that we are powers for good or for evil, and that we shall neither go to Heaven or Hell alone—these ideas, and the greatest of all, the dependence of Christ, the Head, upon the Church, His Body for the continuation of His life on earth, are the ideas presented in "That You May Live." The theme of Paul's symphony is that the Church is Christ.

"That You May Live" is a book of great power. Its 176 pages are full of the vigor and vitality of this heretofore considered "difficult, controversial, too-deep-for-the-laity doctrine." The style is lucid and clear. Though the author approaches redundancy in his effort to elucidate salient points, the effect is not disagreeable. Father Cervantes does impress the reader with his practical application of the Mystical Body of Christ. So modern is he in his approach and so simple in his development that his book can be easily enjoyed and understood by everyone.

A. S.

The Little Locksmith

KATHERINE BUTLER HATHAWAY

Katherine Butler Hathaway has written in this poignant autobiography a great adventure. She has figuratively polished and chiseled each page as a superior craftsman should until the loneliness of her childhood, assuaged by the creation of an imaginative world, and the courage with which she faces her real world are revealed in the pristine beauty of her work.

"The Little Locksmith" is a chronicled tale of the growth of a stricken, helpless little girl to a mature, tender, candid woman. Its title is a story in itself. A little girl, bedridden because of a tubercular germ lodged in her spine notices that the locksmith who comes to her home is not like the other grownups in her world. He is small like her; his clothes hang awkwardly. One day she learns that it is time for her to leave her bed, her sickroom, the tiny treasures that her own hands have formed. In her mind a tall slender girl is envisioned. She rises and sees in her mirror that she is not straight, she is like the little locksmith.

Mrs. Hathaway's pages of achievement are fascinating and charming accounts fashioned by a keen, penetrating mind and a much disciplined pen—the book transmits the author's own inner excitement. It captures and holds close the spirit of Edna St. Vincent Millay's line "oh world, I cannot get thee close enough."

Here is no sadness, no bitterness which could so easily have seared and scarred this tale and made it all but unbearable. It is not; it is a "revelation of spiritual truth." The mind and spirit reflected are a source of joy and real inspiration to the reader. It is a happy book.

H. M.

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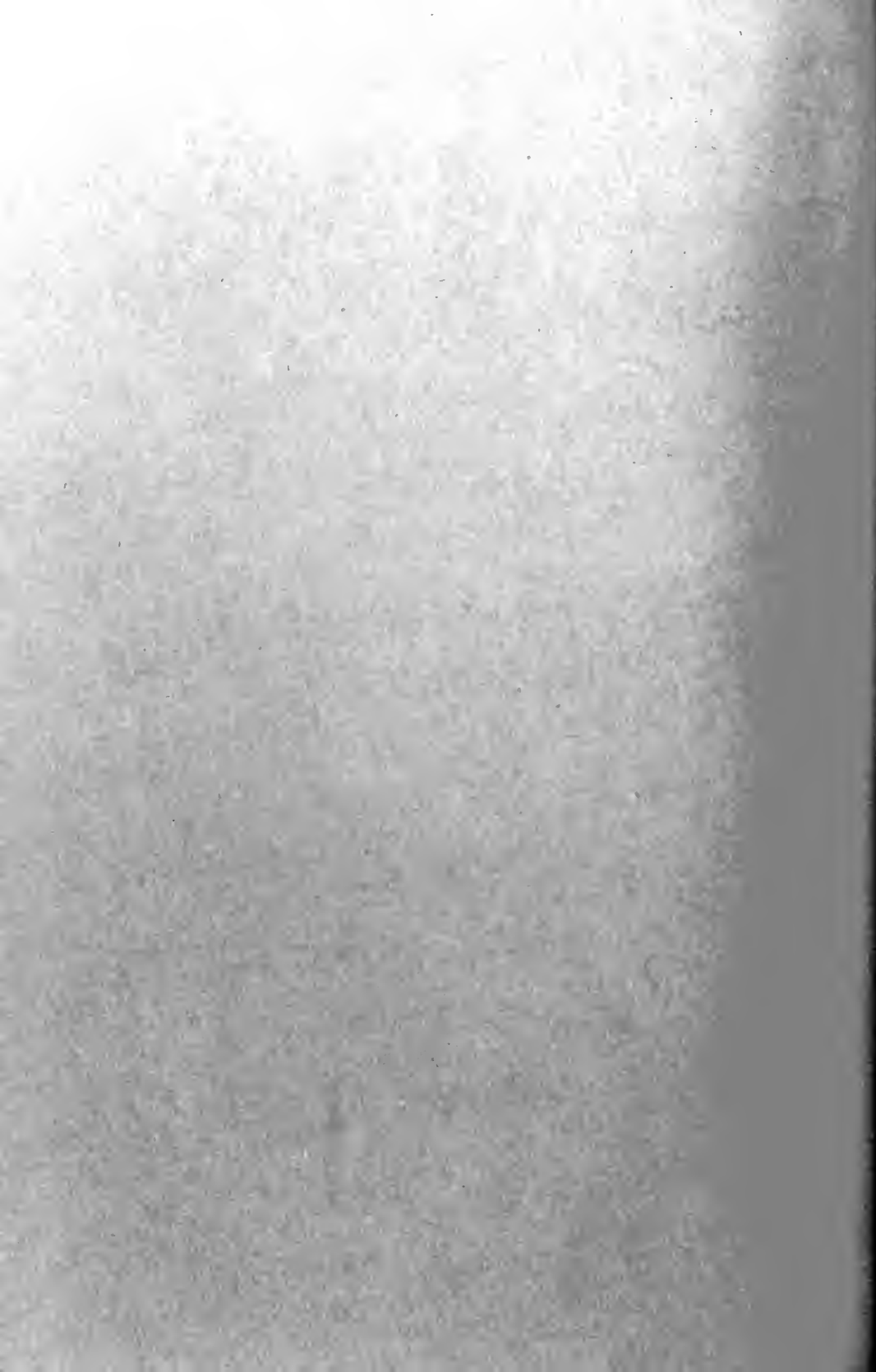
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Winter in Song and Story

Marie Anne May

The seasons of the year have always been a favorite topic for the praise of poets and writers. In this regard, Winter has not been neglected, though at times it has been scornfully rather than beautifully pictured. It is, however, this sometimes derogatory attitude that has offered a challenge to the lyric powers of many an artist to eulogize Winter in song and story.

Lyric qualities being most suitable to this type of panegyric, poetry is the most popular medium of expression, though we can find such an essay as James Russell Lowell's "A Good Word for Winter," in which the author utters many sentiments, the same as those found in poems on the subject. Lowell makes a further point of defending Winter and of showing in what details it is even superior to the other three seasons. Thus in answer to those who would make Winter the symbol of old age and death, he muses that old age can be kind with "reverend graces of its own," and death has often been longed for. Indeed, were Winter granted to be the sleep of the year, this would still not be condemning, for sleep is a very agreeable companion. And yet, he says, "I think Winter a pretty wide-awake old boy, and his bluff sincerity and hearty ways are more congenial to my mood, and more wholesome for me, than any charms of which his rivals are capable."

Then, concurring with the poets in their representation of the beauty of Winter derived from the snow, which is its inseparable companion, Lowell says that the snowstorm "leaves the earth with a virginal look on it that no other of the seasons can rival—compared with which, indeed, they seem soiled and vulgar."

This wondrous beauty of snow, seen in a single flake and seen when it covers the earth like a blanket, has brought forth raptures of poetic passion. Francis Thompson queries of the snowflake,

*What heart could have thought you? —
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal)*

In answer to which he receives,

*God was my shaper.
Passing surmissal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapor . . .
Thou couldst not have thought me!*

Whittier express similar amazement at the massed beauty of snow,

*We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament.*

Again, we hear the poet say,

*The daily thoughts of labor and sorrow slumber
At the sight of the beauty that greets them,
For the charm they have broken.*

Accompanying this awesome beauty is a "gleaming hush" and quietude. Ellnor Wylie catches this majestic silence in "Velvet Shoes".

*We shall walk through the still town
In a windless peace;
We shall step upon white down,
Upon silver fleece,
Upon softer than these.
We shall walk in velvet shoes;
Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On white silence below.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge in "Frost at Midnight" says,
*'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness....*

Still another expression of the tranquillity of a snow covered world is found in Lowell's "The First Snowfall." The snow
*Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.*

A very different aspect of winter has also been stressed in the cheery note of the homey, glowing fireside that is to be found indoors on a winter night. In Emerson's "The Snowstorm" we read,
*...The housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.*

And Whittier says,
*We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat
Blow high, blow low, not all the snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.*

Here, then, are the predominating aspects of Winter, which have been chosen by poets as representing this season in all its splendor—the awesome beauty of the snow, the reverent hush expressed so well by Tennyson in the few words, "the streets were dumb with snow," and finally the cozy joy of a blazing hearth within while dreary bleakness reigns without. The poet has surely done well his work of praising Winter, for he has spoken from his heart.



Language as a Link in Continental Solidarity

(FIRST PRIZE IN ESSAY CONTEST.)

S. M. M.

From Salamanca and its sister universities of Spain came the cross of faith and enlightenment; from the ranks of the Conquistadores came the sword of conquest. Yet, these conquerors of soul and soil brought to the New World a priceless gift common to both — the Spanish language.

In order that Spain's great enterprise of the Golden Age be a success, she expended herself in establishing unity in the Babel of Indian dialects which she found in the new continent. She employed her language as a medium of exchange and of mutual understanding. The religious engaged in the mission work made studies of the native languages, and endeavored to compose grammars and dictionaries of these dialects. Thus they solved the first great problem of the language link. Their ethnological and philological studies are even to the present day of immense scientific value. As Padre Bathe planned at Salamanca so these intrepid missionaries of the virgin continent were presenting by means of sound and object their language, the priceless key to the treasures of Spain's culture. However, this work among the native Indians was short-lived. Due to the narrow-mindedness of the Spanish rulers, the education of the American Indian was banned within half a century of its establishment. It was feared that Spanish domination might be interfered with if their Indian subjects were permitted to try their mettle in the intellectual field.

Unfortunately, in another short-sighted law Spain forbade unmarried white women to seek passage to the colonies. This, in a measure, meant the destruction of the bulwark of the purity of Spanish culture. This loss presented another obstacle in the establishment of a common basis of language in the colonial expanses. Inter-marriage, however, did not mean absolute defeat in the cause, but rather an intermingling of two ancient cultures in every way different from one another. This was not a complete absorption of the one culture by the other, but rather a fusion of two great races each of whom held tenaciously to their age-old language, laws, and customs. Neither one gained ascendancy over the other, but together they produced an entirely new type of character. The Mestizos, the offspring of this union, manifested the strong influence of the different Indian races as well as the mellowed culture of the Spaniard. The personality of the Aztec of Mexico, the Inca of Peru, the Maya of Yucatan, and the Araunco of Chile presented itself in a distinct manner in the language of these people.

It is true that the many small deviations from the Castilian tongue in pronunciation and intonation in the language of this new race were not solely responsible for the isolation of these people one from another. On the contrary, it was the geographical barriers which caused this estrangement. On the other hand, these changes did form a chasm between truly Spanish Creole and half-breed Mestizo of Hispanic-America and the native-born Spaniard who looked with disdain on his colonial relatives.

Hence, this new nation sought to throw off the overbearing hand of Spain, and to continue to advance the new culture. Within three hundred years of its birth, this stripling titan began flexing his muscles and sensing his size and

strength. In admiration, the South American natives looked northward to their sister continent who had recently freed herself from English domination. Here was a counselor with ideals akin to their own. However, when the Hispanic-American liberators sought aid and consolation from their continental relative, they discovered that the memory of their common conquerors, Ponce de Leon, De Soto, Coronado, and Cardenas, had been eradicated. Even the music of their mellifluous language was but an echo in areas close to the Rio Grande rather than the vitalizing, unifying force they had hoped to encounter. Their once progressive Spanish missions were now just so many epitaphs to the intrepid friars who dedicated their lives to the building of this new continent.

Chagrined, they withdraw. The Gulf of Mexico became a gulf of indifference. The link of solidarity had corroded and snapped. During the long period of continental isolation that ensued, the new republics sought European aid in fostering their plan for universal education. Here we lost our greatest opportunity for solidarity with our southern sister. Thomas Jefferson foresaw the evils this breach would entail, and attempted to avert them in some measure by introducing modern languages into American education. Hence, he set up the first professorship of modern language in this country at William and Mary College in 1779. Despite his warning, Spanish linguistic influence waned rapidly at the close of the century.

It is worth noting that we did not lack the incentive to enable us to make great strides in this direction, but our economic problems of the time overshadowed our altruistic attitude toward our infant sister. Working with Europe was of great interest to us. It meant the joy of keen competition, and a worthwhile gleaning of knowledge from this older continent. Had we completely forgotten that Latin American culture was a mustard seed from old Spain? Perhaps, at the time, we could only see that contact with South America meant a wearisome coast skirting with only chance opportunities for trade with poorly organized countries recently raised to republics. We could not foresee that Europeans, to whom South America appealed, would reap the harvest that could have been ours.

When South America began her new spurt for education for the masses, she built on a European plan at variance with our system. Despite the fact that the Latin American countries could boast of the oldest universities in the New World, they had denied education beyond the elementary school level to all but the aristocratic minority. Sarmiento, one of their great educational enthusiasts, tried to correct his error. On returning from an inspection of the Horace Mann Schools, he informed his countrymen that he had visited a country where education was supreme; where it had succeeded in establishing true democracy, which made races and classes equal. Nevertheless, it was difficult for South America to throw off this curse of the caste system that had persisted for so long. Furthermore, why should she imitate the system of her estranged neighbor?

Hence, the Latin American countries offered free compulsory elementary education to all. Beyond this level discrimination reared its haughty head as it did in the American colonial era. The republics born in poverty could not afford the luxury of a complete public education. Complete culture was and is to the lower classes a caste privilege. Yet, even with the little they could afford to offer, they developed a true spirit of continental solidarity by making Spanish, Portuguese, and English compulsory in the elementary grades. This

was the solder needed for the repair of the link. But did we produce the soldering iron to weld it together?

Unfortunately, we neglected to avail ourselves of the opportunity presented on a purely cultural basis. Even when we turned real estate agent in our epoch of imperialism, we discarded the role of benefactor for that policeman. Protection was offered, but "the die-hard aristocrats and some cynical folks of the rising middle class were rather indelicate about looking into the mouth of this gift horse." We must be broad-minded enough to admit that we were there as linguistic strangers whose course was charted by self interest.

Butler of Columbia University touched the very heart of the question when he said, "It will not be possible for the people of the United States to enter into close relation with the peoples of other American Republics until the Spanish language is more generally spoken and written by educated persons here, and until there is a fuller appreciation of the meaning and significance of the history and civilization of those American peoples which have developed out of Spain. It will not be enough to teach Spanish literature and to teach students to read Spanish. They must also be taught to speak it in order that in business and in social intercourse they may be able to use it with freedom as a medium of expression."

Despite this warning, courses in Spanish in the land of "Colossus of the North" remained as rare as vicuñas and not quite so interesting. There was still another trial made. At this time former Secretary of State Hull, in the Pan-American Conference of 1933, performed an autopsy on the Monroe Doctrine, and found therein not only security for the South and Central American governments, but the need of North American cooperation in the understanding of the profound changes and development that had taken place there. Roadside pedagogues were found teaching English even to the lowest castes. In their schools were rooted the life of the community, the nation, and the hemisphere. It was then that the tidal wave of understanding wiped out our self-complacency. We now realized that these people as truly American as we are must be dealt with as equals. But in order to appreciate them and grasp their viewpoint, we must first understand their language.

Formerly, in our egotism, we had neglected the proper instruction in the history, geography and literature of our neighbors to the south. Their language in our educational system had become a "limbo for excess language teachers, and a haven of refuge for weak students." Contrary to this idea it has become proven that Spanish is not an easy language. It is rather an elusive language which requires patience and perseverance in order to acquire a thorough understanding of the spoken word. Difficulty in comprehension is due to the tendency the native Spaniard has of slighting consonants. On the other hand, its form requires concentration for the mastery of the intricate idiomatic constructions, the peculiar sentence structure, and the irregular forms of its verbs. It requires an athletic frame of mind to accept the challenge offered by these mental gymnastics. It was in this endeavor that we realized our mistake in allowing the Latin American system of education to grow up divorced from our own.

Since we have attempted to acquire this easy fluency in the language, we realize that despite the splendid efforts of our educational system class instruction does not come up to par with actually living in the native Spanish environment. Latin American universities for the most part favor professional work. They have a unique method of engaging successful lawyers, doctors,

engineers and others to lecture for several weeks in the university thereby giving the aspirants to each field a practical, modern, experienced view of the work chosen as a vocation. This prevents a stereotyped form of book learning, and actually makes knowledge live.

North America awakened by these new stimuli responded whole-heartedly. A Liberal Arts college is unique to the United States. Hence, students taking these short-timed professional courses often received no credit in their own college for this work. However, the priceless gift of experience spurred them on. A new devise in the form of various exchanges was set up. Exchanges for magazines, books, newspapers, students, and teachers have endeavored to afford opportunities of acquiring the language of each country in its own environment.

Nevertheless, we must not labor under the delusion that Spanish can be taken in concentrated pellet form, nor passed on second-hand in a digest. Its culture was centuries in evolving to its present state, and hence, it will require slow digestion.

Our history has proven that Spanish is invaluable in our every relation with our continental neighbors. Whether as teachers we carry the lamp of learning to guide others in their pursuit of knowledge; traverse the seas and highways as merchants bating for her goods; or in the capacity of engineers conquer the proud Andes, and harness the great power of Iguassu, we need that medium of mutual understanding — the Spanish language.



The Poetry of Thomas Merton

Ann Henry

When Thomas Merton's volume of "Thirty Poems" appeared last year its reception by both Catholic and secular critics was immediate and enthusiastic. Here was a book, said Paul Morton of "Spirit", "over which those who truly love poetry must rejoice; and a poet who sincerely represents his themes of an ancient faith with so much of what is fine in the modern tradition." "Commonweal's" reviewer acclaimed Merton to be "easily the most promising of our American Catholic poets, and possibly, the most consequential Catholic poet to write in English since the death of Francis Thompson."

It is not difficult to understand why the publication of just another slim volume of poetry should evoke such encouraging recognition if we realize the complete and deadening impasse reached by the modern poets (particularly T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden and Wallace Stevens); and then consider Merton's success in avoiding that impasse. Since it is impossible to appreciate fully any poem apart from the development of the poet himself, a brief summary of his career, and it is indeed a striking one, may help us in attaining that end. Born and educated in France, Merton studied at Cambridge and at Columbia, where he was prominent as a writer and editor. In 1939 he was converted to Catholicism, and soon after he entered the Cistercian Monastery of Our Lady of Gethsemane Abey in Kentucky. His gradual and complete turning away from the things of what had once been his world — the world of Eliot's Prufrock "whose life was measured out in coffee spoons", and of Auden's Unknown Citizen who

*. . . had everything necessary to the Modern Man,
A phonograph, a radio, a car, and a frigidaire.
And held the proper opinion for the time of year,*

and of Merton's own "prudent citizen . . . nearly dead", "a son of Cain", "living in a world that had become a museum", to the following of Christ is revealed in the sequence of the poems comprising the body of his recently published "A Man in the Divided Sea".

He says in the author's note of this book that the "following poems are printed more or less in the order in which they were written, over a period of about seven years since the author's conversion to the Catholic faith. Everything written for the last four years of this period was produced in a Trappist Monastery but the rest was written in the world. The "Thirty Poems" reprinted in this book belong partly to the poet's last three years in the world and partly to his first two in the monastery and are not arranged in any special sequence."

The poems in the first part of the book are, for the most part, impressionistic lyrics wherein little there is of reality. This use of sense imagery is matched by the same use of over-elaborate conceits reminiscent of James Joyce; it is because of this that they are often difficult and obscure, peopled with shadowy phantoms, and whose themes reflect those of Eliot's "Wasteland" and "Four Quartets";

*As night devours our days,
Death puts out our eyes,
Towns dry up and flare like tongues
But no voice prophesies.*

Throughout these earlier poems symbols of sound and light are used in-

terchangeably. Thus sound becomes color, color sound, and often they both are merged into one simile, suddenly and sharply. Merton's world is, as was Beaudelaire's, "a forest of symbols". He combines the precision and music of Wallace Stevens with the themes and technical excellencies of T. S. Eliot.

His late poems, those written after his conversion, reveal a faith and serenity, for their themes are related to the peace and joy of his new life, and his poetry is therefore, as inseparable from his priestly vocation as was that of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Compare the striking similarity of Merton's "The Blessed Virgin Mary, Compared to a Window":

*Because my will is simple as a window
And knows no pride of original earth
It is my life to die, like glass, by light
Slain in the strong rays of the bridegroom Sun*

with Hopkins "The Blessed Virgin Mary Compared to the Air We Breathe":

*. . . such sapphire shot
Charged, steeped sky will not
Stain light. Yea, mark you this:
It does no prejudice.
The glass-blue days are those
When every color glows,
Each shape and shadow shows.
Blue be it: this blue heaven
The seven or seven times seven
Hued sunbeam wide transmit
Perfect, not alter it.*

The purity of thought and simplicity of imagery in the poem entitled "St. Thomas Aquinas" is outstanding.

*The stars put out their pale opinions, one by one,
While the White-friar breaks the Truth, his Host,
Among his friends the simple Substances
For thus he fathered minds to reason's peace
And fed the children of the Kingdom
With the Person in the intellectual Bread.
Better than Jacob's dream
He saw how all created essences go up and down
Up their Jacob's Ladder.
Finding their own degree if likeness
To the Pure Act and Perfect Essence.
. . . The grey monks' Cistercian "subvenite"
Follows Aquinas in his ransomed flight,
And loses him among the cheering cherubim.*

His profoundly moving poem "The Biography" is a devotional allegory on the Mystical Body of Christ:

*Although my life is written on Christ's Body like a map,
The nails have printed in these open hands
More than the abstract names of sins,
More than the countries and the towns,
The names of streets, the numbers of the houses,
The record of the days and nights,
When I have murdered him in every square and street.*

He addresses Christ:

*... And with every wound You robbed me of a crime,
And as each blow was paid with Blood . . .
You made yourself a greater thief than any in Your company,
Stealing my sins into Your dying life,
Robbing me even of my death.*

The poems "The Betrayal", "Ode to the Present Century", "The Holy Child's Song", "St. John the Baptist" (who was the first Trappist), "Clairvaux" (written in honor of the great St. Bernard), "The Sponge Full of Vinegar", and in particular "An Argument of the Passion of Christ" are all great poetry.

The finest tribute to any hero is that which is simply titled "For My Brother", Sgt. John Paul Merton, R.C.A.F., Reported Missing in Action; 1943.

*Sweet brother, if I do not sleep
My eyes are flowers for your tomb;
And if I cannot eat my bread,
My fasts shall live like willows where you died.
If in the heat I find no water for my thirst,
My thirst shall turn to springs for you, poor traveller,*

*Where, in what desolate and smokey country,
Lies your poor body, lost and dead?
And in what landscape of disaster
Has your unhappy spirit lost its road?*

*Come, in my labor find a resting place
And in my sorrows lay your head
Or rather take my life and blood
And buy yourself a better bed —
Or take my breath and take my death
And buy yourself a better rest.*

*When all the men of war are shot
And flags have fallen into dust,
Your cross and mine shall tell men still
Christ died on each, for both of us.*

*For in the wreckage of your April Christ lies slain,
And Christ weeps in the ruins of my spring:
The money of Whose tears shall fall
Into your weak and friendless hand,
And buy you back to your own land;
The silence of Whose tears shall fall
Like bells upon your alien tomb.
Hear them and come; they call you home.*

Gabriela Mistral: Chile's Poet-Teacher

(SECOND PRIZE IN ESSAY CONTEST)

Joan Black

Since the days of Ruben Dario South American culture has been struggling to develop a literature that is its own, not Europe's, and especially not Spain's. And with the advent of the modernists, the postmodernists, and the surrealists has come the birth of a literature that is a blend of the sophisticated European and the earthy Indian. The result has been definitely South American.

To the growing list of outstanding poets, Latin America's greatest contributors to world literature, has been added the name of Gabriela Mistral. In her one finds the magnificent blend of the Spanish, the Indian, the modernist, the classical and, most outstandingly, the Catholic. In 1945, in recognition of the beauty and idealism of her poetry, she was awarded the Nobel prize for literature. Since then the world, not South America which already knows and loves her, has realized that that land "South of the border" has produced another great poet.

Born in Vicuña, a small village in northern Chile, on April 7, 1889, her life and works reflect the simplicity, resignation and spirituality of her humble Basque-Indian parentage. At the age of fifteen she followed in her father's footsteps in becoming the teacher in the local school. It was this beginning that gave rise to her greatest work — the teaching and helping of children. For years Lucila Godoy Alcayaga, Miss Mistral's real name, struggled to teach the poorest children of her country. From the small country elementary school, she advanced to the teaching and later the directing of several secondary schools in the cities of Chile. Few people knew then of her heroic daily labor, hidden and most fruitful for the invisible realms of the human soul.

Chile first took notice of Lucila Godoy when in 1915 she won an award presented by the writers' society of Santiago. Her remarkably beautiful poems were called "Sonetos de la Muerte" (Sonnets on Death) and she submitted them under the pseudonym of Gabriela Mistral, adopted out of admiration of the two European poets Gabriel D'Annunzio and Frederic Mistral. Literary Santiago stood in shocked admiration of the unknown school-mistress from the provinces whose lyric talents were of a form, so striking, appealing and profound, seldom found in South America.

It is a custom in Latin countries to send their great writers on diplomatic commissions in order that they might develop their own talents and more brilliantly represent their countries. In fact, in South America a leading poet is more widely known and has greater influence than most of the noted statesmen. So it was that in 1922 Gabriela Mistral was sent to Mexico to study the founding and organizing of libraries and to help in the reorganization of the Mexican school system. Since then she has held numerous influential positions, including many on international and cultural commissions. Since 1932 she has worked as Chilean consular to Genoa, Madrid, Lisbon, and Petropolis, Brazil.

The poetry of Gabriela Mistral is essentially religious in tone, personal and lyrically passionate. It reflects the same pessimism and fatalism, though, that one finds throughout South American literature. "But" as one South

American critic puts it, "it is a tranquil pessimism, fatalistic rather of feeling than of thought, emotional, not metaphysical, coming naturally and corresponding to a sadness caused by terrible and limiting natural surroundings." Equal in influence on Gabriel Mistral to this natural fatalism have been the influences of the Bible, Tagore, the Mexican poet, Amado Nervo, and the outstanding South American poet, Rubén Darío.

In accordance with her deep feeling of Christianity, Gabriela Mistral formulated her "Decologue of the Artist", a kind of *Ars Poetica*, which is one of her most famous and religiously significant works.

1. Thou shalt love beauty which is the shadow of God on the universe.
2. There is no art that is aesthetic. Even though thou dost not love the Creator thou will affirm his existence by creating in his likeness.
3. Thou shalt not use Beauty as a fodder for the feelings, but as the natural food of the soul.
4. It shall not serve as a pretext for luxury or vanity but only as a spiritual exercise.
5. Thou shalt not seek it in the market place nor put thy talents at the service of the vulgar, for Beauty is virginal and what is found in the market place is not beauty.
6. Beauty will rise from thine heart to thy poem and thou shalt first be cleansed.
7. Beauty shall always bear the name of Pity and will console the hearts of men.
8. Thou shalt bring forth thy work as a child is born, staunching the blood of thine heart.
9. Beauty shall not be to thee an opiate that lulls thee to sleep but a generative wine which fires thee to action, for if thou dost fall from thy full stature of man or woman thou dost cease to be an artist.
10. After thine every creative act thou shalt emerge humbled for thou shalt have fallen short of thine own vision and short of that vision of God, which is nature.

But poetry to Gabriela Mistral is only indirectly important. It is the means by which she can express her consuming love of children. This great love, this spiritual maternity is implied or expressed in everything she has written. "Grant that I may be more mother than is the mother herself in my love and defense of those who are not flesh of my flesh. May my pupils be my most perfect verse and may I leave in them my most melodious song Remind me, Lord from the dim pallor of Valezquez's canvas that to teach greatly and to love greatly on this our earth, is to bear to the end the lance of Longinus in the ardent breast of love." (Prayer for the Teacher) To the children she has dedicated her life and the greater part of her poetry. Her second volume of poems "Ternura" (Tenderness) consists completely of songs and verses for children. Much of her work has been set to music and the songs are as familiar to the South American child as "Jingle Bells" is to the North American. When in 1938 she published her third and latest volume "Tala", she donated the book's entire earnings to the Basque orphans of the Spanish Civil War.

From her earliest years Gabriela Mistral has written poetry that has mirrored both the sorrow and frustration of her own life and the sorrow she has seen throughout the world. "May those who think life is sweet, forgive me." She has found that life for most people is hard and therefore she sings

their melodies in a minor key. In her poetry she can rise to the heights of passion or thrust herself into the depths with convulsive agony. Even in her most simple poems, such as "La Lluvia Lenta" (The Slow Rain) one finds this tendency to sadness. (It is presented here with a prose translation below because there is no translation that does equal justice to the form and the sentiment.)

LA LLUVIA LENTA

*Esta agua medrosa y ríste
como un niño que parece
antes de tocar la tierra
desfallece.
Quieto el árbol, quieto el viento
¡y en el silencio estupendo
este fino llanto amargo
cayendo!
El cielo es como un inmenso
corazón que se abre, amargo.
No llueve: es un sangrar lento
y largo.
Dentro del hogar, los hombres
no sienten esta amargura,
este envío de agua triste
de la altura.
Este largo y fatigante
descender de aguas vencidas
hacia la tierra yacente
y transida.*

(That tearful and sad water, like a suffering child, before reaching the earth, languishes. Tranquil the trees, tranquil the wind and in the fearful silence that fine rain sorrowfully falling. The sky is like a huge heart that opens in sadness. It is not rain: it is a long, slow bleeding. Inside the house men do not feel this sadness, these sorrowful waters from above. That long and tiring descent of conquered waters from above. That long and tiring descent leaves the earth flattened and exhausted. The mass of water is falling, silently as a dream, as the fragile creatures of dreams. It rains . . . and like the tragic figure of a jackal, the night lies in wait on the mountain ridge. What will come forth in the darkness from the earth? Will you sleep on while outside there is falling sorrowfully that lifeless water, that lethal water, sister of death?)

*Bjando está el agua inerte
callado como un ensueño
como las criaturas leves
de los sueños.
Llueve . . . y como un chacal trágico
la noche acecha en la sierra
¿que va a surgir, en la sombra
de la Tierra?
¿Dormireis, mientras afuere
cae sufriendo, esa agua inerte
esta agua, letal, hermana
de la Muerte?*

In the quietness of South America's vast unmechanized land, the poet is more aware of the mysteries in nature. And because of his unhurried life he has time to contemplate them and to express them poetically. This is especially true of Gabriela Mistral who uses one of her favorite forms, the prose, poem, to write on the mystery of ugliness.

LO FEO (UGLINESS)

You have not unraveled the enigma of ugliness. You do not know why the Lord and Master of the lilies of the fields permits the snake in the fields and the toad in the well. He allows them to cross over the dewy moss.

With ugliness matter is weeping. I have heard its moan. Look upon sorrow and embrace it. Love the spider and the beetle as sorrowful because they do not, as the rose does, possess the gift of felicity. Love them because they are a deluded aspiration for beauty, an unheard desire for perfection. They are like one of your days, wasted and wretched in spite of you. Love them because they do not remind us of God nor do they make us think of his beloved countenance.

Have a lively sympathy for those that seek, so intensely with tremendous longing, the beauty that will not come. The spider, with its enormous belly, dreams of ideals in its delicate web, and the beetle exudes a moisture over its back loins in order to attain by a trick a fugitive brilliance.

Or in another prose-poem, one of her most beautiful, she gives us a magnificent lesson on humility. In many of prose-poems, Miss Mistral equals and often surpasses Rabindranath Tagore, the great Hindu philosopher-poet, who developed and used this style so often in his work.

A UN SEMBRADOR (TO A SOWER)

Sow without looking upon the earth where the seed falls. You are lost if you turn to the countenance of others. Your glance, inviting their reply, will strike them as an invitation to praise you, and even if they agree you are right, they will refuse to make this reply out of pride. Give your word and follow eagerly without turning your head. When they see you have gone some distance, they will accept your seed; perhaps they will kiss it tenderly and carry it in their hearts.

Don't stamp your portrait on the metal of your doctrine. That will deprive you of the love of the selfish ones and the selfish are the world.

Speak to your brethren in the shadows of the late afternoon in order to obscure your countenance and disguise your voice to the point that it is indistinguishable from any other voice. Make yourself forgotten, make yourself forgotten Do as the branch that does not keep any trace of the fruit that it allows to fall to the ground.

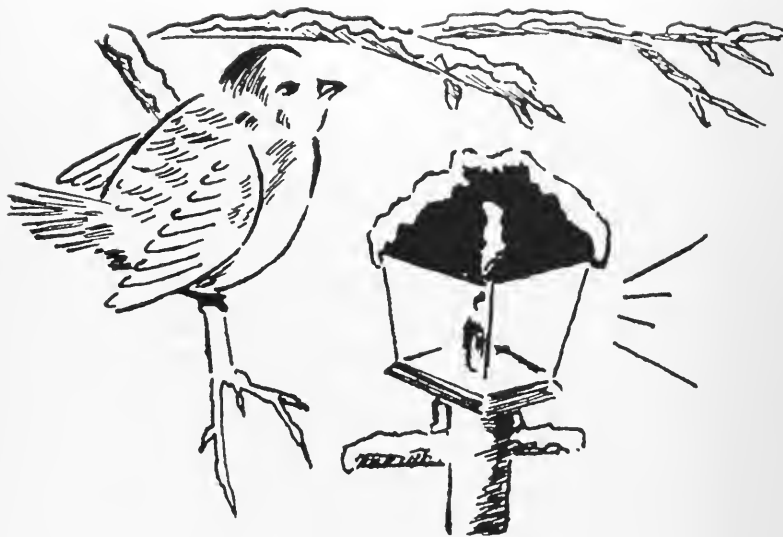
Toward the most business like, those who claim to be least interested in dreams, let them know the infinite value of a dream and refrain from aggrandizing him who dreamed it.

Do as the father who forgave his enemy on surprising him in the act of embracing his son. Suffer yourself to be embraced in your marvelous vision of redemption. Regard it in silence and smile . . .

Let the sacred joy of entering into thought be sufficient for you; let the solitary and divine savor of its infinite sweetness suffice for you. It is a mystery in which God and your soul are present. Shall you not surrender to that tremendous witness? Knowing once you have possessed it you will not forget.

God also maintains that modest silence, because he is the Humble One. He has poured forth His creatures and the beauty of things through hills and valleys with less noise than the grass makes in growing. Let the lovers of things come and regard them, get to know them, become enraptured with them, tenderly holding them close. Never give your vision a name. It is silent, silent and it smiles . . .

Gabriela Mistral is considered the founder of the modern poetry movement in Chile. Her style, which is direct and personal, her imagery which is rich and earthy, and her words which are simple vigorous are made dim only by the brilliance of her sentiments. She has become the most beloved of the South American mystic poets and is today the most important woman in Latin American culture.



Stephen Vincent Benet

Gloria M. Sileo

When Stephen Vincent Benét died in New York City, on March 13, 1943, the literary world was buried in black crepe. There was a flood of comments in the newspapers, write-ups in the magazines and eulogies in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Old classmates, professors, publishers, and literary apprentices wrote about "my pal, Steve." They said that he had a certain "persistent twinkle in his eyes and a drawlingly American sense of humour." They said that he had a "keen appraisal of the follies and crimes of his time and wrote about them with vigor, drama, and humour". They called his life a model of what a poet's life should be. "A poet's poet," they said. That was Stephen Vincent Benét.

Benét was born on July 22, 1898, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, into a family that boasted of a long line of West Point graduates and a Spanish grandfather who wrote army texts and "translated admirably". Even as a child, Benét showed an unusually enthusiastic interest in poetry. His father would, at the slightest provocation, recite anything from William Morris to John Keats, and his brother William Rose was writing poetry for a high school paper under the pseudonym of "Tibi".

Benét himself was an avid reader. He would sit in a corner, where the light was none too good, twist his legs around a chair or prop them up against the wall and read, with relish, such tales as "Peck's Bad Boy" and Howard Puyale's "Men of Iron". Chronic nearsightedness was practically all he developed for his pains and Benét was forced to wear round, horn-rimmed eyeglasses, so that he looked like a wise old owl with a "spark of Athene's mischief in his eye".

Benét was never very athletic. As a student at Hitchcock Military Academy, he was the "class sissy". He experienced all the knocks a miserable schoolboy was supposed to experience and immortalized them in a poem called "Going Back to School," quite reminiscent of Shelley's "fagging at Eton".

When he heard the inviting voice of the Muse, Benét was still young. There was the cash prize of three dollars from the St. Nicholas League for a poet called "The Regret of Dives" and another poem, "Proud Man" in which Benét decided that he didn't want to shut himself up in an ivory tower and let the rest of mankind pass him by. In an essay entitled "The Sixth Man," dedicated to his father, Stephen Vincent Benét came to realize that "poetry was not a dead thing or an alien thing, or a dry game of words. I knew there were rules and that you could break the rules, but that you must never break them unintentionally. I knew it was always written by the living even though the date-line said that the man was dead".

Benét entered Yale and in his sophomore year was elected chairman of the Literary Magazine. He met Philip Barry and Thornton Wilder and the three of them — Barry '18, Benet '19, and Wilder '20 — made a fine trio.

As a Junior, Benét wrote the Yale University Prize Poem, "Drug Shop, or Endymion in Edmonstoun," about Keats. He left Yale temporarily when World War I commenced. Of course, the army rejected him because of his eyesight, but Benét entered the State Department as a cipher clerk, and returned for his B.A. when his job had been finished.

Next, New York and a position with an advertising office looked alluring but Stephen Benét decided that going to Yale for his Master's would be more profitable. In lieu of a thesis, he presented "Heavens and Earth," a book of poems, like "Tall Town" and "Colloquy of the Statues." He wrote about New York's white collar workers on their lunch hours, of pickets on lower Fifth Avenue and of the sun putting in its morning appearance on 32nd Street.

Literature became his sole means of support. He published his first novel, "Beginning of Wisdom", and then went to Paris, presumably to study at the Sorbonne. But Benét returned instead, with a wife—Rosemary Carr, who was born to sympathize with the way he wished to write. Two more novels followed — "Young People's Pride" and "Jean Huguenot" and then the vein of invention grew thinner, the stories flimsier.

Meanwhile, Benét had presented a plan for a poem on the Civil War, before the Guggenheim Foundation. They sent him to Paris and it was from there that he wrote: "I cannot promise accomplishment — no writer with a degree of honesty can. I can promise work and a greater amount of it under such conditions than it seems likely. I shall be able to produce without them. My ultimate purpose in Study, or, for that matter, in existence, is to attempt to write good poetry, and given the opportunity, I shall do the best I can to further that purpose".

"John Brown's Body" was the poem, and that year the Pulitzer Prize went to Stephen Benét.

After that, Benét worked indefatigably. He turned out a collection of his ballads and poems, another novel, "James Shore's Daughter" and finally a collection of short stories, "Thirteen O'Clock", containing the O. Henry Award-winning tale of the "Devil and Daniel Webster" (so admirably portrayed on the screen by Walter Huston and Edward Arnold.)

With the advent of World War II, Benét contributed his services once again, this time by writing anti-fascist propaganda for the government as well as a "Prayer for the United Nations".

There was no end to the awards. Benét won the coveted Roosevelt Medal, was elected Vice-President of the National Institute and a member of the American Academy. Yet, there was never a trace of vanity or envy in Stephen Benét. His courtesy and kindness to all was at once apparent, a consideration that caused many a mere acquaintance to exclaim, "Why, good Lord, he was asking me my opinion!!!!"

Stephen Vincent Benét was a poet's poet. He was a thoroughly American poet too. He loved America and its people and they loved him. Once, in one of the rare moments in which he talked about himself, he told of buying Whistler House in Stonington, Connecticut. He told of how he came to love the town and its people and how his chest swelled with pride because they liked him too. He said: "They see me going down the street and they say: 'There goes Benny the poet. He's thinkin'.'"



SNOW

*Spinning snow-flakes
Fast, but softly,
Claim the city in the night.*

*Glowing lamp-lights
Turn their whiteness
To a silver jewel delight.*

*Down at rest
The crystals cluster
Gently building feathery heights.*

MARY E. SPARROW

Loria Interviews John Robert Powers

Helen Madden

Shakespeare, Hicksville, Long Island, homely philosophy—these are hardly by-words which call to mind that glamorous glamour agent, John Robert Powers. Yet listening to him, one easily realizes that his interests run chiefly in these channels.

The whole idea for this interview arose from a discussion in the Rec regarding the part time jobs a college girl could hold, and a comparison of their lucrative worth. Modeling received full recognition from all. Since the profession seemed so interesting to the school-girls, I wondered what would make the school-girls interesting to the profession. Whom else to have asked but John Robert Powers? And it seemed so easy—didn't the gay red "Classified" bear his address?

For eight hours a day, 247 Park Avenue harbored this famed connoisseur of the female face divine. I mean habors. He is figuratively wharfed, piered, and bulwarked by secretaries, receptionists and girls who answer hundreds of busy black telephones. A long, cool blonde told me to arrange a convenient time by phone, in tones heavily calculated, no doubt, to send me slinking into the nearest wastebasket. Mission uncompleted, I started down the corridor when an innocent-looking door opened and there he was; from his picture I knew it could be no other.

"Mr. Powers," in a gurgled crescendo. "You are Mr. Powers, aren't you?"

"Yes" as he glanced up at me from under great, beetling brows. (Mr. Powers isn't a very tall man.)

"Do you have time for an interview—now puh-leeze?"

A genial flip of his hand towards the office behind him, I promptly took as an invitation to enter. Settling himself on a corner of the desk, Mr. Powers, with a weary hunch of his heavy shoulders, indicated his willingness to proceed. I crouched over my pad in a nearby chair, examined my pencil and croaked—

"Name, please"—. Bleak, desolate silence greeted this provocative introductory question. From beneath the two terrible eyebrows, electric blue eyes twinkled a signal of understanding humor.

"Let me begin," he laughed.

"What do you want me to tell you about—the characteristics of the girls I choose for modeling careers?" In soft, rather deep tones he explained that, for him, good grooming was the first essential. Also one's own personality, since it is so frankly caught by the camera, must be positively developed and evident.

"A girl should be herself—cultivate whatever natural abilities she has—everyone has something."

Mr. Powers spoke in short, cryptic sentences, strongly indicative of his brisk personality, but once in a while he allowed himself to "give out" freely. When I asked him to tell me in one significant statement his views on life, love and the pursuit of happiness, he sat back and very frankly laughed.

"Hold on a minute. I'm just a farmer from Hicksville, Long Island. That's a big order."

Then seriously he explained that his chief aim was to establish natural

beauty as the ideal standard of American glamor. His creed in the establishment of this ideal is "Be yourself," a natural follow-up of the ancient philosophers' "Know yourself."

He believes that a girl should not be primarily concerned with her mirror. She should rather be concerned with the development of her natural self in order that she might best fit herself for her place in the world's social order. Mr. Powers claims that girls have a tendency to procrastinate—they have aspirations, but "because of a lackadaisical refusal to face facts," they never get further than aspiring. Some girls are not really willing to add the necessary imagination, industry and creative ability. He insists that, in Shakespeare's words, "To climb steep hills requires slow pace."

Shakespeare, by the way, adds Mr. Powers, should be as much a part of a college girl's daily diet as her breakfast food. (A vision of the undergrads first gulping Polonius, figuratively, and then nibbling daintily on a Wheatie tickled my giddy imagination.)

"I was with the Shakespearean repertoire company of the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree for ten years, and I learned more of life and how to get along with people in that period than in any other in my years."

Nodding my appreciation of his appreciation of Shakespeare, I subtly changed the subject by saying uh-huh and would Mr. Powers please tell me what happened to his models when they left the profession? Willingly he explained that Powers' agency was a constant source of supply to stage, screen and radio.

"But," he spoke seriously and emphatically, "what I am most proud of is our record for good, honest, down-to-earth happy marriages. It seems to show that for the most part the Powers' girl hasn't been caught up in this marry—then divorce him—and do it in a hurry—sophisticated trend.

John Robert Powers, practically synonymous with all that spells glamour, constantly stressed his search for natural beauty and real unselfconscious personality.

Then a quick look at his watch, a smiling—

"Have to make a train!" (To Hicksville!) and the interview was over.

Rain

*Tiny silver spears are thrown
Against the window pane,
Tiny silver spears that drive
Their points against the grain.
Slender silver spears that blend
In busy silver streams
That tumble down the rutted road
And wash away my dreams.
Slender silver spears that fall
In smooth and ceaseless flow;
Slender silver spears that pierce
My heart at every blow.*

ROSEMARY GLIMM

Cervante's Masterpiece

(THIRD PRIZE IN ESSAY CONTEST.)

Patricia M. Kenney

In the course of three centuries a notable change has taken place in the esteem in which "Don Quijote" has been held by the general reading public. Today, "Don Quijote" is prized because it satisfies the interest which men have always felt in a sympathetic interpretation of human nature, in a comprehensive picture of the life of man and of society, whatever the age or the nation may be. During the early part of the 17th century, readers looked on the story as a simple yarn or a book of adventure to be enjoyed like the rogue-stories of the day. The contemporaries of Cervantes had an inadequate appreciation of it and he, himself, could not have known the future popularity of his masterpiece. During that period, there were so many good writers and so many masterpieces that the people could not single out for posterity the true masterpieces. It was written during the Renaissance when together with a reaction against medievalism, there arose in the popular mind the realization that the manifold gifts of life are to be used and not rejected, that it is not through an unreasonable renunciation of the world, that the most profitable forms of existence can be attained to, but through the free play of all mental and spiritual energies. At this time, the proverbial pride of the Spaniard in his nationality became most pronounced. Also, work was looked upon as degrading, that is why Don Quijote spent his hours of leisure and the greatest part of the year in reading books of chivalry. What gave Don Quijote his power of ridicule was the skillful presentation of the hero's absurd effort to revive medieval customs at a time when a thorough-going reaction against them was in full swing.

Cervantes' passion for poetry gave him neither the wish nor the power to shed his poverty. It led him to acquire the great degree of information in all his writings, especially shown in the "Canto de Caliope", the account of Don Quijote's library.

One of the most important events in Cervantes' life was his residence in "La Mancha" on his return from Sevilla. The ingenious story of Don Quijote was projected and completed in his province. While living there he accurately observed the most remarkable places such as the lakes of Ruydera, the cave of Montesinos, the fulling mills, the pass of Lapice and other places, which comprised the theatre of Don Quijote's adventures. The residents of La Mancha arrested and imprisoned Cervantes, it was in this prison that he meditated on the first part of "Don Quijote". He made Argamasilla, the location of the prison, the native place of "Don Quijote". This was the origin of the first part.

As a life-like drawing in its vigor and carefulness of details, the master-creation, Sancho Panza, Don Quijote's squire, has no equal in all Spanish fiction. There is a rustic atmosphere about Sancho that recalls the spirit of the rogue story but Cervantes keeps above the vein of those tales by blending the cloddishness of Sancho Panza with the lofty traits of the ingenious knight, who is ever pure of heart. Sancho is swayed by interest. When he feels on the safe side, he serves Don Quijote willingly. When he sees no profit in it, he becomes disgusted. Cervantes has managed the character of Sancho to keep him either in suspense with hope or in delight with gain. He proves to his readers through the incident of the Moor, Ricote, that Sancho does not want wealth but wants to obtain competency.

The various characters of "Don Quijote" are not drawn as seen directly through the eyes of the author but indirectly through the eyes of the hero, Don

Quijote. In order to put more weight and authority into the characters of the Canon and the Curate, Cervantes permits them to utter the serious accusations against the Books of Chivalry from the moral point of view. Cervantes succeeds in keeping the subordinate characters well in their places. Each of them expect to cure the Knight, which would consequently end the work. Hence, the means which the curate uses to diminish the madness of "Don Quijote" are such as serve to increase it. The bachelor, Campsion Carrasco is one of the most useful and well-imagined characters of the work. Cervantes introduces him to carry on the story and bring it to a natural conclusion. Instead of talking Don Quijote out of his madness, Carrasco hastens his departure. He, which is just the opposite of his intentions, is defeated by Don Quijote as the Knight of the Mirrors, which has two results, that of ending the irresolution of Sancho and that of stimulating the madness of the Knight. If he had defeated Don Quijote or dissuaded him from sallying forth, the action would have finished completely.

This book was something new in the literary world, a novelty, yet it appealed to the high-born as well as to the common people alike. This universal quality is attributed in part to the language used by Cervantes. He uses a great many idioms, taken from the common treasure of proverbs, in short, he uses the language of the common people. The preeminent quality of Cervantes is his extraordinary gift of invention. The humor consists for the most part in the unforeseen situations, that arise from the violent contrasts and incongruities inherent in the main theme, a medieval knight who sets out to seek adventures and an unromantic modern world. Literary humor is employed when Cervantes completes the character drawing of Don Quijote by using old-fashioned pronunciations and the unnatural style of the romances of chivalry. The perennial charm of his humor lies in its ever buoyant tone and its lack of malice. Cervantes had struggled, like the great majority, for goals which he never reached and concluded that the very illusions which beset all men may sometimes compensate for never attaining their heart's desire.

The situation of the various subjects enhances the beauty of the narration by the contrast and diversity with which Cervantes introduces them. The two principal characters are never presented in a uniform situation, almost every event changes the state of their fortune. When flattering themselves with a prosperous adventure, some misfortune always occurs and casts them down. The author always contrives to vary the situation of each with respect to the other. Sancho remains in safety when his master is wounded or conquered and when Sancho is beaten, Don Quijote is out of danger.

The principal subject is the madness of the hero, yet others are not wanting, when they can be introduced with propriety such as love, compassion and sorrow, in the adventures of Cardenio, Dorothea and Basileus, terror in the death of Chrysoston and Tosillos; surprise in the appearance of Marcella, in the adventure of Merlin and in the resurrection of Attisidora.

Don Quijote is a man of leisure, he neglects the material cares of life in order to dedicate himself exclusively to spiritual concerns. He loses his earth-boundness, which people call real life and becomes an idealist. There are very few idealists in the world today because, they, unlike the gallant knight, are not willing to sell their land acre by acre but rather wish to acquire new acres. Life's aim is the increase of wealth, which is shown by the increase of bank accounts indicating that the people today have not wasted their time. A contemporary of Don Quijote founded a fatalistic religion, which held a view of truth contrary to Don Quijote. Don Quijote failed, while the preacher of Geneva triumphed through the missionary work of his smaller sectarian fol-

lowers. Because of this, people came to believe that God's blessing rested on the material welfare they acquired by industry. For this, the world is suffering today and because of it, there is communism, with all its lamentable concomitants. By renouncing all his earthly possessions, Don Quijote follows the teaching of Christ. His idealism makes him a hero because without idealism, he can be no more than the leader of a gang. By following the principle according to which the logic of reality remains valid in the ideal world also, Don Quijote's world becomes safe from a charge of folly. Morality is a part of truth which is an end in itself, and may not be manipulated to serve the interests of state or party. Don Quijote's merit is that his conception of knighthood is an assertion of truth. Under these circumstances, it is a small matter if he, himself commits injustice, for man even through his errors and breakdowns, even after his diversions on byways and false tracks, finds his right way and his life's true significance, provided only that the ideal stands in its external splendor before his eyes.

In the adventure with the shepherds, Don Quijote expresses his gratitude to them but makes them understand that this hospitality is his due as a knight-errant. All those who have regarded themselves as true benefactors of mankind have always claimed that they be supported by society. Socrates always claimed this openly — Saint Paul, although to his own person, he judged differently, proclaimed the principle that the clergy may live from the altar. He who achieves creative work by his soul, by his inward life, cannot perform physical labor. Don Quijote acted in accordance with the commandments of God for truth and justice. The peoples and nations of today are full of evils precisely because they refuse to serve the will of God and are instead, selfish and self-interested. Don Quijote will stake his life for his experience, because he is the kind of artist, whose art is in the service of the moral task, for which the heroic soul risks his life all the time.

Sancho Panza is the realist who sees things as they are, he neither creates, nor enjoys nor thinks of moral activity. Don Quijote lives in his own soul as those artists did who starved, who lived a wretched existence because they were never able to acquire wealth but in spite of it, they did go on creating. Don Quijote, even though many times he erred in what he saw, was true to himself because he obeyed his inwardness and remained faithful to it even when his obedience to it caused only misery and suffering to himself. Don Quijote, then, possesses a conviction, which means reality for him, he acts according to his conviction, he is active all the time, from his actions he reasons back to his conviction, which means reality, thus to reality itself.

Although he is sane, he wants to become insane because he must remain faithful to his personality, which is the idea of the knight errant. This idea recognizes that the knight becomes insane for his lover. He is not insane; hence, nothing is left but to become insane as shown by his actions, because activity and inwardness are identical in the world of Don Quijote. With the greatest seriousness, he starts to do foolish things, thus indicating only the logical behavior of a consistent philosopher. Because Don Quijote acts on a religious basis and errs, he differs from modern dictators, who assert an anti-religious attitude. Sancho recognizes the heroism of Don Quijote but does not believe his own governorship. He is inconsistent, while Don Quijote is consistent. Because he is a hero he has a squire, because he is a hero, he fights with giants, hostile Moors, etc. He is not a hero without giants and without fighting hostile Moors, hence it is necessary that as he, himself, exists so also should his giants but since a giant has not yet been seen by anyone, the hero,

looking for giants, naturally sees them in the windmills.

Two forces propel mankind, one is skepticism, the other enthusiasm. Don Quijote is the embodiment of enthusiasm. A certain amount of the ridiculous is an indispensable adjunct to the performances and to the very nature of persons, who are determined to accomplish some new and stupendous deed. When all is done, without such eccentric people, humanity would never have progressed.

Don Quijote is a thinker, he performs his duty not only with his body's strength but also with his soul. He believes in Christ's ideal of peace. He is a true soldier because he suffers much with the true unselfishness of a soldier.

All his effort is characterized by pure noble effort and honest means, with the contempt of craft and cunning. He is so sincere himself, that he cannot lie and believes everything anyone tells him. Because of this, we must give him our respect.

Don Quijote possesses the requirements of a good preacher. He is sincerely religious, he makes his speeches just long enough to get across what he has to say. What he says is of universal importance because he deals with mighty subjects, subjects of interest to every man. Don Quijote talks about the education of the knight-errant on the ideal personality, thus his principles can be regarded as referring to any person, who wants to become an ideal personality. From "Don Quijote", then, we can gain practical knowledge.

In Don Quijote's opinion, the greatest enemy of love, of marriage is poverty. Therefore he advises husbands to provide their wives with the objects necessary to satisfy their nature. Don Quijote sets forth a condition: he says suppose there were only one good woman left in the world. Then, he advises every husband to regard his wife as that good woman, thus transforming into a good person, the one of whom he always presupposed goodness.

His creative activity is caused by moral motives. He remains a moral personality when acting under the influence of his visions that transform reality. His morality validates itself in his fightings and when these fightings stop and everything becomes for him what it is, even then he remains the same moral personality.

When Don Quijote stays at the Duke's Court, his dream becomes a reality. He firmly believes himself to be a real knight-errant in the arrangement of the knightly atmosphere.

Don Quijote held liberty in high esteem because he thought that God created man free and wanted him to be free. He speaks, also, in a long passage to Sancho of two kinds of beauty, that of the soul and that of the body. According to him goodness and honesty mean beauty. Together with a practical value, "Don Quijote" also has a definite philosophical value.

Even in a hostile atmosphere, that comprised the greater part of his life, he was able to retain his valuable personality and remain what he was. Just before Don Quijote died he lost his personal validity created by his own soul. He didn't realize that he was an artist, that he himself created his own world. Religion, morals and fantasy were in his soul. When he awoke from his long sleep right before his death, only religion and morals remained. His fantasy died because he recognized it for what it was.

On his death-bed, he showed his complete faith in God by placing himself entirely in His Hands. Right before he dies he asks the pardon of materialistic, greedy Sancho, who lived by proverbs. There is no doubt as to the humility of Don Quijote. Only truly great men can be truly humble. God himself, designated humility as one distinctive mark of greatness.

Art's Vital Realists

Audrey Sorrento

The development of art is truly an evolutionary process. From one period and its achievements other developments and heights are reached. One of the great periods in the history of art is that of Flemish realism, German honesty and Dutch firmness. In the fifteenth century even the Italians, most famous for their art, realized that Flemish painters had no compeers; they collected their works eagerly and sent them many pupils.

For a time it was thought that the invention of oil painting should be attributed to the Flemings, Hubert and Jan VanEyck, though in reality oil paints had been known from the twelfth century. The VanEycks did, however, perfect drying mediums and give new splendor and intensity to color. Jan VanEyck's "Flemish Merchant and His Wife" looks as if it had been painted yesterday, so fresh and strong are its colors! He is said to be the greatest portrait artist of all time. His keenness of mind and of eye enabled him to pursue resemblances with tenacity and present exact material likeness, even to the texture of the hair and the grain of the skin. Faure says that in VanEyck "there is never any generalization, but there is also never any lie". The spontaneous composition of a picture is what places the Flemings, the VanEycks in particular, first among those who have presented the whole aspect of man.

Roger Van der Weyden remained a Fleming quite as much as the VanEycks, but in a different way. He had an instinct for powerful harmonies, for opaque splendor and for insistence on color. He strove for pathos, and unlike the VanEycks had religious and dramatic sentiment. He knew how to present strong emotion of the soul. His "Descent from the Cross" is very stirring, and so very real. His presentation is that of a mystic.

Perhaps the most attractive of these Flemish masters is Memling. Though inferior to Van der Weyden in his mastery of line and VanEyck in solid realism, his presentation is serene and limpid. He has been called "the Flemish Raphael".

A man of free and bold mind, of great powers of observation and of feeling is Peter Breughal. He is the discoverer of the intimacy of landscape toward which other Flemish artists had been tending. The VanEycks had shown how the plains recede; Memling had perceived that land in the distance is lost in a haze of blue mist, but it remained for Breughal to place himself, and the spectator through his great power, in the very center of the field, or in the forest, or on the hill. In his paintings of the seasons every blade of grass, every tree, every figure is affected by the darkening of the sky, or by its brightness. In his composition and design he reveals the entire body of nature, and restores symbolism to the appreciation of the spirit.

During this period of realism in Flemish art, German art was developing along similar lines. The German art of the Reformation period was characterized by honesty, but an honesty generally accompanied by a lack of talent for selection. However, this period did produce two outstanding artists—Albert Dürer and Hans Holbein.

Dürer was thinker as well as artist, friend as well as printer of the Humanists. In his portraits there is a tremendous honesty, every detail is shown—every wrinkle, every hair. His portraits are vital, vibrant and living.

Hans Holbein, on the other hand, shows a strong tendency to idealism. Very German in his precision and powers of analysis and reconstruction, he, nevertheless, is the only German who knew how to choose and emphasize dominant points.

Superior as a painter to Dürer and Holbein whose main claims to fame are as engravers, is Mathias Grünewald. He knew the secret of giving drama to his color and action to his painting. His "Crucifixion" is stark, real, terrifying, and honest.

The wealthy, industrious Netherlands of the seventeenth century produced realistic, non-intellectual art for art's sake. Franz Hals, greatest Dutch portrait painter after Rembrandt, is the painter of gaiety and laughter. Rembrandt's great contribution in his blending of the most brilliant light and the deepest shadow, "luminous atmosphere". He preferred "character to beauty, and sought to express the infinite by light rather than by line". Like Dürer, Rembrandt appealed to the masses as well as to the rich.

In Catholic Flanders, Rubens was portrait painter, landscape artist, and portrayer of religious, historical, allegorical and domestic subjects. He had the power of awakening in the viewer of his paintings his own vitality, his sympathy, and his love of mankind.

The influence of these Flemish, Dutch and German artists has never ceased. Their paintings have been studied assiduously; indeed they have been made near idols by many of our moderns.

Cezanne was influenced by Holbein. He admitted that among the masters he most admired were Holbein, Rubens and Rembrandt. Grünewald and Breughal have had their influence on the German moderns. Van Gogh is of the line of Franz Hals in his "insolent desire to look the sun in the face" and in his lashing strokes. He discovered, too, the color and gay extravagance of Rubens.

The influence of this period of realism has been extremely important in the history of art. The spirit of those artists who first gave vibrant, living reality to art is still vital and strongly alive today in the works of our moderns.



A Symphonic Suite... from the "Arabian Nights"

Vivian Simes



Once upon a time, in a far off land, a Sultan, Schabriar, by name, convinced of the faithlessness of women, had sworn to put to death each of his wives. But the Sultana, Scheherezade, saved her own life by diverting him with stories, which she told him during a thousand and one nights. The Sultan, conquered by his curiosity, put off from day to day the execution of his wife, at last renounced his sanguinary vow entirely. . . .

As the music begins we are introduced to the menacing figure of the stern Sultan, portrayed by a bold phrase, given in unison by trombone, tuba, horns, woodwind and strings, in their lower register. There is a short interlude, rather tentative in character and then the violin, trembling and diffident, yet shining clear against rich chords from the harp, utters the lovely little song that typifies Scheherezade the narrator. She begins her tale, the palace, the Sultan, all cease to exist and we are transported, as if by a magic carpet to Sinbad's vessel. A fabulous tale is being told—"a painted ship upon a painted ocean"—we feel the long swell of the sea, we hear the strange, mysterious sounds of water lapping at the smooth sides of the vessel, we see the bending mast, the white capped blue of deep waters, the brazen sun in the tropical sky. The music has the long-rolling motion of a deep-sea comber; strings maintain the thread of the Sinbad story while underneath, always, moves this sea rhythm. Presently we hear the string 'motif' transferred to the dreamy voice of the horn, decorated with the polished tones of the flute, as glittering as a dash of sea spray in sunlight. There is a recurring phrase in woodwind that is almost articulate, that almost says 'Once upon a time'. The music sweeps on, drawing pictures of strange birds flying overhead, awful shapes that move dimly in the green deeps, a shadow that runs swiftly across the sunlit decks, though there is no shape between ship and sun—a short fierce storm rages invisibly in the infinite depths of the tropic sky—the sea heaves up like a weary giant—suddenly we hear the ponderous voice of the Sultan as if saying, 'On with the tale' and the tremulous accents of the violin (Scheherezade) go bravely on—back on the ship men rush to and fro—the music becomes turbulent with the excitement of approaching destination—Bagdad, the fabulous city of the Orient looms before us, and in the calm that closes the movement, we see the great ship lower its sails and come to rest.

The second movement opens with the motif of Scheherezade, a 'tenuous shining thread of tone' changing in expressiveness as the dainty Sultana's face must have altered to meet the smile or frown of her lord. It ends in an exquisite cadenza of extreme brilliance and difficulty, which leads us into the main theme of the movement assigned to the bassoon, 'quasi recitando'—This movement tells the tale of the Prince Kalendar, the "fakir" prince who is in love with Princess Budur (Full Moon). The introductory passages show him jesting with a group of beggars and "fakirs"—suddenly he is interrupted . . . someone rushes up to him . . . in the distance is heard the sound of approaching horses . . . a bugle call! The Sultan's Guards! The "fakir" prince is to die. He has offended the Sultan by daring to love his daughter, the Princess! The music joins in the chase down narrow, filthy streets, hurling curious spectators aside—'There he goes, look-up there! Stealthily he tip-toes his way across roof-tops (violin's pizzicato) towards the outskirts of the city where the palace stands. He must see her once more—once more—once more. Out of breath he reaches the walls surrounding the outer garden. With fanatical haste he begins to scale them—the whole orchestra gives the effect of a steady, strenuous ascent. When he reaches the top the splendor of the garden below is conveyed in a passage of unusual beauty and tranquility. Pools of crystal-blue water shimmer under the strains of muted violins and the cascading fall of the water fountain flows with the harp. Such beauty could not be expressed by words! The movement rushes to its ending, as if it realizes the importance of time. The Princess followed by hand-maids and dancing girls enters.

The third movement is idyllic—the significance of the music is not Orien-

tal but human, it sings of love, love not without passion but without the fierce, selfish hunger of passion. The music is peaceful and simple, with overtones of sadness and despair. The Prince speaks first, no longer in the "tragi-comedian" voice of the bassoon but in the tender melody of the violin. The young girl replies to his armorous lay in the reedy sweetness of the clarinet. Her song bespeaks her heart!—How terribly young and innocent the rapturous flights of tone sound! Beyond the walls is heard the noise and revelry of the townsfolk—jolting us back to reality. Snare drums, tambourines and cymbal remind us that a festival is being prepared in honor of Sinbad and his crew, whom we have neglected in our flight over this unhappy couple. The Prince realizes that he must make his departure—the violins once again repeat their tender melody; joined by the whole orchestra in a passage of despair. However it is interrupted by the figurations of Scheherezade, as a reminder that it is only a story—yet the melody lingers, hauntingly. The Prince turns away with her farewell on his lips—disappears back over the wall—out of sight. The movement closes within the streets of the city.

Once again the crashing sounds of the stern Sultan are heard. Scheherezade quickly hastens with her story. The festival at Bagdad has begun! A brief but brilliant violin "cadenza" leads us to a lively and exotic scene. We are in the midst of wild, barbaric splendor! Fanfares of the brass, flying phrases of string and woodwind are combined in a whirling flux of tone—incandescent masses of color are thrown out like bright jewels from the weird garment of the dancers—gayly colored draperies stiffen in the breeze—the hubub of the market place runs like a powerful undercurrent beneath the more assertive sounds of the festival—snake charmers pipe magic tunes to their venomous charges—"fakirs" cry their wares and perform strange feats of theumaturgy before a thousand curious eyes—imperious camels carry some lordly satrap and his train through scurrying crowds—rare perfumes mingled with the penetrating odors of spices—it is the Orient with all its brilliantly glowing life and sound and color.

Again the ominous accents of the Sultan are heard. Is he growing weary? Scheherezade, without faltering continues her tale, desperately achieving new climaxes. No longer are we in Bagdad, but once more at sea (same theme as opening movement) but it is not the quiet ocean we have known. Its gigantic surges heave themselves up on to terrifying heights; the vessel trembles to its very keel; the sails crack under the impact of sudden fierce gusts of wind; masts bend and strain. The sailors turn ashen faces toward a great rock, surmounted by a warrior of bronze—so too the ship is drawn, irresistibly by some occult force. A Heaven splitting crash! The trombones roar out the 'sea' motif against the billowy wave theme in the strings. The ship is gone . . . and only the wandering winds remain to mourn her. Again we hear Scheherezade . . . as she concludes her story. The Sultan finally speaks—but now gently, amorously, and the violin rises to an incredible triumphant height against the glowing harmonies that bring the movement to a close.

Rimsky-Korsakov aimed at translating into music the spirit and atmosphere which unifies the various tales, and did not trouble himself about the accuracy or the consistency of his paraphrase. Thus his music is to be taken as a gloss on the tales as a whole, on their general and underlying mood, their imaginative scenes.

Fossil Poetry

Dorothy Bloodgood

Oliver Wendell Holmes contends that "the use of slang is at once a sign and cause of mental atrophy." Ambrose Bierce describes it as "the speech of him who robs the literary garbage cans on their way to the dumps." And yet, slang has been prevalent and popular in every age. It relates itself to the standard language a great deal as dancing relates itself to music. But what are the underlying principles for its birth, life and death?

A slang phrase may be defined as an expression of revolt against what has become dull. The causes of the use of it are deep-rooted and many. Perhaps the most basic of all is the hatred of repetition which is inherent in all human beings. Most slang words are more striking because of their peculiar felicity or their barbarous sound than the regular words for the same object, and the persons who use slang most skillfully and extensively are those who desire to make themselves felt in the company they affect. To say that a certain person has a "bat in his belfry," "has a screw loose," or a "button missing" is a far more arresting mode of description than to speak of him merely as insane or feeble-minded.

The word slang, itself, is akin to the Norwegian "sleng," a slinging invention and to "slengja kjeften," to sling the jaw. It originally connoted the cant of gypsies, tribes, and other illiterate fraternities but it is now applied to any word or phrase used arbitrarily in a sense which does not strictly belong to it.

With the possible exception of the French, the Americans now produce more slang than any other people and put it to heavier use in their daily affairs. But they entered upon its concoction relatively late, and down to the second decade of the nineteenth century they were content to take their supply from England. With the great movement into the West, following the War of 1812, the American vulgate came into its own. Soon the men of the ever receding frontier were pouring out a stream of neologisms many of them showing the fancy of true slang. When these novelties penetrated to the East, the finicky were as much upset by the "tall talk" as pedants are today by the slang of Hollywood. This "tall talk," despite the horror of the delicate, was a great success in the East and by 1840 the use of slang was very widespread.

Today, in normal adult communities the process of invention goes on apace, a fact which accounts in part for the prevalence of slang. Each year brings its new crop of slang phrases to be substituted for the old. We are living in an age of change, a change swifter and more profound perhaps than any that the past has seen. Language, like all else, is disturbed by the pangs of new birth. For language reflects most faithfully the spirit of the age, a spirit of questioning and of overthrowing precedents, but a strong spirit and one that is determined to find truth. A slang word which has been used too frequently is as depressing as a story we have often read before.

Some of the best slang emerges from the argot of college students, but the general run of students have nothing to do with the matter. College slang is actually made by the campus wits, just as general slang is made by the wits of the newspapers and theatres. The idea of calling an engagement ring "a

handcuff" did not occur to the young gentlemen of Harvard by mass inspiration; it occurred to one of them, probably after long cogitation, and he gave it to the rest. T. A. Dorgan, the cartoonist, was the begetter of "applesauce," "ball and chain," "dumbell" and "you said it." Jack Conway of the staff of *Variety* invented "high hat," "push-over" and "baloney." The sports writers, of course, are all assiduous makers of slang, and many of their inventions are taken into the general vocabulary. Thus those who specialize in boxing have contributed in recent years, "kayo," "prelim," "shadow-boxing," and "slug-fest," those who cover baseball have made many additions to the common speech of the country as "fanrooter," "pinch hitter," "grandstand play," "charleyhorse," and so on,—some of them received into the standard of speech but the majority lingering in the twilight of slang.

Occasionally slang phrases will outlive the age in which they were born. One of the first ones to use our modern expression "painting the town red," was Cicero who in a merry letter to L. Papirus Poetus says:

"What's all this about a pilot-dish, a denarius (a dinner for a quarter a head), and a dish of salt fish and cheese? In my old easy going days I put up with that sort of thing; but times are changed—yet, after all, I don't require dinners superfluous in quality, only let what there is to be first rate in quality and *recherché*. But if you persist in bringing me back to a dinner like your mother's, I should put up with that also. For I should like to see the man who had the face to put on the table for me what you describe, or even a polypus,—looking as red as Jupiter Miniatus." (That is, as red as the statue of Jupiter painted with red lead or cinnabar). In modern use it goes somewhat like this:

"Say," suggested Ed, "I've just finished my book and you've nothing to do. Let's go to New York and paint the town a vivid scarlet."

"What," asked Jonah Wood, to whom slang had always been a mystery.

"Paint the town red," repeated Ed. "You know, have a spree, a lark." To "paint the town red" appears generally to be slang from America; but if Jonah Wood had known his Shakespeare he might have gotten some light by recalling Prince Henry's narrative of his friendship with the leash of drawers, of whom he says: "They call drinking deep, dying scarlet." Is there any thing modern Shakespeare did not anticipate?

Another familiar expression which has persisted through the decades is "getting one's goat." How did the phrase originate? Why do we say "getting his goat," anymore than "getting his camel," "his calf," or any thing else that is his? The phrase came to be an accepted expression used by the best, a classic colloquism. It conveys a shade of meaning that no other phrase can exactly express. But why goat? It is surely something more than alliteration that selected the harmless, necessary goat for the object to be got.

"Getting his goat" originated as an English racing phrase. Horses trained to the minute often passed nervous, fidgety nights in their stalls just before the race—and suffered for it the next day. So animal companions were tried; a colt, a calf, a pig,—and then a goat. Soon it was evident that the goat was the best company and so Billy became the chosen attendant. Dozing in his stall, the racer could feel the genial presence of his little companion. And Billy came to be recognized as the stable mascot—and by virtue of that, he was invested with all the magic power that sporting superstition could confer.

Long ago a favorite racer went bad, and in the storm of disappointment that followed, the question on every lip was: "What made Goldenrod fail?" It was then, according to the story, that one of the trainers of a rival stable said, "It may be someone got his goat."

The phrase caught the ear and soon became a fashion of speech of the time. The words were so apt in significance that they lived through the years and are as expressive now as when they were first uttered. For that spirit companion—that little demon in every man that enables him to win his struggle, whatever it may be, that is his "goat." And woe betide that man, in any contest or in any important undertaking, if someone or something gets his "goat." He is then invertebrate, coreless, supine—a collapsible creature at the mercy of others.

For the most part slang has a curious interest for those who concern themselves with the mother tongue, an interest that is psychological and sociological as well as linguistic. At the present time, it enlists popular attention more than ever before. Whereas a hundred years ago it was termed a low and disgusting branch of speech, the general attitude toward it now is one of genial tolerance. It is not the pariah it once was, but has achieved a sort of respectability, or semi-respectability. Present day writers of fiction rely more and more on colloquial informalities of speech.

Ralph Waldo Emerson has said that "language is fossil poetry," and adequate recognition has never been given to the fact that what we call slang and vulgarism works on exactly the same principles as "great poetry" does. Slang makes constant use of metaphor and simile; "sticking his neck out," "out like a light," "keep your shirt on." The imaginative process by which phrases such as these are coined is the same as that by which poets arrive at poetry. In poetry, there is the same love of seeing things in scientifically outrageous but emotionally expressive language:

"The snow doesn't give a soft white damn whom it touches."

E. E. CUMMINGS

What is called slang therefore might well be regarded as the poetry of every day life, since it performs much the same function as poetry; that is, it vividly expresses people's feelings about life and about the things they encounter in life.

One fact emerges clearly from the study of disreputable slang, both past and present. No one impulse explains its creation and its peculiar qualities. It results from specialization, like any other trade dialect, but certainly also from humor, and a quite uneconomic playfulness.

But slang is perpetually changing, language more slowly. The common spoken language of any one period is, as it were, the melting pot from which the pure gold of its literary language is distilled. Slang having contributed its quota dies, but the literary language lives on. Any great language like Greek and Latin is eternal. And so while the smart slang of Athens is forgotten, the language of Thucydides lives on and might be used today by any true thinker as well as ever in the past. It remains to be seen what will become of our modern "slanguage."

The Gypsy of Music

Alice McCarthy

Franz Liszt in his book "The Gypsy is Music" describes the important part that gypsy flavoring has in music. He shows that their music has a wild, passionately free sweep because Gypsies "do not recognize any principle, law, rule, or discipline whatsoever. Everything is good, everything permitted, provided that it pleases them." This Zigeuna attitude is very apparent in Liszt's own works, which are unrestrained, and manifest themselves in a grandiose, rhapsodaical style.

Both his interest in gypsies and the presence of their romantic strain in his music are due to early influences on his imagination and temperament. All the surroundings of his childhood fostered his poetic impulses: the quiet but picturesque landscape of Hungary; the horizon, bounded by wooded mountains; the dim mysterious forest stretching away; the village church, where, especially on grand holidays, the gorgeous ceremonials stirred his heart. But more than anything else, it was the dark, swarthy gypsies swarming in the outskirts of the village, practicing in the evenings their wild, free dances, or singing their plaintive songs, that fired his youthful mind. His playing, even as a child, became passionate and unrestrained.

In order to break this "gypsy" spirit, his father and the magnates of Hungary, who were financing his musical education, engaged Czerny, the finest teacher of his day. To the fiery Franz, this strict disciplinarian did not much appeal. Indispensable finger training, which every great pianist must undergo, chafed his spirit. Modern teachers are inclined to sympathize with the pupil. Not so Czerny! An ambitious learner who has been suffered to run wild and who has contracted faulty techniques must repair the damage by patient, even irksome labor. Franz, however, was allowed to have certain sweets (recreational pieces) superadded to the dry bread of drill-work. The pupil became reconciled, and with Franz this meant progress. He progressed so well in his techniques that he was sent to the famous Italian composer, Antoni Salieri, to learn theory. Within six months "Monsieur Lits" (as the French called him) had learned all that was to be learned. On one occasion he proved his perfection in the art of score-reading.

Shortly after his lessons with Salieri, Liszt had called at the chief music publishers in Vienna and requested to be shown some music. As the boy was rejecting piece after piece because of triviality or simplicity, the shopman, who thought the child was "showing off", maliciously brought out a copy of Hummel's concerto in B flat. At this time the piece was quite new and was considered to be the most difficult composition existing. To the man's amazement, the golden-haired youth played the piece through without hesitation and without error. Few, if any mature students of today could match this feat, the quickness of eye and brain demanding a being indeed marvelous. In a boy of eleven it was confounding!

Despite all this skill which the boy had, his true genius had not yet been brought out. When he heard the great violinist Paganini play, he received the impetus which was to make him the greatest pianoforte virtuoso that ever lived. He became inspired to practice harder than any pianist before him. For Paganini's rich, vibrant caprices Franz tried to find equivalents on the piano.

As a result of this stimulation which acted as a maturing force he became the most famous pianist of the day. His concert tours resembled the triumphal processions of a magnificent ruler. People cheered when they caught sight of his tall, elegant figure. When he entered a theatre box, the entire audience would rise in tribute to him as the magic word "Liszt" was whispered through the throng.

The same mesmeric spirit held the audience when he played for them. At certain times his vividly blue, deep set eyes would suddenly find some one person in the audience and fix his gaze intently on that one, as if he were trying to gauge how far the music was penetrating into his soul. There would be a gasp as he did this and the entire audience would remain transfixed until he chose to remove the spell. Whole rows of his audience, men and women alike, were affected to tears when he chose to be pathetic; in stormy passages he was able, by his techniques and very attitude, to work them up to the highest pitch of excitement.

Such was the power of this man! Rubenstein, Tausig, and Guelow admitted that they were children in comparison to him. Wagner once remarked that "Those who never heard him play them (Beethoven's works) could never know their real meaning. His was not a reproduction — it was a recreation."

Only once was Liszt challenged in his position as the king of the musical world. To meet the challenge he agreed to perform a musical duel with his opponent and came all the way from Italy to Paris to do so. On the eventful day Liszt dealt confidently, and, in one climactic piece vanquished forever the possibility of his ever being challenged again. With tears of appreciation in his eyes, Liszt's opponent bowed and expressed sincerely the belief that he thought he could never hear any such beauty in the world again.

From this time on, and as long as he chose to play publicly, the musical world was at the feet of Liszt. Yet he was not content with the adulation of his own age. He yearned to become immortalized through his music.

But to transform oneself from a performer of the first rate to a composer of the same high rank is not an easy achievement. Not only public opinion, but the author's own tendency toward the manifestation of his virtuosity, is difficult to change.

With Liszt there was no exception. He found it next to impossible to refrain from elegance in his works. Since his works had thus the unmistakable stamps of virtuosity on them, they needed a virtuoso to render them enjoyable, or even comprehensive. For, while a master like Beethoven may be enjoyed in mediocre performance, Liszt is quite meaningless and insipid that way.

Structurally, too, his works suffer because of their author's extreme virtuosity and attendance to outer show. Because an enthusiastic audience had demanded a special kind of diversion from the young Liszt, he had gotten into the habit of extemporizing on a theme given by one of his auditors and weaving around this musical phrase harmonious embroidery of the most beautiful kind. His compositions, as a result, became ornate repetitions of a catchy theme, interlaced by musical tinsel.

Audiences were not pleased to listen to an author, who, at best, could only repeat something that sounded pretty, even though that "something" was inspirational. Discriminating audiences wanted the development, not the repetition of a theme.

However, for a time, audiences accepted these works on name value. Liszt had no illusions about the truth of this statement. To prove this, he tells us himself of an experiment which he tried. "I played the same piece (his own), now as a composition of Beethoven, now of Czerny, then again as my own. The day on which I introduced it as my own I won the most encouraging applause. It was not bad at all for my age. They said the day on which I played it as Czerny's they scarcely listened to me, but if I played it under Beethoven's name I was sure of the bravos of the whole assembly."

After a while his works were not accepted, even on name value. At one point they were received with such rancor that they produced the exact opposite effect than expected. For a time they received a *succes de scandale*. Their extreme unpopularity affected him thus . . . "Ah! composing is a misery, and the pitiful children of my Muse appear to me often like foundlings in a hospital, wandering about only as 'Numbers so and so!'"

However, as a composer, Liszt did make one valuable contribution. He advanced the cause of "Programme music" — instrumental music expressly contrived to illustrate in detail some poem or succession of ideas or pictures. Total effects of these "Symphonic Poems" are often disappointing because the musical growth is spoiled, or the development of the theme prevented by some reference to extraneous ideas. In other words, the programme was allowed to get in the way of musical expression.

Despite the fact that his works were not favorably viewed, Liszt the man still remained an idol for the public to worship. His tremendous magnanimity to "enemies" and overenthusiastic followers, his eloquence, suaveness, and gentle speech all added to the legend which has grown around his name.

This legend started when Liszt, hearing of the poor subscription to a memorial proposed for the great Beethoven, donated a fabulous sum which made possible the immediate completion of the work. When this quietly directed deed was noised about Europe, Liszt's generosity thrilled the public.

Too, because of his generosity he never refused to listen to anyone; read the countless letters sent to him; and what is astonishing—personally answered these. If music was sent to him he would appraise and even correct it. Needless to say, his time and energy were extremely imposed upon by this "fatal weakness" of generosity.

Until the time of his entrance into the priesthood, in the last part of his life, Liszt accepted any reasonably talented pupil and accepted no fee! Some of these "pupils" would remain with the master a few weeks and then return to their homes and exploit their gullible neighbors into donating money or setting up the "pupils of the mighty Liszt."

This entire legend about Liszt, together with the real importance of Liszt to the musical world, incites a thrill even today. When he is introduced into a story it is as a "fairy godmother" that he comes. In the recent picture "A Song to Remember", he appears as the discoverer of Chopin. And although the story is far from true, it does serve to illustrate the fascination with and the endurance of the Liszt legend.

Despite this saintly quality associated with Liszt, his true character remains an enigma. From time to time he would remain prostrated in church, at other times he would stand in sackcloth outside the church in repentance (and in the 19th century, too!). Yet, during most of his life he was very familiar with "gay ladies" and for long periods of time had mistresses.

So, it appears that in his life there were two main elements pulling against each other and reflecting the combat in his music. The one was the Gypsy or Zigeuna streak gotten from his romantic introduction into their ways in early life. The other was the Franciscan element—showing itself first, when, sick of the praise and adulation of the world he first asked his father to allow him to enter the priesthood. Although the boy was swayed differently and went through a stage of heretical beliefs and Ziguena indulgences of this life, it appears that he finally did turn his back on the world when he entered the Franciscan order.

His later life, to all appearances, was a triumph over the lower desires and yet his music is not devoid of these passions. Even his church music has a strain of the wild and wordly passionate in it. If he had been able to purge this from his life, perhaps he would have been the greatest composer that ever lived, as well as the greatest pianist.



"And light is mingled with gloom and joy with grief."

*The darkest day must surely blend
With starlit beauty of the night:
The saddest hour we may spend
Must have its counterpart as bright.*

*Near every valley, breaks a bill.
The thorn grows close beside the rose,
Though rain be drear the sun shines still,
And spring days always follow snows.*

*Could we but glimpse this certainty
With our dimmed and feeble eyes:
The hardest road would only be
A brighter path to paradise.*

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The Groundhog and the Farmer

February 2 is Groundhog Day, and news-broadcasters and newspapers are filled with speculation as to whether the little fellow will decide to brave the winter world or scamper back to his safe, earthy home for a few more weeks. The event takes on a semblance of great importance. Just about the same time, another creature looks out of the entrance of his warm home to see if spring is approaching, but no one is concerned about his reactions although they are far more important. The second creature is the farmer, and certainly it is of more importance to the world if the farmer decides to retire and let nature take its course without any effort on his part. Suppose the farmer decided to wait until the world was a more pleasant place to be abroad in, decided to let someone else determine the harvest. But the world knows it can count on the farmer.

Sometimes it seems as if Catholics would commend the groundhog rather than the farmer. They accept his example more readily. Emerging from the security of their doctrine insulated realm they find the world is a hostile, wintry place to be abroad in. They decide they will not get into the fight about what to plant; there are too many people willing to shout them down. It is easier to wait and see what blooms and then enjoy it.

If the farmer was to announce a similar decision he would be condemned. He is the one who knows what and how to plant; only chaos would result if he left his task to others. But do Catholics, knowing that they possess the seeds that will bloom to peace and righteousness, feel that it is their duty to speak up?

The fields have been cleared for the planting now, cleared with blood and atom bombs; the world is ready for the planting, is hopeful for a peaceful second spring. There are people abroad in the fields, people who are determined to shape the harvest. The Communists are most zealous (from their ambition we might well learn a lesson); they are sowing their seeds in the fields of labor as well as in world politics. They realize their opportunity. The established trends of literature are being questioned, a new course is about to be shaped. The foundations of the American educational systems are being jostled; plans are offered for new edifices. The ethics of the medical profession are being tested; euthanasia and socialized medicine are current issues. Everywhere the world is looking to tomorrow; hoping, planning, building. Catholics, too, are hoping, even as the groundhog is awaiting the spring, but hoping is never enough.

Of course, there are reasons why it is easier to hope than to struggle. The world does not seem interested in what Catholics have to say. It is indifferent, hostile. There are other people on top giving the orders. But they did not start on the top; no one does. We must begin from the ground.

The foundation of action must be an awareness of the problems and of what is being done about them. We must know what others are doing; we must be willing to work along side of them. It is our world, as well as any one else's; we will be held responsible for its future.

Catholic college graduates are being criticized for their lack of interest in the world about them. There are those who condemn Catholic education because it does not prepare for participation in our democratic world. We stoutly maintain that it does, but we do not prove it. What is the value of preparation if we are afraid to put it to use? Is it not far more terrible to be prepared and do nothing, like a farmer who refuses to plant, than to be the unconcerned groundhog, who really has a good excuse since he can do nothing and has, therefore, no responsibility? If the world believes that Catholics are groundhogs, only one answer will change its mind. Will we give it?





Mistress Masham's Repose

T. H. WHITE

"Mistress Masham's Repose" is a fantasy, but it might be called an almost credible fantasy. Though simple, realistic language and structure make it easy and pleasant reading, it is not a tale written for a child. It is serious in theme and filled with good sense as well as with a great deal of humor and at times, suspense.

Maria, the heroine, is ten years old. An orphan, "she is sometimes very unhappy and sometimes very happy, because people fly between wider extremes when they are young." She lives on Malapquet, her family estate — once glorious, now quite dilapidated, with her governess, Miss Brown, and the cook. Miss Brown, who is cruel in very complicated ways, was appointed by the vicar, Mr. Hater, Maria's guardian. Maria's happiest times are when Mr. Hater is in London and Miss Brown is in bed with a headache. Her friends consist of the cook, an old retainer, who stays on to love and care for Maria, and an old professor, who lives in a cottage on a far-off section of the estate. The professor, who "is silly enough to think that if doctors have to pass examinations before they cut out his appendix, then members of parliament ought to pass examinations before they can rule his life", lives an ivory tower sort of existence, till having absorbed all the knowledge possible, he shall present himself to the people and volunteer to help rule them. A very learned gentleman, he proves to be a great help to Maria in her dealings with the "little people" — for it is the discovery of the "little people" which is Maria's great adventure.

Descendants of some Lilliputians kidnapped by an unscrupulous sea-captain, they live a precarious existence on a small island on Maria's estate. She discovers them, loves them, and as is natural with lovers, tries to possess them. Miss Brown and Mr. Hater discover them, too, and entirely in character, try to capture them in order to sell them to circuses and to Hollywood producers. Then come a number of exciting adventures — all of which prove that the difference between "little people" and "big people" is not always determined by size.

Satirical, but not cruelly so, "Mistress Masham's Repose" is thoroughly enjoyable. T. H. White is witty, humorous, and penetrating in his analysis of human nature. His book is filled with good sense, not so common in our times. There are references to "Guilliver's Travels" and to "Professor Swift" — and an understanding of him. The author's language is beautiful and his descriptions perfect. "Mistress Masham's Repose" can be enjoyed by everyone, and is much more than the sweet, simple little tale it might seem at first glance.

A. S.

Lord Weary's Castle

ROBERT LOWELL

All the impetuosity, founded on strong conviction, that made him volunteer twice for the army, and then spend six months in prison rather than be drafted when the danger was over, has gone into Robert Lowell's second book of poetry, "Lord Weary's Castle". With an intense consciousness of essential truths and values (doubtless the source of his recent conversion to Catholicism) and a vision which penetrates so many aspects of life, Lowell writes for modern man in a world that still "out-Herods Herod", while

. . . . the year
The nineteen-hundred forty-fifth of grace
Lumbers with loses up the clinkered bill
Of our purgation.

From our modern chaos, Lowell is striving to prune away all the unnecessary, devitalizing details, and to lay truth bare and make aware of it, even as nature is responsive to the full meaning of the "First Sunday of Lent".

The limbs of the tormented chestnut tree
Tingle, and hear the March winds lift and cry:
"The Lord of Hosts will overshadow us."

Driving toward the essential core of truth, seeing always beneath and beyond appearances, he can write with more than ordinary poetic insight even of an ugly statue of Our Lady of Walsingham:

Our Lady, too small for her canopy,
Sits near the altar. There's no comeliness
At all or charm in that expressionless
Face with its heavy eyelids. As before.
This face, for centuries a memory . . .
Expressionless, expresses God:
. . . She knows what God knows,
Not Calvary's Cross nor crib at Bethlehem
Now.

Despite an intensity which makes the reader wish to see Lowell's vision, he does not always make the vision clear. There is present, enriching to Lowell, but obscuring to his audience, a great amount of symbolism. It is drawn not only from nature, scripture, mythology and Melville, but too often from the realm of Lowell's personal experience. Much of his message is lost because the reader is required to strain too hard to grasp the signi-

ficance of his terms. At times, lacking any clue, one can only blindly guess the meaning of the central object in the poem, as the italicized date which is supposed to make clear "After the Surprising Conversions".

However, his use of symbolism and obscure imagery has not arisen from cloudy, abstract thinking; Lowell knows and says exactly what he wishes to say. Nor does his obscurity come from any lack of discipline. Some of the most carefully polished verse of the decade appears in Lowell's volume. His use of intricate meters never leads him to forsake matter for form. The most complicated rime schemes, which make for a surprising sense of forceful compactness, are so mastered that one is hardly aware of them.

Lowell's power of expressing his exact meaning is seen in his lines on nature. His own responsiveness to it makes it come alive again for the reader. In his elegy for his cousin "The Quaker Graveyard at Nantucket" all nature is aware of the loss.

*...Seagulls blink their heavy lids
Seaward. The wind's wings beat upon the stones,
Cousin, and scream for you and the claws rush
At the sea's throat and wring it in the slush
Of this old Quaker graveyard where the bones
Cry out in the long night.*

Lowell's depth and keenness of vision his sure mastery of form, his bright, sharp imagery, and his intense response to all about him (even if it often is indignation) give to the young poet essential elements of greatness. The one difficulty with his poetry is that too much is required of the reader. For those who are willing to dig deeply, and who can resign themselves to being stopped short when they reach the insurmountable wall of personal imagery and experience, "Lord Weary's Castle" is worthwhile reading. For those for whom clarity is still an essential element of beauty, it will be less satisfactory; they can only hope that Lowell's next work will be less obscure.

A. D.

Henry the Fifth

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

In the wake of such American-hailed successes as "They Were Sisters", and "The Man in Grey" Great Britain has produced a rare great work of art — Laurence Olivier's magnificent screen presentation of Shakespeare's "Henry V". At last there has been brought to the screen a play by the world's greatest dramatic poet. With it has come new heights for its star, director, and producer, Mr. Olivier, and new glory for Mr. Shakespeare.

As Shakespeare wrote it originally, "The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth" is a tale of kings and war. Young Henry invaded France to prove his worth as ruler of England. After one victory at Harfleurs, his exhausted and outnumbered army was faced by the superior French forces at Agincourt. Henry's verbal encouragement to his men plus the English agility and power combined to defeat the excessively heavy armored French. Victory brought Henry the throne of France and the hand of the French Princess Katherine.

The film begins with shots of seventeenth century London and Shakespeare's Globe Theatre where "Henry V" is being presented. So authentic is the setting, with its circular, roofless building, its noisy audience replete

with orange and drink peddlers and the inevitable fops reclining on the stage beneath the actor's feet, that you are literally projected right into the play-house. With the scene of the invasion however, the theatre fades away into a hazy mist, out of which arises the actual scene of battle, in the year 1415.

The French court appears in all its elegance and splendor, the French countryside in all its simple beauty, through the medium of the technicolor camera. As for the battle scene itself — it is, admittedly, a trifle unrealistic but Mr. Olivier intended it so, giving us only the salient features of the combat.

However, it is the scene on the eve of the battle that is the most inspiring. First, there is a general shot of both camps, followed by a shifting of the camera to the French side of the river where we see an overconfident and disunited army led by a Dauphin whose men hold him in utter contempt.

The camera then strolls among the tents of the English encampment where Henry walks, incognito, among his disheartened and despairing followers. It is a scene that might well have come from the war just ended, as the men lie sleepless, wondering just what it is they're fighting for. Olivier gives an unforgettable picture of a monarch who fears that "if his cause be not good" these men shall die in vain on the morrow.

As a balance for the somber reality of this night, the closing scene between Henry Princess Katherine (Renee Asherson) and Henry is utterly delightful. She speaks only French and he understands not a word of it but it is a love scene nevertheless, and a charming one at that. In this scene, as in all, the lines are fresh, clear and immediate, never pedant and heavy. Olivier's ringing tones and Miss Asherson's musical French-English are a pleasure to the ear.

Mr. Olivier and his players may well be proud of their presentation, for with it has come new life for old and too — oft neglected dramatic poetry. To see "Henry V" is a great experience, to have aided in its production is a great achievement.

P.D.G.

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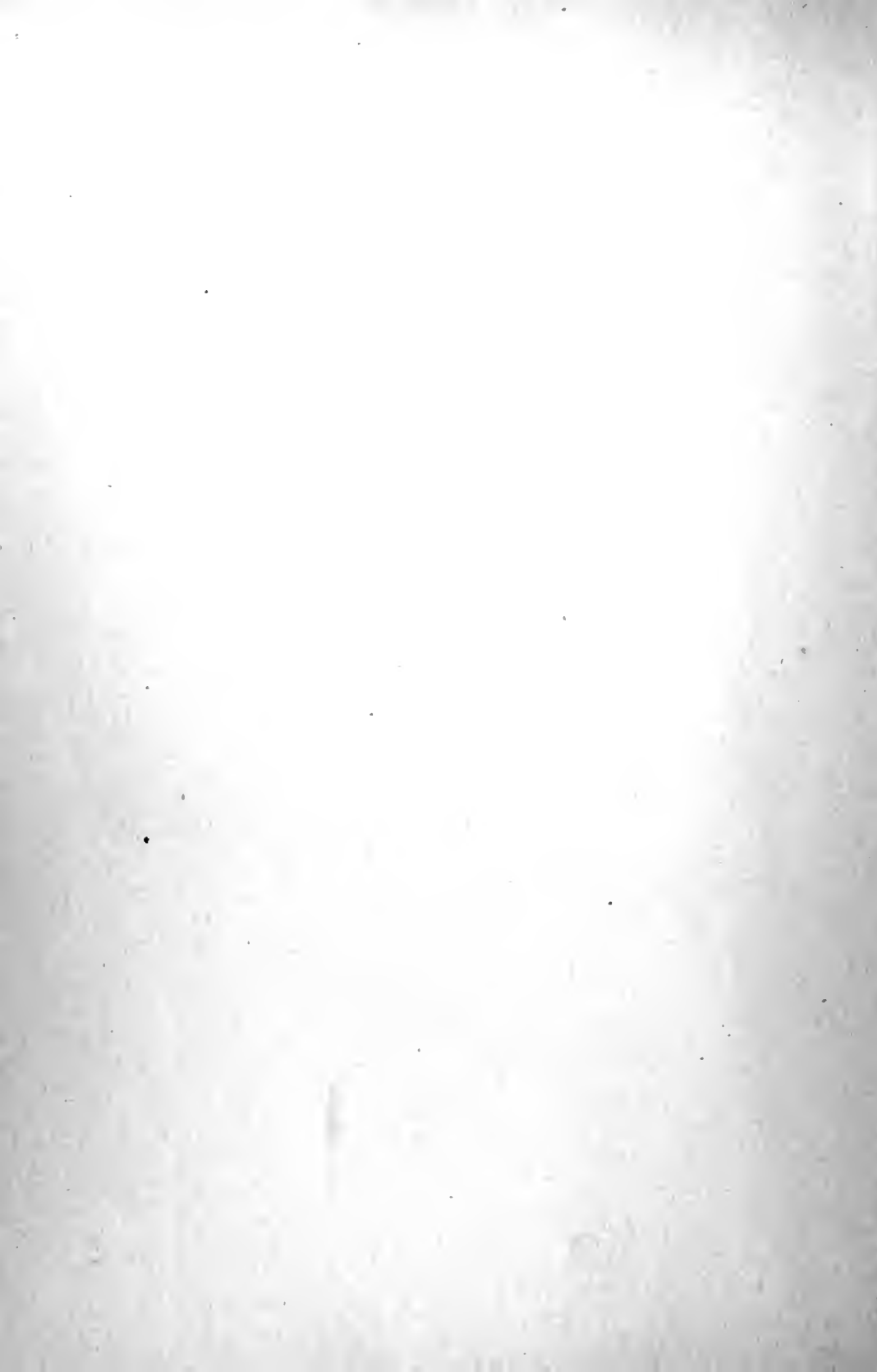
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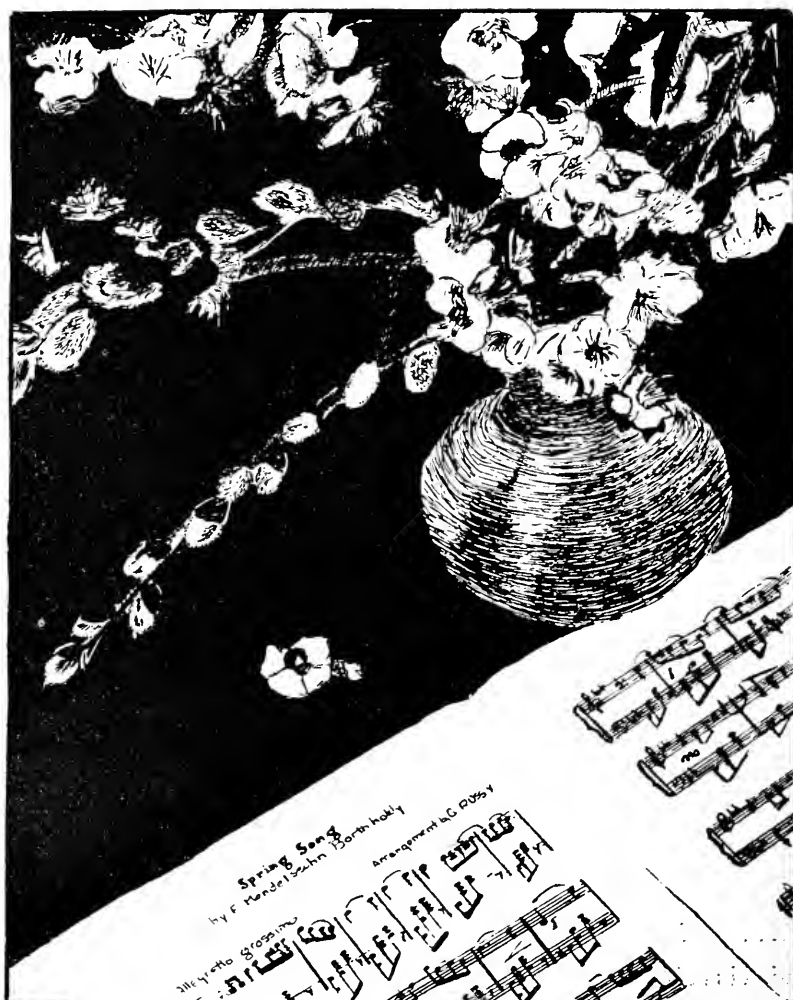
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Marian Poetry in the Middle Ages

Bernadette Cassidy

"And the virgin's name was Mary."

SINCE the time of the angel's salutation to that troubled Jewish maiden down to the present day, Mary, the Mother of God, has been revered and honored by men. But particularly in the period between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries was the Virgin honored with great devotion. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was the Virgin honored with great devotion. During the sixteenth centuries was the Virgin honored with great devotion. During the Age of Faith Mary was a tremendous figure in the life of her people. Her image, her titles were constantly present to the people; her name was engraved on their shields and in their hearts. Mary was the mediatrix between God and His people.

In the field of literature, Mary is the dominant theme. Religious poetry of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries revolved about Mary and her Son. Even without being familiar with Middle English, the modern reader is able to sense the spirit of devotion found in the "Mater Salutaris" of the thirteenth century,

*Seinte mari, moder milde
mater salutaris
feirest flour of eni felde
vere nuncuparis
thorou ihesu crist thou were wid childe
thou bring me of my thoustes wilde
potente
that maket me
to depthe tee
repente.*

The authors of most of these lyrics are unknown. But one of the most famous Mary poems was written by a man known for his other great poems. This man was Chaucer and the poem is his A B C. In this poem, which is a translation of an earlier French prayer, each letter of the alphabet is taken in turn and developed into eight lines of praise to some virtue of the virgin.

*'Almighty and al merciabe quene,
To whom that all this world fleeth for socour
To have relees of sinne, sorwe and tene,
Glorious virgine, of alle floures flour,
To thee I flee, confounded in errour.
Help and relieve, thou mighty debonaire
Have mercy on my perilous langour.*

*Quene of comfort, yit whan I me bethinke
That I agilt have bothe, him and thee,
And that my soule is worthy for to sinke,
Alas, I, catif, whider may I flee?
Who shal un-to thy sone my mene be?
Who but thyself, thou art of pitee well?
Thou hast more reuthe on our adversite
Than in this world might any tunge telle.*

Poems to Mary were many and varied; the form of an anagram or acrostic was very popular.

*M in Maria was first tokne of mercy,
 A of Ave whan first our Ioye gon,
 R was redresse of Adam-is greet Fooly,
 I was Iesu, that overcam Sathan,
 A was Altissimus, whan both God and man
 Took our manhood. . . . "*

Latin as the language of the Middle Ages is frequently intermingled with the English. This Latin forms an integral part of the poem. It is not a mere addition or refrain, but carries on the meaning of the text.

*Alas, my hart will brek in three
 Illa juvenis that is so nyse
 Me deduxit in to vayn devise
 Infirmus sum, I may not rise
 Terribilus mars conturbat me.*

*Dum juvenus fui, lytill I dred
 Set semper in sinne I ete my bred,
 Jom ductus sum, in to my bed,
 Terribilus mars conturbat me.*

Mary was regarded as the mediatrix between man and her Son. She is frequently called upon to intercede for some poor mortal who is unable to ask a favor of God himself.

*Assembled is in thee magnificence
 With mercy, goodnesse and with swich pitee
 That thou, that art . . . sonne of excellence,
 Not only helpest hem that preyen thee
 But often time, of thy benignitee,
 Ful frely, er that men thyn help biseche
 Thou goost biorn and art lir lyves leche.*

Mary's motherhood is spoken of in a great many of the poems. The emotional and human side of the maiden is oftentimes tenderly portrayed.

*Gaude Maria, Cristes moder,
 Mare, moder of thyn emme,
 Thou bore my Lord; Thou bore my Broder;
 Thou bore a cumle Child and clene,
 Thou stodist ful stil without wene,
 When in thyn ere thus brand was dor,
 When gracious God the lyzst within;
 Gabrielis nuncio
 Ave Maria ut supra*

Many of the titles found in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin are used in the Marian poetry of the Middle Ages. "Modir of crist", Mother of Christ; "maide sweete that neure was defiled", Mother undefiled; "Welle and witt of al wysdome", seat of Wisdom; "ground of grace," Fount of Grace, "sterre upon the see", Star of the Sea; "coumfortis in every coas", Comforter of the Afflicted, "virgyne of virgyns", Virgin of Virgins; are just a few of the many titles scattered throughout the poetry.

Hope is the one virtue which all of these Marian poets seem to have. Mary is the seat of their hope, hope in eternity and eternal justice. Frequently the repentant sinner turns to Mary in hope that she will help him.

*I pray thee. Lady meke and mylde,
 That thou pray for my misdede
 For thee luffe of that ilke childe
 That you sogle one the rude blede.
 Ewre A ay bof I bene wyld,
 My synfulle soule es euer in dede
 Mercy, Lady meke and mylde!
 Thou help me ewer, at al my neede.*

Mary is regarded as the brightest, the most luminous of earthly beings. She is the epitome of beauty, the fairest of women. Devotion to Mary reaches its highest level when it speaks of Mary, the woman.

*For one that is so feir and brist,
 velud maris stella
 bristores then the dai-is list
 parens & puella
 i crie the grace of thee
 leuedi, prie the sone for me
 tam pia,
 that i mot come to thee
 Maria.*

Mary the star of the Middle Ages and the light of the world!

Parable

*The rod of Jesse blossomed
 And the fruit thereof
 Ripening—
 Hung heavy on the tree:
 Then dying—
 Let fall its quickening seeds
 Into the barren earth.
 Wherefrom there now spring forth
 Perennial harvests,
 Which the husbandman gathers
 Into his barns.*

S.M.R.



Lights! Action! — Drama?

Alice McCarthy

THE MODERN STAGE is in an awkward predicament. While great successes have been achieved in the technical presentation, the play itself, the "meat" of the production, is being eaten away by the maggots of materialism.

To prove the technical excellencies of the stage, all one has to do is look at the art of stage lighting. Ancient times found lighting with two functions: "Let there be light. In case of emotion, let there be green light!" Today, the lighting must not only illuminate the stage, it must blend actors and setting into one unified picture; it must show transitions of time and place; it must be the accompaniment to the dramatic action and spiritual mood.

Bad lighting effects, which were fatal stabs to productions, have been eliminated. Stage glare is a bygone phenomenon. No longer does the "infinite blue" of the sky flap in the breeze, neither do shadows "fall" on it.

Aside from avoiding bad effects the modern theatricians have perfected countless illusions. Fluffy clouds can appear to float lazily across the sky, or rush in stormy fury. Rainbows, lightning, skylines, and "visions" are not uncommon effects today. In indoor scenes the illumination is made to come from the proper source of motivation, such as window, lamp, or chandelier. These and many other technical perfections have been devised under the instigation of such men as the American, Belasco, who has been dubbed the "arch naturalist".

Color, which even the ancients emphasized, has become of paramount importance today. A science of color, has been developed. So exploited was this science even in the last century, that one theatrician was enabled to say: "Lighting is to us of the theatre what the palette is to the painter; every combination of color is possible to it." What is more important, the color is used to produce psychological effects on the audience, either to elevate, excite, depress or to portray joy, sorrow, weakness or virility in the characters.

Because of the intricacy of the part which lighting plays on the stage, special "light plots" have been devised to show the gradation, composition, and projection of lighting at every point of the play. To help execute this plot successfully an instrument, the Strand Light Console, has been invented. By this color and intensity is taken care of by keys, pistons controlling general stage lighting.

The invention of such an instrument indicates the importance with which lighting is regarded, and serves to emphasize the achievement of the technical side of the theatre. This achievement, however, seems to lose its full value because the drama which it accompanies is not a wholesome one.

One of the chief factors, for the failure of the play to reach its proper stature, is the motive of the people who write, produce, and act in it. Somerset Maugham, author of **Of Human Bondage**, and a noted playwright, gives a good summary of the warped motivations of the modern artist: "Money is like a sixth sense without which you cannot enjoy the other five. Without an adequate income, half the possibilities of life are shut off . . . I pity with all my heart the artist, whether he writes or paints, who is entirely dependent for subsistence upon his art." This statement reflects the prevalent ideas which fail to recognize that the fundamentals of all human activity, such as love, truth, and friendship transcend earthly values, which denies that beggars may be happy. It proposes a set of values which refuse to consider that an artist should be in the theatre because that is what he is best fitted to do, that he should not trade his genius for security.

Once in a while a man with relatively pure motives will come along, but he has to be the calibre of G. B. Shaw to spurn royalties. Once in a while, too, a man like Eugene O'Neill will upset his fellows by announcing that "Dramatists thrive on insecurity as well as security, on perturbations as well as certainties."

O'Neill himself, in his early years and in his early plays gives the best example of his own statement. In **The Hairy Ape** he, because of hardships which stimulated thought, said that man was more than a brute animal because he contains in himself the faculty to become aware of life and its significance. He pointed to the fact that the industrial system has made man believe he needs "up-town-society", money, or a fur coat to ennoble him. He emphasizes the fact that the great sin of the wealthy is not in exploiting the poor, but in ignoring them, in denying them recognition as human personalities.

But O'Neill has failed to continue in the path he had started on. His later life and plays are evidences of the fact that he has fallen into the trend of thought which denies that life **has** any solution. Countless others have followed in the same path, among these is Maxwell Anderson, whose latest play **Joan of Lorraine** develops the theory that there is no such thing as absolute truth. This whole idea is mirrored in the statement which Anderson recently made in regard to what he considers to be the baneful influence of critics: "In a world in which there are no final answers . . . in which no professed solution of any problem—whether in the field of Socrates or Jesus or that of Newton and Einstein or that of Aeschylus and Shakespeare—will endure forever, it can hardly be hoped that an arbitrarily chosen group of men will arrive at their typewriters between 11:30 and midnight with the words about a new play that will satisfy anybody, even themselves."

These ideas and the plays built up on them smack of decadence and the cultivated doubt and despair which is its sign. The playwrights are drawing their ideas from a decadent society which in turn is stimulated by their own decadent thoughts sent back to them in the dynamic form known as "theatre", thence back to the playwright. Like the serpent feeding on its own tail, the modern drama is a self destructive force. Just as the serpent will eventually consume itself, so too the theatre will fall into complete decadence, existing only superficially as a spectacle to be seen.

When that day comes, artists with the true vision of life and the ability to portray it, will have the opportunity to step in and regenerate the theatre and the people in it. It is for this purpose that Little Theatre Movements, among them Blackfriars Guild, have been inaugurated. They are trying to plant the seed from which can bloom the tree of a great and sturdy drama.

Miss Emilia

Gloria Marie Sileo

YOU can call me Madah. Everyone does—ever since I can remember. Fact is, I can hardly recollect my last name. Folks say it's because of my age. Well, maybe. But I sort o' blame it on my job. You see, I'm the house-keeper for Miss Emilia Blewett. The old woman who lives in the big white frame house on Willow Road. Raised her, I did, and when she got married and had a son, I raised' him too. Know them better than,—well, better than I know my last name. S'funny how you can get attached to a family. Pretty soon, you get to be just like them. You talk like they do, think just like they do, and act just like they do—sometimes.

Now, Miss Emilia was always my favorite. When she was a baby, I used to cradle her in my arms and sing "Rock-a-bye baby" to her. And I remember scoldin' her the time she climbed up into the apple tree and skinned her knees. I helped her dress up in that fluffy pink gown for her first ball—the one at which she met her husband-to-be. And I was with her the time her child was born and when Mr. Blewett died after a few happy years of marriage. Mighty tragic it was! If it hadn't o' been for that lad o' hers, she never would o' pulled through.

Lord, he was a fine baby. Fat, rosy-cheeked and curly-headed. From the very first, he loved colors, birds, plants and things like that. He used to love to draw. Fact is, he grew up to be an artist. Miss Emilia fixed up a dandy studio for him in the garret. All was goin' fine too, until he got the notion to go out and earn his own livin' by paintin'.

Miss Emilia was furious. But off he went, and next thing we knew, he had married some pretty little art student and was livin' in a place in New York called Greenwich Village. I thought Miss Emilia would go mad. She ranted. She screamed. She nearly busted the floor and all the time, she kept cryin', "But she's out o' his class! Out o' his class!"

The next day, Miss Emilia cut him out o' her will.

Poor Miss Emilia! There seemed to be nothin' left for her. Her hair turned white. Her brow was crossed with more lines than you see in the winter when the cars ride over the snowy roads. Her eyes had dark shadows hangin' from them. Her shoulders stooped. And mind you, she took to walkin' with a cane.

Then, some six years later, came the news that her son and his pretty little wife was killed in an auto accident—quite sudden like. They had left behind a little boy. A lad five years old. His name was Ernest.

The authorities was sendin' Ernest to Miss Emilia, she bein' his granny and his only livin' relative.

If Miss Emilia showed any feelin' over the news, I never knew it. She acted just as if nothin' had happened. But her face had more wrinkles in it and her cheeks got all withered-like. That was somethin' she could never hide. Not even from these old eyes o' mine.

On the day that Miss Emilia's chauffeur was sent to the city to get Ernest, I set myself nervously near the front door. At last the big car drove up the long gravel path in front o' the house and stopped. Dan'l, the chauffeur, opened the door, took the boy's hand and led him to the front door where I was waitin'.

"About time!" I snapped. "She's been waitin'."

I hurried the lad down the hall and was leadin' him into the drawin' room, when Dan'l stopped me.

"Wait, Madah. There's something ye should know."

"Not now!" I barked again. "Save it for later, Dan'l."

Inside the drawin' room, the drapes was drawn. Miss Emilia was sittin' in the big fan-back chair. Sittin' there like a queen, she was. The little lad was afraid. He held on to my hand real tight. Just kept lookin' straight ahead.

I pushed him in front o' Miss Emilia, then stepped to the side so's she could have a good look at him. For a long time, she said nothin'. She stared and stared at him, and at last she said, "So this is Ernest."

I don't know whether that was the right thing to say. But she was so busy lookin' at him, it didn't matter. We was both lookin' at him, and if I know Miss Emilia, we was both thinkin' the same thing. "Just like his father." Yes, the same wide-eyed stare, the same head of brown curls, with one o' them, (as the butler told the upstairs maid, the next day), dippin' into the blue sea o' his eyes."

To me, the lad was a Blewett. And seein' how I've been takin' care of Blewetts for two generations, I was goin' to raise him just like I raised Miss Emilia and the lad's father.

But Miss Emilia, I could see it in that wild stare o' her eyes, saw in the lad the part that was his mother's. She had built a wall of ice around her heart and nothin', be it the lad or the sharpest ice-pick, could pry that wall loose.

When she spoke again, it was like a sharp command.

"Come closer."

Ernest obeyed. He moved towards her chair and walked, instead, into the floor lamp that stood next to it.

"Clumsy!" she shouted. "You clumsy fool!"

Ernest's lip quivered. "I'm sorry," he said. He paused. Then—"I can't see, ma'am."

For a moment, I thought Miss Emilia's heart would melt. It almost did. She leaned her chin on the top o' her cane, and closed her eyes. She didn't speak for a long time. Finally—

"Get him his lunch, Madah," she said.

I nodded and took the lad up in my arms. I had gotten as far as the door when she spoke again.

"Madah—"

I turned.

"Make sure his lunch is good and hot, Madah." She turned her head quickly, and I took Ernest back to the dinin' room.

The next day, Miss Emilia telephoned the family doctor. He came over right away, took a look at the lad, found out he had been blind from birth and said that with a good specialist, Ernest would see again.

Me? I was happy! I even cried a little and had to wipe my eyes on my best linen apron. But Miss Emilia, she just sat in her fan-back chair, rested her chin on her cane, than looked at the doctor and said, "All right, how much will it cost?"

Well, the arrangements was finally made. The specialist came, a big important lookin' man from Boston, and he operated right in the house. That's how sure he was o' everything goin' all right.

I sat out in the hall, my head bent real low, just prayin'. Miss Emilia stayed in the drawin' room.

Then the doctor came out o' Ernest's room and he said that everything would be all right. Ernest's eyes were bandaged, but in a few days, the bandages could be removed and the lad would see.

I went down to the drawin' room and told Miss Emilia. Grunted, that's what she did. Then she fixed her eyes on me and said,

"What else did you expect? Money works the miracles, Madah."

I didn't say nothin'. I couldn't. The words wouldn't come. I dasn't let them out. But I was thinkin' and my thoughts was sayin'—"Emilia Blewett, you're a fool! A cranky old fool. That little lad needs more n' money. He needs love!"

In the next few days, I tried to do as much as I could for Ernest. Lord, how I loved the little lad. Besides, it was like takin' care o' his father all over again. I used to slip into his room, take him cookies and milk, I did, pat the pillow, tuck in the bedclothes and read to him. Fairy tales mostly, 'cause when he opened his eyes, the world would be one big fairy land.

Miss Emilia never went in to see him. No, not even once, to pat his pillow or to say goodnight. Wait now! One day, yes, one day, I did see her stop in front o' his door. She looked as if she was sort o'—sort o' deliberatin'. But I never saw her go through that door.

You should have seen Ernest the day we removed the bandages. His eyes went all over the room, oh, more n' a hundred times, and then out the window. The garden was just outside and he kept pointin' to things and askin' questions. "Is that the way green looks? And, seel There are red roses, white roses and yellow ones too."

I taught him all the colors, and pointed out willow trees, pine trees, daffodils, hyacinths, lillies of the valley and tulips.

He laughed at the way the birds kept flyin' from tree to tree and I showed him which was blue-jays and which ones was robbins.

He looked up at the blue sky and asked what those "white things" was. "They're clouds, lad" I told him. "And they're just like a flock o' sheep in the heavens."

Sheep? What were sheep? He wanted to know all these things. And I told him that some day, we would take a walk and we would go to a farm so's he could see all the animals.

Ernest was happy and I was happy with him. But he was missin' somethin'. It's love, I told myself. Lord knows, I can give it to him, I have given it to him. But it's not enough.

An then I thought o' Emilia. She was still sittin' in the fan-back chair in the drawin' room.

Ernest went to bed late that afternoon, 'cause the specialist said that his eyes mustn't get strained.

That night, the strangest thing happened. I was lyin' awake in my bed, thinkin' about the little lad and how happy he had been, when I heard a shrill cry. I got up, drew my wrapper around me and poked my feet into my slippers. I opened the door and was steppin' out into the hall, when I saw the knob turnin' on Miss Emilia's door.

I ran back to bed, just as fast as I could and waited to see what would happen. Miss Emilia came to my door and knocked three times.

"Madah, Madah" she called, "For heaven's sake, get up and see what's ailing that child."

I remained silent. For once in my life, I'm a little ashamed to confess, I wasn't goin' to obey her orders. Sure, it was hard. I knew it was my duty to go. But a wonderful idea had come to me. Let her go, I said to myself. Let Miss Emilia go to him. Don't you see, this was her chance. She was the one who had built the wall of ice around her heart. She was the only one who could melt down that wall. And all she needed was one chance to take on respon-

sibility for herself. Just one chance! Miss Emilia, who had forgotten how to love a long time ago, must learn again what love was all about.

I prayed, there in the dark. I prayed to God that He would make her go to her grandson. And do you know what? She went.

She went to the lad's room and when she had closed the door, I tip-toed out into the hall and stood listening by the lad's door.

Ernest was crying. I heard Miss Emilia ask what was wrong.

"It's dark", he wailed. "It's dark in this room. And it's dark outside too. Am I blind again, Grandma?"

The word "Grandma" kind o' tugged at my heart. I wondered whether Miss Emilia felt the same way. I guess she did, 'cause when she spoke, she said—"No, Ernest, no, lad, didn't Madah tell you that every day, at a certain hour, the world gets dark. It's the night, son, only the night. You see, everything sleeps at night. You, me, Madah, everyone, even the flowers and the birds. You mustn't be afraid. Look, look up there in the sky. Do you see those lights? Of course you do. The big round light, that's the moon, and the little ones are the stars. You'll see them up there every night, son. They're watching out for you, Ernest lad, and so is God. Yes, God's up there, too. So you mustn't be afraid. You must promise me you'll never be afraid again. Promise?"

"Yes,—Grandma."

I heard a slight rustlin' noise. She must be tuckin' in the bedclothes, I thought.

Well, that's that, Madah, I told myself. And when I heard Miss Emilia say sweetly, "Goodnight, my son," I decided that it was time to get back to my room. So, money works the miracles, eh Miss Emilia, I chuckled to myself.

I tiptoed quietly down the hall.

A Star

*An angel pattered across the sky
Treading soft on its cloudy drifts,
Then suddenly halts, puts his lantern by
And a bit of a cloudlet lifts.
For there thru the mists a child he spied
Watching his deed from afar,
But joy to the angel was straightway denied:
The child only thought it a star!*

DOROTHY BLOODGOOD

The Bright Young Man

Rosemary Glimm

WE, as Catholics speak rather glibly of the "bright young men" who set the literary fashions of the twentieth century. The "lost generation" is just another cliché and in the complacent acceptance of our faith we often fail to realize just how lost these young people are and how terrible is the waste land they wander in. We, who have never seized at literary gods to satisfy our quest for ultimate meanings find it difficult to picture the abyss of despair, the utter futility that faces the confused and doubting product of our civilization. An individual life indeed is nothing if it is not correlated in a master plan, if it does not develop toward an end. Social utility, humanitarianism, liberalism may satisfy the youthful enthusiast for a while but once his energy is released he finds himself still faced with the ultimate questions.

This confused searching is nowhere better conveyed than in the poetry of T. S. Eliot. Here is the product of our society, reflecting on its shallowness, on the ineffectuality of human endeavor and finally finding his peace in orthodoxy.

In Eliot we have a highly intellectual man whose dissatisfaction is only increased by his mental acumen. Temperamentally he shows much of his Puritan ancestry, a full understanding of the effects of loneliness and repressions, a dread of vulgarity and a curbing of passion by intellect. He is a very precise person, a conscious stylist, who carefully weighs the balance of each word.

It is a combination of this latter preoccupation with craftsmanship and his own search for final truth that are indicated in his literary preferences; Donne, Laforgue, Baudelaire, Conrad and James. He found in Donne a mind that reflected the problem of our own age, in Laforgue and Baudelaire a certain ironic disillusionment, in Conrad and James the searching and probing for spiritual solace as well as technical excellences.

Seizing upon the artistic aim peculiar to all these men, that which is the special province of the Symbolists, Eliot employs his technical skill in a attempt to capture nuances of feeling, evanescent emotional experiences that are nonetheless painfully real. He truly feels that a thought is an experience which modifies one's capacity for feeling and labors to transmit this modification to his reader.

Since these modifications are highly subjective we have the principal difficulty in Eliot's verse. Like the Symbolists his object is "to intimate things rather than state them". This is an unfortunate phrasing, however, because it would seem to imply that if the poet chose, he could present these "things" plainly. The answer is that these "things" have no name. They must be intimated if they are to be presented at all. This intimation is accomplished by presenting the stimuli and actually communicating the feelings to the reader. Therefore what is called unintelligible by a casual reader is to a sympathetic one, one who has taken the trouble to acquire a background, an actual reception of feeling whereby he experiences the emotion the poet wishes to convey.

What is important, however, is not the technical mechanism but the emotion itself for here we touch the heart of the poet. In "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," Eliot shows us a society which never faces the real issues. Early in the poem we are taken through

*"Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent,
To lead you to an overwhelming question."*

Throughout the poem we are aware of the overwhelming question but it is buried deeper and deeper beneath the women who come and go talking of Michaelangelo, beneath the false smiles, beneath the "decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse". And the poet wonders—would it have been worth while to shatter this empty prattling . . .

*"To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some "overwhelming question"
To say: 'I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all'."*

but "no" Eliot answers

"No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be."

and he falls back into the repressed personality of Prufrock who will not face the problem of being, who cries "Do I dare", who is content to measure out his life in coffee spoons. The reader feels the futility of all this but a Prufrock can only dream of mermaids singing

"Till human voices wake us, and we drown."

The reaction to "Preludes" is equally as strong as the feeling of utter depression that accompanies "Prufrock." Images like

"The burnt-out ends of smoky days"
describing the evening and

*"One thinks of all the hands
That are raising dingy shades
In a thousand furnished rooms."*

when he speaks of morning; these themselves are preludes to the final image that enfolds the complete disruption and empty devastation of the intellectual in the modern world.

*"Wipe your hand across your mouth and laugh;
The world's revolve like ancient women
Gathering fuel in lots."*

Finally in the "Waste Land" Eliot reaches the peak of his tragic search. Nowhere else does he so closely approach despair

*"Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water."*

The images in "A Game of Chess" and Part III, "The Fire Sermon," the recollection of the vulgarity of Sweeney, the seduction of the typist, carry out the theme of the "unreal city" where people are dehumanized by the social system that takes away their individuating characteristics. This picture of London is heightened by the recollection of the lovely Thames on which Elizabeth and Leicester sailed and the river in the twentieth century sweating oil and tar.

In the "Hollow Men" we see a hint of final resolution for Eliot. He is still confused, he struggles and attempts to find a satisfactory answer but all that he utters is

*"For this is
Life is
For thine is the"*

It is for the poem "Ash Wednesday" to reveal to us the completion of these half-phrases. Eliot has now found "strength beyond hope and despair". He is at last able to say at the first turning of the third stair

*"Lord I am not worthy
Lord I am not worthy
but speak the word only."*

The true significance of this "Domine, non sum dignus" is difficult for us to appreciate when it is presented out of context. Following Eliot through his "Collected Poems" the phrase takes on a cumulative effect. It is the answer to the "overwhelming question" in "Prufrock," it is "Christ, the tiger" come to "Gorontion", it is the rain falling at last on the "Waste Land" and allowing the poet to set his lands in order.

Eliot undoubtedly possesses great artistic skill, his poetic achievement is extensive, his influence tremendous and for the Catholic reader there is a further importance. It lies in the insight the poet gives us. Insight into an unreal city, dangerously close to despair, it is true, but an insight which cannot harm us and which surely leaves us with a new appreciation of our faith.

Linkages

Lucy Whalley

QUESTIONS, such as—what are linkages?—is it true that Kilroy left them to St. Joe's Math Club?—do they really have anything to do with the systematic strings of sausages turned out recently?—have been heard around the corridors and in the rec.

Now that the Math Club has finished its discussion on linkages, its obscure identity may be brought to light.

Linkages, in mechanics, are an assemblage of rods hinged together in such a way that the parts may move among themselves. They are generally intended to perform some particular kind of motion. There may be any number of rods, and their motion may take place in space of three dimensions, or in two dimensions, which is a plane figure.

Historically, James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, devised one of the first linkages. He attempted to convert straight line motion into circular motion. The results gave only approximate motions, but aided greatly in the development of his steam engine.

There are various types of linkages, but the one the Math Club singled out, was that by Peaucellier, a lieutenant in the French Army. The idea of his linkage was to enable him to draw a straight line without the aid of another straight line, such as a ruler. But with his instrument, called the Peaucellier Cell, he was able to draw such a line by means of a linkage. This linkage consists of six bars or links, and converts circular into rectilinear motion.

Linkages are not merely toys of the classroom, they have a real value in the business world. There have been many unsuccessful attempts to trisect an angle by means of a ruler. It is an impossible thing to do. But with the aid of a linkage, it can be done with no difficulty. Other types of linkages, as parallel rulers and pantograph are also in use in business today.

The Math Club feels it has linkages well under control. But as a result, they too have a question to be answered—is it true that at its first meeting, the Science Club is going to decompose those famous linkages?

Ritual of Death

Gloria Sileo

THE strains of a far off mariachi band? Perhaps! The aroma of spicy enchiladas? It's possible! But comes four P.M. every Sunday and not a sleeping seraped Mexican is to be found in the environs of Mexico City. 'Tis said that nothing can disturb a Mexican siesta—nothing except the bullfights!

Like baseball, bullfighting is a national sport . . . Mexico's national sport. To the average Mexican, however, bullfighting is something more sacred. It is a ritual of death—as solemn sacrifice in which the matador plays the role of high priest. A ritual that involves death often, danger always.

A Mexican boos when an American walks out before the fight is over, or when a tall Texan, with a devil-may-care gleam in his eyes, unfolds his lanky frame and yells, "Ride 'em cowboy!" He cannot conceal his disgust when a lady tourist shrieks, "The U. S. should put a stop to this. It's carnage!"

But, Americans are content to see one bullfight, merely out of curiosity. Then too, an American doesn't like to see an animal, at first full of life, dragged through the sand of the arena, leaving a bloody trail behind. Americans want to see something amusing. So they laugh if a fighter's pants are hooked off by the horns of the animal.

On the other hand, Mexican human interest is a strange and complex thing, as complex as the fancy capework in which a matador excels. A Mexican will go into a long and analytical discussion about the technique of a new overnight sensation. As for the pants episode, he will shrug it off and mumble something about Americans having "mucho Coca Cola" in their veins.

Just so long as the Americans, or anybody else, for that matter, continue to be apathetic about bullfighting, they will always be "tonto gringos."

For those Americans who do think that bullfighting is savage, it is interesting to learn that the Moors first introduced the sport into the conquered Spanish province of Andalusia. At that time, bullfighting was the favorite pastime of the aristocracy and called for an exhibition of courage and dexterity with a lance on horseback. When the Bourbons gained power in Spain, however, bullfighting yielded to several changes. First, the lance was discarded in favor of a short spear. Secondly, it was necessary for the bullfighter to have a diploma from the Royal Training School at Madrid.

Ever since the Spanish Revolution of 1936, Mexico has replaced Spain as the mecca of bullfighting in the Latin American world. To the present day however, the custom of sending fighters to Spain for training still prevails.

As a result, the Mexican matador is an expert killer of bulls. In his prime, he receives the sum of six thousand dollars an afternoon. But for the most part, a bullfighter's prime rarely exceeds his thirty fourth year. For when he has reached this point, he has unquestionably lost the quick-to-the-second timing so necessary for cape work and footwork.

The matador is the crowd's equivalent to our matinee idol. Both his prestige and the demands of the crowd insist that he appear in a different suit at each fight. This alone is a considerable expense. The very best in costuming is imported directly from Spain, and costs as much as three thousand dollars. But

the matador is bound to give satisfaction to his public. On each occasion he appears in a short bolero jacket and tight fitting knee breeches of shimmering satin and rich velvet, ornately embroidered in gold and silver. His legs are covered by stockings of the finest silk; his feet are clad in heeless slippers that one sees on a ballet dancer. A matador is vain about one item of his appearance—the long lock of hair, sometimes a pigtail, which nestles, neatly curled, at the nape of his neck.

Although one might not expect to find it so in Mexico, a matador is sincerely religious. He keeps a small shrine to Mexico's patroness, Our Lady of Guadalupe, in his dressing room. Shortly before each fight, he leaves a lighted candle before her figure, entreating her to be the guardian of his welfare.

The most popular killer of "los toros" (the bulls) today, is Manolete, the famous Spanish fighter. His appearance in Mexico ended a feud of long standing between Mexico and Spain during which time, Spanish fighters were prohibited in the country south of the border.

Just twenty four years of age, Manolete is now at the zenith of his career. His movements are so graceful and rhythmical that he earned the title of "The Exquisite". He is also the only bull-fighter in existence who has received as much as fifty thousand dollars a performance. But is it any wonder when the average Mexican businessman pays one thousand pesos or two hundred dollars to see Manolete perform!

And it is a noisy impatient crowd that waits for the matador to appear! In Mexico City, "la plaza de los toros", (bull ring) is a huge concrete and steel ring seating an audience of twenty thousand. The arena is divided into two sections known as the shady and sunny areas. The shady section as one might expect, is reserved for those who pay what is our equivalent of grandstand prices. Here El Presidente and his cabinet officials hold sway over the upper classes.

The sunny area is strongly reminiscent of the bleachers in our ball parks. Here the common crowd, composed of taxi drivers, peons, vendors, women and children, behave just like our regular bleacher crowd. They boo if the band doesn't play an appropriate number, shout and stamp their feet, hurl pop bottles at anyone who should accidentally block their view.

But, when the signal is given, the arena resounds with applause shouts of "bravo", "viva" and "ole". The parade is scheduled to begin. Out comes the matador, wrapped in a long flowing mantle of tawdry colors. Following him are his assistants, peons and picadors on horseback. Our hero marches proudly around the ring, stopping when he sees a cluster of pretty señoritas. With a smile and wave of his hand, he tosses his cape to them, signifying that he will fight the bull in their honor. The capes hang incongruously on the plain iron railing of the ring, making the arena a kaleidoscope of color. Usually the fight consists of a two hour session in which six bulls are fought by three matadors in order of seniority. Thus, after the dedication, the matador is anxious to begin the battle.

The drums roll ominously for the first or trial period. The matador braces himself. He must try to find out what his animal is like, what terrain he is going to pick to charge from, and most important of all whether he will follow the cape.

Now he has an opportunity to show off his elaborate cape work. The bull is allowed to charge freely. The crowd shouts "magnifico" at the matador's

skillfull actions. "Cuidado", (take care) is the cry as the snorting bull charges the matador.

Then the drums are heard again, announcing the second period. Two picadors enter on blindfolded horses, carrying long pics or spears. They infuriate the bull by thrusting the metal points of their spears into the shoulder muscles of the bull. Meanwhile, the matador stands ever near, distracting the animal with a flurry of cape movements.

When the picadors have left the ring, the matador, armed with six barbed arrows called banderillos, prepares to entice the bull some more. Arms up-raised, he centers the arrows in the spine just below the nape of the bull's neck. This job can be delegated to the matador's assistants called peons. But the demanding crowd will send up a shout indicating that the matador must do the stabbing himself. It is a dangerous job. The fighter must get the bull to charge without the cape to attract him. And after he has centered the arrows in the bull's neck, he must quickly run towards the animal on an arc that will remove him from any danger of being gored by the bull's horns.

For the third and last time the drums roll. Now the matador and the bull are left alone in the ring to bring the cycle to a close. The man exchanges the cerise and yellow cape for a small red one, called a muleta. A sword is concealed within its folds. The tense crowd suddenly lean forward in their seats, as the matador bends over the horns to plunge his sword into the bull.

Good killings are rare. The matador is sometimes over-cautious or too frightened to kill properly. One of his peons usually assists him, but his deed seldom receives any glory.

But at last the point of the sharp sword has penetrated tough hide. Gradually, almost like an eternity, the bull ceases to snort, then collapses. To make sure that the animal is really dead, one of the peons rushes to him and plunges a small dagger behind the beast's ears.

With his victim dead at his feet, the matador, now the high priest, listens to the verdict of the judges. If he has performed sensationally, he is awarded with an ear from the animal he has just killed.

Long ago, when bullfighting was still young, a matador never received money for his performance. Instead, he was awarded the bull which he had fought and killed, and the ear belonging to his bull, enabled him to identify his prize when the day was over.

Today, if a matador is considered worthy of possessing such a trophy, he runs around the arena twice, proudly clutching the bloody ear. The crowd is hoarse with excitement . . . señoritas toss flowers and kisses to him. Then someone in a ringside seat gives a bottle of wine to the matador. The hero throws back his head, tilts the bottle and drinks. The crowd shouts, "ole, ole!"

From all appearances the fight is over, but the distribution of the bulls remains. Usually the first killed is given to the President while the others are sold to the more exclusive restaurants of the city. Then posthumous honors are awarded to the animals who proved the fiercest.

An American is unable to understand this attitude towards the animal, this attitude towards the matador, who in our way of thinking is nothing but a thoughtless butcher. But someday, Americans will come to the conclusion that bullfighting is much more than a national pastime. The game can be a barometer for them . . . a means for every American to read and study the habits of his neighbors to the south. For, bullfighting is, in the very sense of the word, "a ritual of death!"

What Is Modern Art?

Audrey Sorrento

MODERN art is more than a conglomeration of seemingly weird paintings, grotesque sculptures and plans for buildings of "modern design". Art is vitally related to life—it is the visual expression of the spirit and the mind of the times. Just as the present moment is what it is because of the centuries which have preceded it, so the art of today is the outgrowth and development of the art which has gone before.

Aristotle stated (or is said to have stated), that, "All art is imitation". The moderns dare to deny this! They are striving to discover, interpret and re-create not merely the externals, but also the basic realities of things.

The three main approaches to the problem are the realistic, the impressionistic and the expressionistic. In the realistic approach, the subject is painted clearly, the observer has no difficulty in recognizing it. The artistic selection of detail, and the genius of presentation make the painting a work of art. Among the "realists" are Millet, Monet, Goya and Courbet. The impressionistic school grew out of the realistic. The artist presents an impression of the moment—"in a search for a more exact, scientific and immediate way of recording 'natural' truth". It resulted in a shimmering, sparkling effect. In fact, the impressionists have been called "painters of light and atmosphere".

Renoir, Monet and Pissaro are among the foremost impressionists. Incidentally, the name "Impressionists" was originally used as a term of derision—but the painters to whom it was applied seized upon it and defended it. Both realism and impressionism are concerned with the world as we actually see it with our own eyes. Expressionism, however, is concerned with the presentation of the effect of these outside experiences on the mind of the artist. It can be broken down into three main lines of argument. One group feels that it is the emotion of the artist and not the object itself which is of primary importance. "This leads to the subjective sort of expressionism: the outpourings of Van Gogh, with negligent or deliberate distortion of camera view", says Sheldon Cheney. A second theory is that "significant form" or "expressive form" is more important than the direct reproduction of a view of nature. This theory has evolved from the reach for abstractions of Cezanne to the pure abstraction of today. The third school seeks decorative ends—but "since they are as careless of nature as the others, they obviously belong to the non-imitative school."

The cubism of Picasso and other artists transforms natural images into abstract geometric designs. "The surrealist feels that the subconscious is the source of all that is valuable art". These schools are in the vanguard of modernism.

Why is modern art worthy of consideration? Because art is the picture of society as it really is. It is the mirror of our life and our times. A careful study is a great help in understanding the problems of the day—even a glance would be rewarding—if it is an **understanding** one. In its aspect as fine art, it aims to elevate the person—for it aims to portray truth. In its practical aspect, our art is a great factor in making our world a better place in which to live—for the function of art is to educate the public to good.

If a study and appreciation of art brings some degree of beauty into our lives, then the struggles and dreams of artists through the ages have not been in vain.

"A 'Nose' By Any Other Name . . ."

Phyllis Di Giacomo

I ENTERED the darkened theatre, not knowing quite what to expect when I got inside. The idea of a mass interview was something completely foreign to me. "Mass" implied thousands of people—I found about one hundred, equally bewildered. I slid into an aisle seat and had just flipped open my notebook when a young man stepped out from the wings. My pencil started flying across the paper as he gave a simple "Welcome" speech. I had filled almost an entire page before I discovered that this was **not** Jose Ferrer. That gentleman came out on stage ten minutes later. Even in the eerie light shed by the one dim bulb lighting the stage, he looked quite debonair. He settled himself easily on the edge of the stage, in a half-reclining position, as the questions started flying thick and fast from the eager audience. He answered each one singly and sincerely.

"I became an actor by accident. In my last year at college I got a part in a play, enjoyed it and started in stock. Really, actors' lives are pretty dull—either their parents were in the theatre or they weren't."

We all chuckled appreciatively. Queries about **Cyrano de Bergerac** were the most popular—covering everything from the duels to the "nose."

"I lost quite a bit of weight training for the duel scenes, working at it two hours daily for three months. A fact little known is that a duel must be rou-tined. Every trick has to be interesting; there can't be any anti-climax. As for the 'nose', it's just regular putty and I shape it myself each time. It lies right on the bridge of my own nose, with nothing on the side so it doesn't disturb the mobility of my face. Of course I encounter quite a few 'impasses' when stage action calls for drinking water or kissing a lady's hand. I had to practice those quite a bit."

Someone asked if "Cyrano" was his most difficult role. Mr. Ferrer didn't hesitate to tell us that "Iago" in **Othello** holds that questionable title.

"As Iago, I found myself saying the same thing over and over again. The problem was to make it seem unrepetitious to the audience. Of course, the problem in **Cyrano** is having to act in a country where we're used to a realistic style of acting, in a play which, although apparently realistic, is operatic. It expresses sentiment quite unreal from a naturalistic point of view. You must have the courage to play "bravura" and sweep the audience along with you. In **Othello**, Iago steals the play because he's superficially more interesting and can be played realistically. **Cyrano**, on the other hand, must be played like an opera."

Asked about opening night jitters, Mr. Ferrer replied: "I'm never nervous on opening night but when **Cyrano** opened, I admit I was anything but calm. The stage of the Alvin Theatre, where the play began to run, was completely new to me, as were the costumes. I'd walk on stage, with a "Where is every-thing?" expression on my face."

Someone wanted to know why **Cyrano** was not presented in its entirety.

"Well, in some parts of Rostand's original script, the poetry is bad and the play seems to stop dead. Then, too, no audience will sit for three hours. They will for O'Neill, but not for me!"

A voice queried above the laughter: "How important is an audience to an actor?" That one seemed to please Mr. Ferrer and he launched into an avid discussion of the subject.

"The audience is part of the show and all the fun of acting. That's why I'm not interested in making pictures—aside from the money involved, of course! Seriously, though, the younger generation has been brought up on movies so it does not realize that actors **hear** their audiences. If they are noisy or unattentive, the performance is less good and the audience feels it has been cheated. An actor, to get the "feel" of the personality of his audience, **hears** them. It is all done through the **ear**. Really, an actor is like two different people. As for me, I love and hate audiences. They can be your dearest friend and your worst enemy. Women often tend to change the character of an audience. And, oh, yes! Why on earth does someone always laugh at a kissing scene? I don't know what's so funny about a kiss. I think it's fun!"

Another wave of laughter and another question. This time about Shakespeare.

"I admit that Shakespeare certainly gives you much more to do. He is much more profound. You need more careful diction because the words are set down more carefully."

Someone asked if **Cyrano** could be made into a movie. Mr. Ferrer didn't think so.

"It would be quite difficult to transfer **Cyrano** to the screen. Shakespeare is much better suited to that medium. **Cyrano**, being more modern, is more stage-fitted. It is written in acts, as opposed to Shakespeare's scenes, and moving the camera from one place to another would not be easy."

Another question on Shakespeare was brought up. "How should he be taught?" Mr. Ferrer, at the risk of being shot at dawn, answered:

"To really learn and appreciate Shakespeare, toss out the teacher. Teach it as a show, not as literature. It took me fifteen years to appreciate Shakespeare. I only got it through acting it."

The subject shifted back to **Cyrano** again. Did he ever have any stage mishaps? Mr. Ferrer chuckled.

"Yes, many times. On opening night, I perspired so much that a puddle formed in my ear. My problem was to hide my predicament from the audience and still hear my cues. I did both by periodically tilting my head to one side and letting the water run out. Then, of course, there is always that sickening rip of silk as you step on the train of some unsuspecting lady. But, in **Cyrano**, I pay for the silk because I am producing the show. No one else wanted to risk it. . . ."

There was a howl of laughter at this. At the time, **Cyrano** was one of the biggest hits on Broadway. The inevitable question about aspiring young actors was brought up.

"Of course, practical training is the best but it is hard to get, I know. Nevertheless, there's nothing like a real job."

Someone wanted to know if there was anything in Mr. Ferrer's personal background that had aided his acting ability.

"Well, I was born in Puerto Rico, speak Spanish at home and have spoken French since I was six. This has made me more aware of foreign culture and given me greater understanding and feeling. Then, too, I majored in architecture at Princeton and studied the history of art, sculpture and painting. This gave me a visual concept of things."

The query "What is your attitude toward critics?" brought an interesting and entertaining reply.

"I never take public issue with the critics. After all, they are part of the

setup. Usually, if critics pan a production, it's 'goodbye, show' unless, of course, the star is so big that people want to see it anyway. I must admit though, that the condescension of the critics drives me out of my mind. In their reviews of *Cyrano*, some of these worthy gentlemen reported that I had done a good job even though my height and voice aren't quite big enough for the part. Well, I stand five feet, eleven inches in my stocking feet, and I have an enormous voice. Besides, *Cyrano* fights with his heart, mind, and spirit. He doesn't have to be a big man."

At this point, "*Cyrano*" glanced at his watch, sprang up quickly, tossed a hasty but friendly "Goodbye, and thank you . . . , " dashed off the stage, and we came out from "behind the scenes."



Spring Festivals

Nora McInerney

*"When daisies pied and violets blue,
And snow-drop deck'd in silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
Hails the sweet spring,
Hails the sweet spring.*

SPRING—that wonderful and glorious rebirth of nature has arrived! We know and love the poets' praises of her splendors; her dew-pearled hill-side, her dancing sunbeam, her fragrant flowers or her lilting songs. Peoples of all ages have, in turn, celebrated this awakening at festivals, which signify the death of winter and the new life, the new promise of spring.

*"Tis sweet in the garden spring
To gaze upon the wakening fields around,*

This sentiment fills every heart with joy and we can picture, too, the awe and wonder of earlier peoples, as they witnessed this "change". They celebrated this mystery in an impressive and colorful procession at dawn of the first day of spring. Youths and maidens dressed in the flowing white robes, bore wreaths, sprays of multicolored flowers, green garlands and carried lyre and cymbals to commemorate the return of Persephone, the goddess of spring. After enacting the story of Demeter's search for Spring, and her joyful appearance, the youths would engage in athletic feats to give further homage to this phenomenon.

Then, each land has added its own festive sign, as spring approaches there. Sweden's folk build huge bonfires on their hills to drive away the Winter Spirits. Each village has on its "Volborg Mess", a picnic where the youths dance and sing. Ireland's folk scatter primroses to chase away the witches and fairies. Their youths dance around the Maybush to the tune of the fairy pipes. They believe that whosoever hears the fairies tunes, will remain graceful forever.

Italian villagers plant a lovely pine tree before the door of the most beautiful girl in the village. They decorate the tree with garlands and flowers and the maiden chosen dances with the villagers around the gaily decorated tree. England's children carry May Dolls, decorated with ribbons and flowers. They are survivals of the Romans' tributes to Flora, their goddess of spring. Robin Hood and his "merry men" invite the villagers to feasts, in other parts of England. These tall yeomen dressed in soft-green garments, escort their friends to the forests and the traditional dance about the maypole begins.

In our own country, the various racial strains have contributed to the color, the gaiety, and the diversity of American festivals. The Maypole dance is perhaps the most popular, and each national element adds to it peculiar folk-dances; the mazurka, the polka, the bolero and finally the typically American "Virginia reel." Welcome is in order for spring: a tribute to its panorama of color and its lilting songs. Each one has found a way to celebrate this wondrous arrival.

*"With garlands and with wreaths,
With flowers and twigs o' green,
With joy in our hearts, and believing in Fairies,
We bring to you this Festival of Spring.*

Richmond Barthe

Irene Kelly

M R. Barthé, why are so many of the subjects of your sculpturing connected with the theatre?"

This was from Catherine Coveney who with me had just managed to sandwich a half-hour glimpse of his exhibition the Friday before this interview. We noticed that all the figures and heads displayed either actors or dancers. Among them were a bust of Katherine Cornell as "Juliet", John Gielgud as "Hamlet", Maurice Evans as "Richard II", McClendon as "Serena", and Muriel Smith as "Carmen Jones".

"I like the theatre. I have more friends in the world of the theatre than in the field of plastic art."

"Do the actors and dancers pose for you or do you make sketches of them and transform your impressions into clay at your studio?" To both of these amateur suggestions the answer was "no".

"I sit in the audience and study the person closely; not as himself but as the character he is portraying. "This accounted for the divergence of the features of John Gielgud as John Gielgud and John Gielgud as we observed in the bust at the exhibition. He continued, "Later, I try to put the impressions, feeling and suggestions I have obtained into the concrete form."

At this point in your reading I am sure you are asking yourself, "Who is this Mr. Barthé? Who is this man whose marvelous gift of psychic observation and spontaneous feeling for mood, line, gesture and motion enables him to execute such works of art without a model?"

Richmond Barthé is a Catholic Negro sculptor who was born in Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, January 28, 1901. He attended St. Rose of Lima Parochial school and Valena Jones High School in his home town. In 1924 he came up to Chicago, and under the patronage of a Catholic priest, Rev. Harry F. Kane, S.S.J., he studied painting at the Chicago Art Institute for four years.

"What made you leave painting for sculpturing?", we interrupted.

"I haven't left painting. I've always liked it. In fact I still have my paints here for use when I have time."

We weren't satisfied. Why the change?

"I began sculpturing quite by accident," he informed us. "One day I asked my friend, a student at the institute if I could do his head in clay. He consented. I liked the result and did some more works in clay. Several of these were used in art shows in Chicago. Thus I became a sculptor."

At present Mr. Barthé lives in New York City. He has given a hundred and thirty exhibitions, either one-man shows or in conjunction with other artists. Among these, two were held at the American-British Art Center, one at the Brooklyn Public Library last year, one at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and another at the New York World's Fair. The one "Cove" and I had attended was held at the Grand Central Art Galleries last February. His latest exhibition, preparation for which was in evidence during our interview, began on March tenth at the Whitney Museum of American Art. His "Lincoln and the Freed Slave" represented the work of American artists at the international exhibition held recently in India. His head of Booker T. Washington is in the Hall of Fame. With all that he is a member of the Sculptors Guild. Could we realize the full significance of what he meant when he said that he had no time for painting?

Despite the fact that he was pressed for time, Mr. Barthé obligingly showed us several of his works in the process of completion. Among them was a figure of George Washington Carver looking at a bunch of peanuts. In its unfinished condition, the hands were still in their skeletal stage. They were made of thin aluminum wire intertwined with copper wire and were strongly suggestive of the proverbial surgeon's slender yet powerful ones. The whole figure was made thus, we were told.

"What did you use as a model?" I asked, remembering that Carver had died some time ago.

"I had some films of him at work in his laboratory. I run these off several times and study him closely. Then I try to portray his feelings and emotions in my work."

Mr. Barthé showed us likewise his incomplete six-foot figure of Christ entitled "Come unto Me" on which he has been working for years. When asked when it would be completed, he said he had no idea. Of course this called for an explanation.

"The idea for it grows and grows. As it grows I work." He made us sit in the chair and look at the figure. The eyes of Christ looked down upon us directly, individually. They looked on us as they will look on the parishioners of the Church of St. Jude in Montgomery, Alabama, where the first cast will be sent. They seemed to say with irresistible force and love, "Come unto Me".

There was something about this comely masculine figure of Christ which set it apart from all other likenesses of Him we had seen. Mr. Barthé put this something into words for us.

"We must remember that Christ was a Jew," he said. "He was a man of great character and apparently a carpenter's son. Could such magnanimity of character, such great love, such strength as is required of a carpenter's son be embodied in the forms our artists provide for Him?" We were struck by the novelty of his idea.

Mention of the fact that Christ was a Jew brought our conversation around to the minority question.

"It seems to me," Mr. Barthé began, "that if Christians realized more fully that Christ was a Jew and that His Mother, His Apostles and most of the early Christians were Jews, bigotry and hatred as manifested towards the Jews would disappear. I cannot see how anyone can claim he has love for Christ in his heart and yet harbor a dislike for another because he is a Catholic, a Negro, a Jew or any other sect or race of human beings."

Because he is an artist, we thrust at him the inevitable question: "What is your opinion on abstract art in the field of sculpturing?"

"I am a realist. However, I have no prejudices. There are good and bad in both kinds. The sculptor who produces an abstract figure, having very little knowledge of his subject will turn out a very poor piece. Good abstract art represents the artist's deep knowledge from which he draws the quality of the greatest significance, the one synonymous with the subject in the mind of the artist. This he seeks to portray."

Mr. Barthé's favorite sculptor is Professor Mestovich, at present instructor of sculpture at Syracuse University, New York. Barthé saw him when he came from Europe a few months ago. At the meeting the renowned sculptor shook hands with Barthé.

"I was so thrilled by this honor that I felt like not washing my hands for several weeks".

This simplicity and youthfulness, we found, are some of the qualities of

this great man. His evident spiritual character, his love for the beauty of God's creation, especially His greatest, man, had a profound effect upon us.

As "Cove" said, when we left him, "You can't help being changed by him."



Descartes—Father of Modern Thought

Bernadette Cassidy
Anne Doyle

DESCARTES marks the transition from the Middle Ages to the modern world. He might be classed as a "tail-end" Thomist since his philosophy took its forms from the tenets of scholastic philosophy which he had imbibed at the Jesuit College of La Fleche. Scholasticism had fallen into disrepute and Descartes clearly recognized the decadence of the scholastic system. Descartes was of the same mind as the author of the jingle, which said of the scholastic that:

*"He was in logic a great crink
Profoundly skilled in analytic,
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side.
He'd run in debt by disputation
And pay with ratiocination,
And this by syllogism true
In mood and figure he would do."*

After Descartes had finished his studies at La Fleche, he realized that, although he had acquired a great deal of knowledge, he had learned nothing of which he was absolutely certain. Then says Descartes, "I found myself embarrassed with so many doubts and errors that it seemed to me that the effort to instruct myself had no effect other than the increasing discovery of my own ignorance." Despite this avowal of ignorance, Descartes had found in his studies at the Jesuit college, the key to his later philosophy; this study was mathematics. Father Clavius, the Jesuit authority in Mathematics, was the teacher of Descartes and from him Descartes inherited the spirit of mathematical learning. In his "Mathematical Works" Clavius states, "there is no doubt that the first place among the sciences should be conceded to mathematics"; here,

potentially, is the seed of the philosophy of Descartes.

It became the ambition of Descartes to apply the exactness, precision, and certainty of mathematics to philosophy. Descartes believed that mathematics was not only the first of all sciences, but the only knowledge worth the name. "Mathematicism" might be the term used to express most truly the innermost spirit of Cartesian philosophy. To Descartes, philosophy was nothing more than a recklessly conducted experiment to see what happens to knowledge when it is made to conform to mathematical evidence.

Descartes combined the mathematics of the ancients with the algebra of his time and then decided his next step was to synthesize this product with logic. But in his attempt to stretch the method of mathematics beyond its own limited sphere, Descartes put an early end to his own career as a mathematician. He could not universalize the method of mathematics unless he transformed it into something entirely different. Descartes was to extract from the method of mathematics, everything which would be applicable to all possible questions. He had succeeded in eliminating figures from geometry, he felt he could now eliminate quantity itself from mathematics. Elimination of quantity was necessary, if his method was to extend to the realms of metaphysics and ethics, where no quantity is involved.

The principle behind Cartesian philosophy is that, since the most evident of all sciences (mathematics) is also the most abstract, then if all other sciences were made just as abstract, they would by the same token become more evident. In order to make the objects of philosophical knowledge as similar as possible to those of mathematics, he reduced their number to three, THOUGHT, GOD, EXTENSION. And he asserted that these objects are fully evident upon our thinking of them. In other words, Descartes believed in the actual existence of a set of intellectual intuitions, or pure ideas, quite independent of any empirical reality. His philosophy does not go from things to ideas, but from ideas to things. To know is to reduce everything to clear distinct ideas.

Descartes first problem was, whether anything can be known. To avoid the pitfall of skepticism, Descartes posits a methodic doubt—and lays as the corner stone of his philosophy—"Cogito ergo sum", "I think therefore I am".

Descartes thus, to his own satisfaction, proved himself to be a thinking being. Upon examining his thoughts he found an idea of a perfect being, i.e. one in whom all conceivable perfections are found. This is a thought of God. What then causes this idea? It can't be our minds, since they are imperfect. It can't be any of the material things existing outside of our minds (we have not yet proved their existence). It must be a cause which contains within itself all the perfection of that idea, in short, God.

Having proved the existence of God, Descartes had now to explain reality. He proves the existence of external reality by the senses. We sense external reality and though our senses could deceive us, God would not allow us to be deceived. This demonstration sufficed until someone tried to prove it. Then, the first attempt to prove it turned out to be the first step toward the denial of the existence of external reality.

Cartesian philosophy had a very great effect upon succeeding philosophers. What St. Thomas had brought together, it ripped apart. Descartes' "Admirable Science" also produced, first in the realm of thought and being, the seed of idealism; second, in dealing with knowledge, the foundation of rationalism; third, in the treatment of man, Descartes paved the way for dualism.

Thus we may say of Descartes that if he did not establish the discord of modern philosophy, he was at least the father of the chaos of modern thought.

God Loves A Frenchman

Dolores Brien

GOD loves a Frenchman. And if you dispute it the French will boast to you of Jeanne d'Arc . . . and of Charles Péguy. It is this Charles Péguy, whom we have come to call prophet, who tells us in his own way the peculiar beauty of the French soul.

*"It is very annoying, says God. When there are
no more Frenchman,
Well there are things that I do, and nobody
will be there to understand them.
French people, the peoples of the earth call
you lightheaded
Because you are a prompt people.
The Pharisians call you lightheaded
Because you are a quick people.
You reach the goal before the others have started.
But I have weighed you, says God, and I have not
found you wanting.
O people who invented the cathedral, I have not
found you wanting in faith.
O people who invented the crusade, I have not found
you wanting in charity.
As for hope, it might be better not to mention that,
because they have taken all of it.*

The youth of France between the two great world wars, as well as Jacques and Raissa Maritain, knew how well those charming words described Péguy, a Frenchman among Frenchmen. Perhaps it is in that naive but characteristic poem that they love him best. Surely it reveals much of the simplicity and child-likeness of the man, who approached the Church with a new, fresh vision and took such joy in her. At least it is an appropriate introduction to one of the most lovable personalities of our own century whose words remain dear to many young men and women.

Charles Péguy was born in 1873 at Orléans, the son of a "rampailleuse" or chair mender. That he came of peasant stock was Péguy's boast and that he respected the artisan and "**T'ouvrage bien faite**," the job well done, we know from his proud words: "During all my childhood I saw chairs being caned exactly in the same spirit, with the same hand and heart as those with which this same people fashioned its cathedrals." This is, indeed, all we need know of Péguy: his singular devotion to that honest world which was built in the Middle Ages, taking life from and centering in the Church. He was himself a fine craftsman. The art of printing he learned well, studying it as intensely as he studied his favorite classics. And although it is well known that most books contain misprints, there were none in the books brought out by the **Cahiers de la Quinzaine** which he established in 1901.

The life of Péguy is inspiring as well as fascinating. To read of his education at Sainte Barbe and at the Ecole Normale, of his friendships with the brothers Tharaud, Juarés and the Maritains, the strange but Péguy-like circumstance of his marriage, of the founding of the bookshop and of the **Cahiers**, of his concern in the Dreyfus case and of his beautiful death, is an experience in humanity and greatness reaching beyond the mean and narrow limits of our own lives into that nobility and rightness of character which was

so peculiarly his and which is so little understood today. At the least it is too varied for even a brief account here.

The Péguy one loves best is the poet, who, like Claudel, makes us see the innocence, the beauty and the utter truth of Christianity with a new, simple sight. He was familiar with God: his biographer reminds us that God resembled greatly an elderly French peasant but we understand many things the better for it.

I don't like the man who doesn't sleep, says God.

Sleep is the friend of man.

Sleep is the Friend of God.

*Sleep is perhaps the most beautiful thing I
have created.*

And I myself rested on the seventh day.

*He whose heart is pure, sleeps. And he who sleeps
has a pure heart.*

Nothing could be more lucid nor thought more true. Yet Péguy could be exquisitely lyrical, just as his imagery, though humble, could be exact.

*I have seen the deep sea, and the deep forest, and the
deep heart of man.*

I have seen hearts devoured by love

During whole lifetimes

Lost in love

Burning like flames.—

I have seen martyrs blazing like torches,

Thus preparing for themselves palms everlastingly green.

And I have seen, beading under claws of iron,

Drops of blood which sparkled like diamonds.

And I have seen beading tears of love

Which will last longer than the stars in heaven.

And I have seen looks of prayers, looks of tenderness,

Lost in love,

Which will gleam for all eternity, nights and nights.

And I have seen whole lives from birth to death,

From baptism to viaticum,

Unrolling like a beautiful skein of wool.

*But I tell you, says God, that I know of nothing so
beautiful in the whole world*

*As a little child going to sleep while he is saying his
prayers. . . .*

Ah! Then he has some sweet fun in him and no shame in thinking that God smiles out on us.

*I have never seen anything so funny and I therefore know of
nothing so beautiful in the world*

As that child going to sleep while he says his prayers . . .

*Nothing is so beautiful and it is even one point on which
the Blessed Virgin agrees with me—*

*And I can say it is the only point on which we agree. Because
as a rule we disagree,*

She being for mercy,

Whereas, I, of course, have to be for justice.

Henri Ghéon tells us of St. Jean Vianney and his mystical friendship with Philomena, a child-martyr of the early Church. The influence of Jeanne d'Arc

upon Péguy is similar. It is told that at the time Péguy was most vehemently professing atheism, in secret, he wrote his epic of "Jeanne d'Arc." Certainly, she was the greatest thing in his life and to her, perhaps we owe his return to the Church. I say his return to the Church, although it is not known that he made formal peace with Her. (But that is between God and Péguy and not for us to decide.)

We know of his heroic death at the Battle of the Marne on September 5, 1914, a death in keeping with his good life which was lived to the fullest. In 1913 he wrote these prophetic words:

*Blessed are those who died for carnal cities.
For they are the body of the city of God.
Blessed are those who died for their hearth and their fire,
And the lowly honors of their father's house.*

* * *

*Blessed are those who died, for they have returned
Into primeval clay and primeval earth.
Blessed are those who died in a just war.
Blessed is the wheat that is ripe and the wheat
that is gathered in sheaves.*



The Flora of Brooklyn

Kathryn Driscoll

NOTHING is impossible in Brooklyn—particularly in the spring, when the orchids imported all winter are rivalled by the violets and daffodils peeping proudly from even the humblest little gardens. And as the leaves begin to appear on the many magnificent elms and oaks, which, fortunately, are more representative than the well-known old eucalyptus in Greenpoint, the enthusiasm of wondering children reappears with demands that parents take them to enjoy the delightful sights at Prospect Park.

To gardeners and lovers of nature, Brooklyn offers possibilities not even considered by an unappreciative general public. We need not stare upward as astronomers, or downward as microscopists at the unchanging patterns of matter, or deeply and expertly as physicists into life's interior chemistry. Simply by watching with perceptive vision and honest hearts the commonest earth happenings of everyday, a lover of nature or an amateur biologist may be kept fascinated.

Although its parks are the only areas having flowers, trees and shrubs, growing in planned abundance, Brooklyn nevertheless possesses samples of a large number of flowers and plants which may be grown in the gardens or observed in any unpaved plot of ground, or even enjoyed in vacant lots. And although not noted for being a garden spot, Brooklyn, too, is transformed in spring by its presentation of innumerable species of flora to the eyes of those who care to see.

A majority of the one thousand four hundred and fifty species of flowering plants which New York State has to offer may be found in Brooklyn, including many of the eighty which attain to the stature of trees. Besides these, Brooklyn affords several species found in no other part of the state.

The *Clematis Ochroleuca*, or Silky Virgin's Bower, a yellow flower about one inch in diameter is found in a small sandy copse about half a mile from South Ferry, Brooklyn, the only known locality of the plant in the state. This plant flowers in May.

The sandy soil on a bushy hillside also about half a mile from South Ferry is the only known locality of the beautiful *Clitoria Mariana*, or Maryland Clitoria. This is a pale blue flower tinged with purple and about two inches in length. It is usually trailing over small bushes.

The *Eupatorium Aromaticum*, or Sweet-scented Hemp Weed is also a Brooklyn specialty. Its somewhat fragrant flowers are found in dry, sandy thickets.

Eupatorium Teucrifolium, or Germander-leaved Hemp Weed found on low grounds and borders of thickets, and the Large-tubercled Spike-rush, found in sandy swamp regions, are also found only in this part of the state.

Besides these exclusive plants, let us consider a few of the better known flowers which Brooklyn shares with many other parts of the world. Coming originally from different localities, many of them, which have become naturalized, bring with them legendary significance which shows how they have been appreciated by others.

Lowell has said of the dandelion, which grows in scorned abundance on our lawns:

*"Gold, such as thine, ne'er drew Spanish Prow
Through the primeval bush of Indian seas.
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to robe the lover's heart with ease:
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand.
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye."*

And among the country people in Switzerland, the flower is known as the shepherd's clock, because it opens at five in the morning and closes at eight in the evening.

The clover, also well-known to us, is considered to be a symbol of promise. Hope has been represented as a child standing on tiptoe and holding out clover blossoms. It is the closest example we have of the national floral emblem of the Emerald Isle which was used by Saint Patrick to explain the doctrine of the Trinity.

Several of the other flowers which have become so naturalized as to be growing in profusion have brought with them legends and symbols too. The rose, meaning love in the language of the flowers, has a legend of its origin known in almost every oriental land. And it holds an important place in ecclesiastical history. It is especially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the Queen of Heaven, because legend says that her tomb was found filled with roses and lilies after her assumption.

The lily-of-the-valley is associated with religion and chivalry. In flower language it represents the return of happiness. One of the emblems of the Virgin is a lily-of-the-valley among thorns. Our Lady's Tears is another name by which it is known.

Forsythia, azalea, hyacinth, daisies, mountainpinks, crocus, and iris, to name a few others, may also be found among the beloved adopted ones of Brooklyn.

Trees, thrusting their taproots into the earth and raising their leaves to the sun, while their branches reach eagerly toward the cumulus clouds sailing high in the sky, also give testimony of God's grandeur demonstrated here as everywhere else, maples, poplars, beech, ash, birch, sycamore, linden, American chestnut, and dogwood are known and well loved by inhabitants of this locality.

The local flora section of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden exhibits, along with all the above mentioned, nearly 1,000 species of plants which grow without cultivation within a radius of 100 miles of New York City.

And every well tended garden and neat lawn in the many residential districts of the "City of Homes" proudly displays what Brooklyn has to offer to add to the spirit of spring.

Cartooning in America

Anne Doyle

PERHAPS no medium is a better reflection of the times than the cartoons of an era. In America the cartoon has found its place as an expression for our political and social viewpoints as well as our humor. But in its use we have only borrowed a device known to prehistoric man. The crude drawings on the walls of his shelter were just as much an indication of his social impressions as our best satirical cartoon is today. Traces of caricature have been found in the Roman barracks where some recruit has given vent to his feelings in a graphic commentary on his commanding officer. For centuries people have wittingly or unwittingly developed caricature, particularly in the vein of social satire.

The development of the political cartoon represented the need of a stimulus for sober thought on critical issues of the day. After the Franco-Prussian war and the vindication of the Bismarck state, Daumier, the most effective cartoonist of the time ridiculed the government for its laxity in this new type of cartoon. He added the fourth ingredient to cartooning, the new and incisive weapon—malice. A prime example of this malicious ridicule brought Daumier into the French courts. He had caricatured Louis Phillipe with a head that appeared flaccid in the shape of a pear. The king was literally laughed from his throne. Since that time the political cartoon has served to clarify political issues, and in many instances has brought abuses that cried for correction within the focus of the people.

By the time America began to make use of the cartoon, it was pretty well defined as to its use and makeup. To the cartoonist fell the task of transplanting it from foreign soil and making it an expression of American humor or politics as the case might be. But not until the Great War did it reach any dimensions as a force on public opinion. By this time it had begun to reach large audiences in the newspapers and as a thoroughly naturalized product, it aimed at our most vulnerable characteristics, our love of ridicule and our patriotism. Almost by popular demand the cartoonist suggested the enemy's personality in symbolic form; Germany was the mongrel, the beast and the viper. The cartoon achieved a sting of mockery that showed the enemy to his worst advantage. But if this found eager response, the appeal to patriotism was equally strong. What American youth could resist the provocative, outstretched finger of Uncle Sam? Patriotism was glorious and youth was aflame with it.

Actually these war cartoons were a poor lot, for the most part regimented by government demands. The United States Food Administration, Treasury Department, and various government agencies compiled a bulletin of suggested subjects that needed some clever coaxing, which was sent to the cartoonists. Considerable cartoon power, what might today be called "homefront propaganda", was developed in an effort to stimulate recruiting and to push the sale of Liberty Bonds. One such attempt at bond-selling admonished Americans to "Buy 'till it hurts", by depicting a bloody hand with the caption, "The Hun—his mark—blot it out with Liberty Bonds." (But as to humor in these war cartoons, little can be found.)

And then came the unexpected peace. Brass bands, confetti and a million Americans on parade saw the unexpected close of the war. On all sides people resolved to forget the past with the new slogan "return to normalcy". But the

post war era was anything but normal. In reaction to the idealism that had characterized the war period people went in for disillusionment, then cynicism. All barriers of law and order gave way under the strain, and the social upheaval followed two trends of behavior. Most people sanctioned the new-born recklessness; a few turned their backs in derision. To those who approved the new order, one of pregnant materialism, it was an era of extravagance that made the prodigality of the nineties seem amateurish by comparison. This was the era of the shortened skirt and indiscriminate drinking, a challenge for the suffragette to prove her new won equality. Women worked with men, affected mannish clothes, drank, swore, smoked, and cut their hair and their skirts. Those who disapproved of the period, the intellectuals who lived for the glory of art, sought refuge with Hemingway's "lost generation" in Paris. They were incapable of facing life as it was, so they scorned all America and its traditions. It was an era of pro and con, where those in favor joined the merri-ment and the dissenters went abroad to forget it.

The whole period was well mirrored in the cartoons of the "New Yorker" magazine, which came into existence at the time, with its policy of sterile sophistication. It pictured snobbery and wasted life with a warm good humor. Even the hijackers and bootleggers, like Capone were depicted with a jocularity which made Europeans remark, "I don't see anything funny in crime".

This same period was conducive to the growth of the political cartoon which became indignant over the suppression of minority groups. It boosted the Communist party in its struggle for existence and hammered away at the Ku Klux Klan which threatened not only Communists but majority groups as well. When the Klan was finally ordered to unmask in parades, Duffy, a cartoonist on the Baltimore Sun, saw his opportunity for a political sting. He drew a Klansman with an indescribably weak face, standing before Uncle Sam, whose shocked expression is completed by the caption, "Put it on again".

As late as 1928 America had not forgotten her disillusionment and the cartoons on the Kellogg Peace Pact were plentiful and varied. Orr of the Chicago Tribune drew a dissipated globe-headed individual taking the Peace pledge, swearing off forever. Great piles of empty bottles labeled "War" are seen in the background. America questioned the value of peace pacts to a world steeped in the tradition of war.

Although these post war cartoons failed with few exceptions to produce any lasting humor, the effectiveness of the political satire cannot be questioned. In both instances, however they have given later generations a graphic picture of this era. To the critical eye these cartoons are still a poignant representation of American life in the twenties.

The depression that followed the "seven years of plenty" closed the door on frivolity. The era of bobbed skirts, social bootleggers, fads and styles came to an end. Humor itself as evidenced by the cartoons was at a premium. The little there is to be found is a humor of pathos. But development in cartooning was not sterile. About this time in America caricature came into its own. Actually caricature wasn't new for the Egyptians had used it, but it was new on the American scene. It might be called the art of sketching by "truthful misrepresentation" and is an extremely personal comment on the appearance of an individual. By the use of exaggeration, the caricaturist tries to find the keynote of his subject's personality. Peggy Bacon's work is outstanding in the field of social caricatures. Some of her best caricatures are found in "Off With Their Heads," where a series of decapitations takes place and she studies her subjects in a half physiological, half mental aspect. Just review the sad case

of Franklin P. Adams, better known as F. P. A. after the artist has finished her work.

"F.P.A.—Cone shaped head with hair fried and grizzled in front, charred splinters behind. Flesh leathery and rumpled. Worried forehead, wee anxious eyes, close together, wedged up under eyebrows, scared of nose. Little black thorny mustache, thrown out like miniature defense. Mouth assertive and important. Chin humbly distressed. Pulled out irregular neck, suggesting a llama. Expression of arrogance, kindness, perception."

The most recent trend in cartooning sees the cartoonist indulging in humor and satire for its own sake, utterly divorced from social or political implications. Peter Arno and George Price are representative in this respect. Price in particular seems to delight in the surpassingly ridiculous. He sticks fast to the circumstances of reality as if he had merely sketched a commonplace event. He presents a man engaged in a humdrum occupation or attitude but with some added twist. In a crowded elevator one passenger is seen in a fly like position, his feet firmly attached to the ceiling. The operator, closing the gate, admonishes him with "Face the front of the car, please!"

Although humor is universally appreciated, it has certainly proved a variable factor. This is particularly true of cartoons which for the most part have only been acceptable during their own period. Looking back on the cartoons of the twenties one sees that they are only in rare instances considered funny today. They generally required wordy captions to explain them, in contrast to the brevity that characterizes the cartoon today. And yet, even the modern cartoonist must admit that he has not drunk of the elixir that will keep his work ever young. The very nature of his work prevents it, for the cartoonist must live close to the people where he can represent the temper of the times most accurately. We can, then expect the American cartoon to fail in the humor we think it should have, but it will never fail to give us the manners and modes of Americans.

Hermann Hesse

Mary O'Keefe

EVER since the German-born Swiss writer Hermann Hesse received the 1946 Nobel Prize, there has been a greatly increasing interest in his life and work. The American reading public, in particular, has taken a great share in the interest. The award came as a surprise to the majority, who knew little or nothing of this poet, critic and novelist, of well-established fame in Germany and the representative writer of Switzerland for the past thirty years.

Hesse was born in Calw in 1877, the son of a missionary to India. He was destined by his family to follow in his father's footsteps. Thus, he was sent to the Protestant Theological College of Maulbrom. His interests were elsewhere, however, and he failed in his studies. Once out in the world his latent power of writing developed and he produced work after work. It is in the most rep-

representative of these that we find his true history.

From the first, Hesse's writings showed that he was a man of strong individualistic and romantic tendencies. In his earlier works it was the latter trait that predominated and secured him almost immediate popularity.

Peter Carmenzind (1904) and **Unterm Rad** (1906), his two most important early novels, both challenged society, but their chief attraction lay in their 'return to nature'.

In **Peter Carmenzind** Hesse lets us see what has saved him from dire misery and despair in his early youth. This is the story of a young boy who leaves his small Swiss village to travel through the world. During his wanderings he observes mockingly the superficiality of modern life and art. In Italy, however, he finds peace. Here, his thirsty longing after an understanding of nature, its still beauty, and its dark, exquisite language is fulfilled. He then returns home satisfied. The importance of the novel lies not in the story but in the treatment of nature. Hesse, at first, gave himself over to the problems of nature, as well as to the problems of man. He says:

"Ein in der Sonne stehender Baum, ein verwittender Stein, ein Tier, ein Berg—sie haben ein Leben, sie haben eine Geschichte, sie leben, leiden, trotzen, geniessen, sterben, aber wir begreifen ist nicht."

He then attempted to bring mankind as close to nature as he was himself. Again, he says:

"Berge, See, Sturm und Sonne waren meine Freunde, erzählten mir und erzogen mich und waren mir lange Zeit lieber und bekannter als irgend Menschen."

Man must love nature, must listen to the beating heart of the earth, must partake in the life of the whole and must not forget in the pressure of their small destinies that they are not gods, created by themselves, but children and animals of the earth and the cosmic whole.

Unterm Rad is the portrayal of the fate, which might have been his in early youth, had he continued to attend the seminary. As we have seen, Hesse had broken the family tradition by failing in school. He had then taken a job in a factory. After this he had become a book-seller and it was during this period that he developed into poet. The hero of **Unterm Rad**, Hans Giebenrath, however met a different fate. Hesse burdened him with his own experiences and adversities, undergone because of his father's stubbornness and the heavy and strict tutelage of the whole school system. Hans is shattered by the experience and finds freedom only in the dark river of his homeland, where once he had passed the happiest hours of his short life. The martyrdom of the lad may be taken as a symbol of the individual bound by the conventions of modern society, against which Hesse was warring.

It was in Florence, that I first felt the wretched ridiculousness of modern civilization, felt fated to be a stranger in it, to live in obedience to the promptings of my true self.

Nevertheless, the importance of the book lay not in this strong individualism and reactionary tendencies but in the impassioned love of nature, shown in his descriptions which are surely of his home town, Calw.

In **Diesselts** (1907) and **Nachbarn** (1908) we find the same theme of return to nature. However, a new element enters. In both of them there is a symbolism, clear to understand: how one thing is strange to another and how our ways cross, only for a few steps. This is illustrated in the verses which close the book **Nachbarn**:

*Seltsam, in Nebel zu wandern!
Einsam ist jeder Busch und Stein,
kein Baum sieht den andern,
jeder ist allein.*

*Voll von Freuden war mir die Welt
als noch mein Leben licht war;
nun, da der Nebel fällt,
ist keiner mehr sichtbar.*

*Wahrlich, keiner ist weise
der nicht das Dunkel kennt,
das unentrinnbar und leise
von Allen ihn trennt.*

*Seltsam, im Nebel zu wandern!
Leben ist einsamsein
Kein Mensch kennt den andern
jeder is allein.*

The two novels **Gertrud** (1910) and **Rosshalde** (1914) grew out of this feeling and portray it more fully. Both are the stories of artists, their lonely lives and the fate of always remaining strange to those they love.

The World War brought about an important crisis in the life of the poet and a significant change in his work. It broke the quiet, the peace, and the harmony of his life. It severed him from many of his friends, for Hesse was a German living in Switzerland. Again the same thing happened to him as had happened to him in his youth, he tells us in **Kurzgefassten Lebenslauf**. He had been a bad student and had caused himself and his parents much trouble—between the world and the voice of his own heart, he saw no possibility of a reconciliation. During the War this was repeated. Again he saw himself in conflict with the world, with which, up until this time, he had lived in friendship. Again all went wrong; again he was alone; again all that he said and thought was misunderstood by others. Then he began to reflect. The world was in disorder—perhaps he too was in disorder and as guilty as the rest of the world. Yes, that was it. He said:

*"Ich fand allen Krieg und alle Mordlust der Welt, all ihren Leichtsinn,
all ihre rohe Genuss-sucht, all ihre Feigheit in mir selber wieder . . ."*

From this experience the artist emerged, a changed man. Behind him was the belief in a poetic gift. Until now he had looked back; now, he must look forward. His past work lay 'im Abendsrot.' Our time is another; our fate is another—of that he must write.

Hesse now left a blank between what once was and what is now. He assumed a nom de plume, and under it, **Demian** was published in 1919. This is the story of a young man of the times. In it Hesse captures all the malaise of the war-time. It appealed greatly to the youth, who were greatly perturbed when they discovered their spokesman to be 'the old Hesse' who, since **Peter Camenzind** and **Unterm Rad**, had ceased to espouse their cause.

In 1927 appeared his most famous novel **Steppenwolf**, a book of dead earnest. Hesse finds in it a new formula for his being and fate. Formerly he had found two natures in his breast, which fought each other fiendishly—one a fine, wise, good, delicate humanity and the other a free, wild, adventurous, powerful wolfish one. Such a simplification Hesse can no longer believe in. He must abandon this dualistic philosophy—man is more complex. He is 'a whole garden of Paradise,' of beautiful and frightful, of great and small, powerful and delicate forms which wait for man to become their lord . . . There is no unity of soul in man as there is in the body. Man is always on the road in a long pilgrimage to reach the ideal of harmony. He must seek this way, not in a "Zurück zur Natur" or a "Zurück zum Kinde"—but forward into the world embracing more and more of it. "Seine Seele so erweitern haben, dass sie das All wieder zu umfassen vermag!" Underneath this **all** lies the thought that man is not just an animal but a child of the gods and destined to immortality. That is Hermann Hesse's most confident belief.

With Brush And Pen

Gertrude Shea

ILLUSTRATORS have joined hands with the writers of children's books and, with brush and pen, they have made reading fun, taking children on journeys to new lands, introducing them to new people and animals, providing the imaginary impetus for making these characters and places live. In modern times, men and women, realizing the tremendous benefits to be derived from pictures, have dedicated their lives to illustrating and have rendered a great service in the promotion of children's literature.

In the early days of bookmaking, pictures and illustrations were not of grave importance. The construction of the book was all that mattered. As a result, story books were rather unattractive until illustrative cuts were used. Illustrating began to take on new meaning when it was separated from book-making and it became an involved, complex goal in itself. In recent years illustrating children's books has become not only a vocation but a lucrative and honorable career.

Some people have held the idea that the function of the artist is only the creating of a picture, relative to the fibre of the story. No learned artist can ever accept that restriction of his business. In many cases, the artist has been so talented as to make his illustrations the vital life fluid of the story. Encouraged by his achievement or perhaps by sheer exuberance, he has succeeded in developing the picture book as a recognized and even more, a vital part of literature. Its importance is increasing rapidly. Its future looks bright.

The artist is able to relate a story in which the ordinary relation of much text to little picture is exactly reversed and the maximum of the story is told by pictures themselves. There are both "anthropological and psychological bolsterings" for this growth and the fact that innumerable artists are finding it an "intelligent activity" promises much for the future.

Illustrators of children's books must possess certain qualities. They must have a knack of entertaining children without appearing condescending. They must be in sympathy with childhood, able to look back at the child's point of view. Their picture must be simple with just enough detail. They must be imaginative for that is what the child desires. Kate Greenaway said,

"Children like something that excites their imagination—a very real thing mixed up with great unreality."

With these qualities in their pictures, illustrators of all ages have been successful in giving children some of their happiest moments.

A great many illustrators have succeeded in putting real art into their designs, too, without overdoing it, Gleeson White says,

"It is mainly a labor of love to infuse pictures intended for childish eyes with qualities that pertain to art. The children do not place a work in portfolios or locked glass cases; they thumb it to death, surely the happiest of all fates for any printed book."

Few people, sad to say, know the illustrators. Few people have ever realized the gratitude they owe to the artists, who have given children limitless benefit. People who studied Kate Greenaway were astounded by her charm, her skill, her enthusiasm. They said that her art was ageless. Here is a world which reflects the spiritual mood and values of childhood which does not change with fashions of clothes, manners, or mechanical devices. She so influenced the people of her time that children were dressed like her characters

in what "La Vie de la Paris" called "the graceful mode of Greenawism." She carries her admirers down the roads of the town and country of England to children's tea parties in "Happy Birthday," through fields and meadows in her decorative "Marigold Garden."

"No one has given us such clear-eyed, soft-faced, happy-hearted childhood, or so poetically apprehended the coy reticence, the simplicities and the small solemnities of little people."

In discussing her work Kate Greenaway has said,

"My bedroom window used to look out over red roofs and chimney-tops and I made steps up to a lovely garden up there, with nasturtiums growing and brilliant flowers near to the sky . . . And I made a secret door into long lines of old rooms leading into an old garden. And now I'd like to express all this in painting."

Working at the same time as Kate Greenaway, is the second of the pioneer illustrators, Randolph Caldecott, humorist, artist, and friend. His work is of utmost interest because like Kate Greenaway, he makes England live. When leafing thru his picture books it is this ebb and flow of perpetual motion which strikes one first. Other artists like to dwell on scenes they are creating from contemplative joy in their social values. Not so Caldecott. He is always aiming at the next picture; his very figures seem to be pointing to it; one cannot wait to turn the page and see what happens next. I even have an odd feeling that if one kept one's hands still, the pages would turn over by themselves.

Because of his evident skill and importance, the American Library Association has made an annual award, the "Caldecott Medal" in his honor, for the most distinguished American picture book for children chosen from those published the previous year. Since Caldecott's books have "ageless vitality", the award goes to a book with the same never ending life. The 1946 award went to Maud and Miska Petersham. This award has won for the books popular acclaim. Sales have been boosted. The books have become juvenile "best-sellers" for years.

The last of the three great pioneers in illustration is Walter Crane. Though not popular with very young children, because of strongly decorative work, he has received much acclaim from the boys and girls of seven and eight years old. They enjoy figures produced by his directness and strength in handling characters and situations, and the effects of his rich color schemes and rhythmic lines. Moreover, they are thrilled by the fun and fantasy experienced in such books as "Mother Hubbard, Goody Two Shoes," and "Beauty and the Beast." Perhaps the most outstanding religious artist for children is Helen Sewell. Her works are realistic and grew under the supervision of her own children. In her religious books, for example, "The First Bible," she makes the subject not traditional, but timeless. These are some of the many servants of children who have devoted their talents to making youngsters' moments happy ones.

The war years with their stringent regulations and curtailments affected children's books in that paper and fewer colors were often used. It was not always possible to get a favorite story illustrated by a favorite artist. But children's Book Week, 1946, saw the return of many "old favorites" to home and school libraries. It saw, too, many new additions in the realm of fiction

and picture. Moreover tributes to the work of Greenaway (**The Secret Door** by Covelle Newcombe) and Caldecott (**Caldecott: An Appreciation** by Mary G. Davis) have been published in time for Children's Book Week. Once again it is possible to hear adults, purchasing books for their youngsters, remark, "Books are certainly more interesting, and more beautiful than they were when I was young."



L O R I A S T A F F

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Editorial

NATURE'S simple beauty is infinite in the hills in springtime, and she guards it for the glory of the humble searcher with the faith of a child in the perfection of its mother.

Redbitch trees and dogwood, rhododendron and laurel, Indian paint brush, fronded ferris and wild Iris cover the mountain sides, and the stately trillium is sometimes found standing alone in ecstasy.

When a shower comes we seek shelter under a mighty ledge of ancient granite and feel the thunder's echo roll. The air fills with warm vapor blended of rain and earthy smell, and we watch birds scurry through the new green of trees and brush.

A robin darts in and busily pecks the ground in imitation of raindrops to frighten an earthworm toward the surface. He again drills his staccatoed taps, cocks his head to the side, fixes an eye on the slightest movement of the earth, digs down with a mighty swoop of his beak and tugs out yet another worm, or part of one, and bolts away with a raucous little cackle, glad of life.

In his silly stance he directs the sight of one eye to the earth and the other to the heavens, waiting for the worm and the hawk at once.

But he is more wise than his witless pose hints, for the thrush, not being endowed with the gift of rotating its eyes for the better focus on an object, received instead from nature a double talent by which it can watch the worm in the ground and the hawk in the sky in the same stance.

Thus from a seeming handicap, nature has fashioned an advantage, an act which the scoffer will not see, for nature ever hides her secrets from the careless eye.

If we allow time to realize it, we, who have so few handicaps, accomplish much less than this tiny creature. It isn't often that we apply ourselves to our work as industriously as the robin, and if we do, we rarely experience the joy that prompts his sudden bursts of song.

Perhaps the thing that should impress us most is the ability of the robin to perform his two actions simultaneously. Ours is such a one-sided nature, not by endowment but by development. We encourage and nourish our material growth, completely neglecting the spiritual; we follow another's leadership without once reflecting upon our own potentialities and qualities for a like position; and finally we become engrossed in one of two pursuits, either pleasure for its own sake, or knowledge for practical purposes only. Our plan of life begins to resemble the "house that Jack built"—a crooked design, a crooked path, a crooked purpose.

Saint Joseph's has offered us countless opportunities to remedy any one of these faults. Religiously, socially, educationally, the college has provided the means for our advancement. They have provided, but we have not accepted. Just a glance about at the attendance at some of the school functions will substantiate that.

Naturally we can't expect a mass reformation. The term's almost over, Spring fever is upon us and a whole summer of rest lies ahead. But perhaps a few will succeed in advancing toward the ideal mature student. And, too, Spring is but the whisper of a hiding Autumn so we can never long forget the approach of a new term. It will "enter with flourish", and we should do likewise when we begin our reforms.

THUMBPRINTS

Mr. Blue

MYLES CONNOLLY

Myles Connolly has given us in his short novel, *Mr. Blue*, a simple yet beautiful picture of a unique figure in American life. He has caught a vivid glimpse of the gay and shining Mr. Blue, who was "so happy that he was almost crazy." By careful strokes, the author has transmitted this warm characterization, as well as thought-provoking message to his readers.

Mr. Blue would be judged impractical and improvident by his fellow-critics. But, his philosophy of life was one of the inspirations to his fellowmen, whether they be the ignorant lumber-worker, the Jewish delicatessen man or the Negro doorman. His aim for his fellow-man was to have him enjoy life; the beauty of a multi-colored sunset, the noise of a rich full brass band or the luxury of a servant's mansion. Above all, he wanted man, especially the skeptical banker, to come closer to his Mistress, Lady Poverty and Her Beloved Son. Her Son was to shower this materialistic world with His loving gifts and graces.

The author pauses at one point to picture vividly the future world of machines where man would be enslaved and a mere number in a gigantic "International Government of The World." This effective and graphic picture is one of the highest dramatic portions of this tale.

Myles Connolly has created a fascinating character study and a deeply moving tale in this book. The author's simple, but fascinating narrative, his graphic pictures, his quiet humor and his sincerity have made this a thoroughly enjoyable and provocative book.

N. McN.

"Color Blind"

MARGARET HALSEY

Here is a book which should head the list on race prejudice. Neither fictional nor statistical, *Colorblind* is written for the average American who is, perhaps, somewhat self-conscious about his attitude toward the negro. Fortunately, Margaret Halsey does not stand on a soap box haranguing equality simply because the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution says it (although that is reason enough). Instead, she casually relates how a simple lesson was learned while doing volunteer work at a non-discriminating canteen during the war. Previously, her only contact with the negro had been seeing him on the street or employing one of the race as a maid. There were "bad times" at the canteen, but these were outnumbered many, many times by deeply rewarding incidents.

A humorist by profession, Miss Halsey is witty and goodnatured in discussing a problem which is not ultimately the negro's but is the white man's. The idealistic American, who thinks he is democratic, is prone to pass off our thoroughly un-democratic policy with a shrug and the statement of one of the countless "myths" concerning the mentality and the physiology of the negro. Each of these myths is logically traced to its source and disproved.

To Miss Halsey, all reasons for race prejudice come under the two main headings of "cheap labor and sex." The former has been discussed many times; the latter is discussed probably for the first time and with necessary candidness. It is something we would rather not talk about; because she desires to trace the thing to the core, Margaret Halsey discusses it, faces the problem, and makes simple suggestions for improvement. (The improvement is, once again, for the white man.) *Colorblind* is not an idealistic book; Miss Halsey does not make impossible suggestions. Instead she shows that, in spite of countless personal blunders, if a few can make changes, then so too can the majority. For this and many other reasons, *Colorblind* is not a "problem" book, but a "solution" book. It says exactly what is needed and by one who, not only knows how badly it is needed, but by one who knows how to handle such a "ticklish" subject.

P.B.

Sailor on Horseback

IRVING STONE

Irving Stone has given Jack London to the world that he loved so well, in **Sailor on Horseback**. Coarse at times, crude and thoroughly realistic, this biography has the same characteristics as Jack London's life. Though only forty when he died, there had been enough adventure, action—and a mixture of ecstasy and misery, in his life for three men. Having fought through almost unbelievable hardships and incredible adventures, he rose to a high place in American and world literature.

Son of Flora Wellman, black-sheep of a well-to-do family, and Professor Cheney, wild Irishman, itinerant astrologer and forceful thinker—he inherited from both a disregard of moral obligations. From his father, however, he inherited a searching mind and a great love of books—the greatest influences in his life. After reading Marx, Nietzsche, and Darwin, he became a believer in revolutionary Socialism and an able defender and supporter of it. He then disclaimed all belief in God, and atheist and agnostic that he was, went all overboard in typical Jack London fashion. Irving Stone also recreates, with great skill, the adventure in the Yukon, the days on the "high seas"—which inspired such books as **The Call of the Wild** and **The Sea Wolf**.

After years of literary success, Jack London, a misguided superman, became a tragic figure. His large fortune had been dissolved through his generosity and his often quixotic ventures. He became unhappy and alone in the crowd which surrounded him. The man who reached such heights in his writing, who disciplined himself so that he worked nineteen hours a day for many years, gave up the fight—worn and disillusioned by the humanity in which he had placed all his trust.

Jack London lives and breathes in the pages of Irving Stone's book. Though the squalor and sordidness of London's youth and maturity are present in their stark reality, the author does not overemphasize them. It is not primarily "a book with a message" but it somehow manages to present a realistic view of a turbulent period of American history—and America's adjustment to the "horrors of Capitalistic enterprise". Stone's evaluation, not only of London's work, but also of the American popular literature of the time is noteworthy. Irving Stone's cryptic style, sentences and judgments which are straight to the point, combined with an understanding of Jack London, the man, make it a wonder of biography and evaluation.

A.S.

The Roosevelt I Knew

FRANCES PERKINS

The Roosevelt I Knew is not an accurate biography but a frank description of the complicated individual with whom Miss Perkins worked as politician and public servant for thirty-five years. Undoubtedly her observations are of immense value because over a long period of time she was his advisor and friend. Yet in her own words the book is "biased in his favor" and as such is must be appraised.

Starting with her first impressions of "the tall, thin young man with the high collar and pince-nez", Miss Perkins develops our knowledge of the young Franklin Roosevelt through the formation of his intellectual convictions during the Wilson era and his success as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. She deals poignantly but without affectation, of the period of his dreadful illness and directly connected with it, the strengthening of his religious faith. Then, in the chapters that deal with Roosevelt as Governor the probable historical importance of this book is easily realized. They not only show Roosevelt's personal development but they reveal, in several instances, the turmoil of party politics, the frailty of human relations, but above all the innovation of political and economic ideas that were to grow with the later initiation of the New Deal.

Of Roosevelt's years as President, Frances Perkins has a great deal to say and she says it emphatically. That at the time of his first election he, "represented the humanitarian trend" is an idea constantly reiterated. The New Deal program is viewed, not as a social or economic revolution, but a desire to do something for poor, suffering humanity. However, despite her natural prejudices, Miss Perkins shows Roosevelt's vanities, uncertainties and eccentricities effectively. She relates numerous anecdotes about Roosevelt, about his family, about the members of the Cabinet and about the political incidents of the entire period. Her comments on Hugh Johnson and John L. Lewis are extremely harsh but in presenting them she gives us a well-rounded picture of the NRA and the entire labor situation.

The Roosevelt I Knew is written clearly and intelligently, with its most obvious fault being a lack of unity. It gives a genuine satisfactory account of Franklin Roosevelt's growth, in spite of the personal attachment of the author. It is most important as a fund of intimate and accurate information for future Roosevelt biographies but even more so as a history of a unique social period that can be explained only through the people that figured in it most significantly.

P.B.

Edmund Campion

EVELYN WAUGH

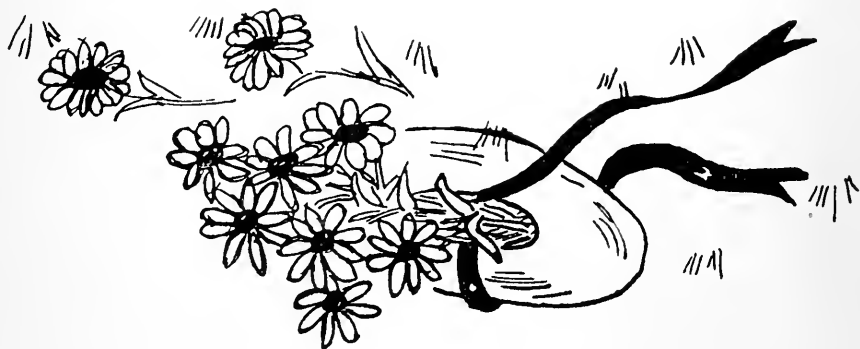
In the preface written expressly for the 1946 American edition of **Edmund Campion**, Evelyn Waugh disclaims his intention of writing a definitive biography. Rather he has diligently and accurately selected the most striking incidents in the life of this noted English Jesuit scholar and has assembled them into a readable narrative. The story is, in the abstract, a timeless and a changeless one, though it permits numerous variations. In this compact little book, it is that of a priest put to violent death for ministering to men of his own country and of his own faith.

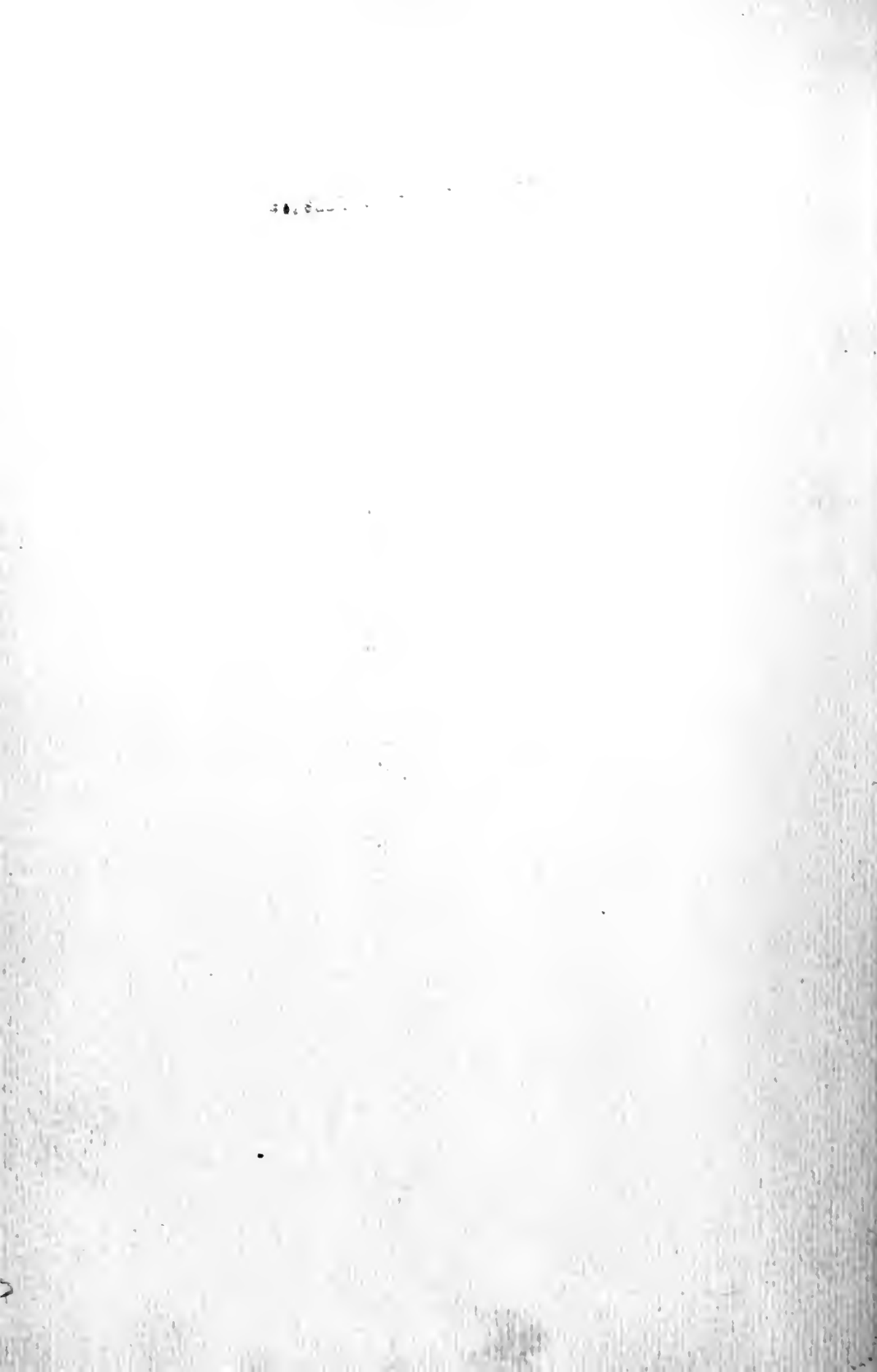
Moving rapidly through the pages of Waugh's slim volume, the reader meets Campion first as the eager young Oxford scholar and convert, then the enthusiastic Jesuit setting out from Rome to open an English mission for the Society, and finally, the "traitor" to Anglicanism, the Catholic hero and martyr. Throughout this development Campion remains a warm, vital and real human being behaving neither conventionally nor fanatically. He is portrayed sympathetically as an avid scholar trying in the midst of a turbulent age to maintain his own intellectual stability. Next, the poignancy of his early period of uncertainty and confusion of soul is quietly developed until that happy time when he becomes the eager Jesuit and quietly obeys the rules of his mission by teaching at Brunn and Prague for many uneventful years. Then, as one of the priests smuggled from the Continent into England, Campion begins to preach the Old Faith to the recusant Catholic population, in secrecy and under peril, knowing full well the road would lead him to torture and death on Tyburn.

So far as substance is concerned the author disavows any claim to either originality or scholarship. Yet his consistent penetration into Campion's spiritual growth brings about a fresh revelation of the subtle changes in the imaginative Anglican student as he grows into the quiet but spectacular young priest who dares to proclaim his "statement of aims" to Queen Elizabeth's Privy Council. The choice of detail from probable abundant sources seems happily significant as does the remarkable interpretation both of the people and the period with which this book is concerned.

Edmund Campion is an excellent factual study of the almost incredible courage of an Elizabethan priest. When it was published in 1936 and received the highest English award, the Hawthorn Prize, it probably startled the readers of Waugh's early satirical novels. To readers of **Brideshead Revisited** its range may be disappointing. However, it is a thoroughly enjoyable book and, in Waugh's own words, "It should be read as a simple perfectly true story of heroism and holiness."

P.B.







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